











THE BOOK

OF

REMARKABLE

CHARACTERS AND EVENTS.

COMPRISING

THE LIVES AND HISTORIES

OF SOME OF THE

MOST EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

HARTFORD:

PUBLISHED BY S. ANDRUS & SON.

1850.

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WANDERING SPIRIT.

A Tale of the Fourteenth Century.

On one of the cold and stormy evenings of December, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and shortly after that disgrace to human nature, Peter the Cruel, was cut off, a stranger entered a little village situated on the banks of the Tagus, near the eastern extremity of the kingdom of Castile, in Spain. He was old, of gigantic stature, and had a long snow-white beard: on his back he carried a large harp; and a long staff, with a cross on the top of it, sustained his weary steps. stopped at the first cottage-door that presented itself, and asked for a lodging for the night. The people of the house received him with a welcome, and the officious attention of the young man delighted his old guest. The family of the cottager consisted of himself, his wife, an old man his father, and two children, with whom the Pilgrim sat down to a frugal, cheerful meal, and drank so liberally of the wine, that he relaxed his austerity; and, among other general conversation, regretted deeply the savage inhospitality which reigned over the country, compared to the happier times of Alphonso the Good. "Not so, neither, father," said Fernando, the young man, "there is an exception to your rule,a man, who is a parent to the needy, and a blessing to mankind!" "A singular character, indeed," said the Pilgrim; "pray, what is his name?" "Don Pinto d'Antos!" exclaimed every mouth. "Good Heavens!" replied the guest, "Don Pinto d'Antos!-Impossible!-but tell me. good people, is he of this country; and whatever you know of him?" The old father replied, "It is only two years since Don Pinto took possession of the castle and estate of Duero, the reward of the King for his services. Before this, I have heard he was in the wars, but whence he came I know not. His lady died some time before he came here, and his domestics say that sorrow for her death has driven him to this retired life. He has two children, Don Carlos, about fourteen years of age. the noblest youth that lives. Father Thomas, who lives at the castle is his tutor, and I instruct him in the athletic exercises; nor is there a youth of his age who can equal him in either. Donna Leonora, his sigter, about eight years of age, is what her mother once was, a child of unequalled beauty. Ever since her mother's death she has been with a sister of Don Pinto, who is married to a nobleman in the Court of Portugal. In short, the two children are the perfect resemblances of their father and mother." "Blessed with power, wealth, and such children as you describe," said the Pilgrim, "he must approach as near to happiness as this mortal state will allow." "Some say not," replied the peasant; "for a hidden melancholy preys upon him; and, were it not for the good he does, and the pious conversation of Father Thomas, it is thought he would sink under his afflictions. But to-morrow you shall see them all, and I question if Don Pinto do not blame us for not conducting you to him to-night."

Little more passed this night, and the cottagers and their guest retired to repose. Next morning the Pilgrim, having bestewed his benediction on the cottagers, took his way to the castle of Duero. Though the avenue leading to the castle was not more than a quarter of a league from the cottage, he sauntered on till it was mid-day; and, seeing the castle was about the same distance off, he sat himself down at the gate on a large stone bench. He had not been long seated when he observed a number of boys running to him with the speed of a frighted flock of deer, one of whom by far outstripped the rest, and struck him with his muscular, gigantic, and majestic appearance. Addressing the old man with a mixture of respect and pity, he offered him his arm to conduct him to a retreat more suitable to his age and wants. The Pilgrim grasped his hand with gratitude, and the tear of affection bedewed it. As they slowly walked along, the old man asked if Don Pinto was at home. "No Senor," replied Carlos; "he has been abroad some days, but that will make no difference. We expect him to-morrow, and in

the mean time Father Thomas shall entertain you."

On the gate being opened, the stranger was surprised to find himself saluted by the keeper in the most respectful manner.—As they passed through the court-yard, a servant informed Don Carlos that his ridingmaster and the horses were ready.—"Let him wait," said Carlos, "till I have performed the more important duty of introducing my aged friend to Father Thomas." Having brought his guest into the house, he placed him in a chair, ordering that every preparation should be made for his accommodation and refreshment,—an order which Donna Susa received with a look of rage and mortification.—Returning, she met Father Thomas, who, hearing from her of the arrival of a Pilgrim, instantly proceeded to the great hall.—Carlos rose, and introduced to him the old Pilgrim, who knelt and begged his blessing. Father Thomas, having replaced the old man in the great chair, seated himself by him, and they entered into conversation, while Carlos went to attend his duty in the menage. When this was over, he returned, and employed the whole day in shewing his guest the gardens, woods, and castle.— The armoury particularly attracted the old man's attention. "Do not you wish, my dear," said he to Carlos, "to be able to wear these?" "Indeed I do," replied Carlos; "for, I am sure I can run with the biggest boy you saw me with on my back; and he is twice as heavy as one of these."—" And why do you not try?" said the other. "Because," replied Don Carlos, "Don Pinto would suspect me of vanity, and there is nothing he hates so much." "Well" said the Pilgrim, "if he will listen to the arguments of a poor man, you shall have a trial when he returns.' A poor man!" returned Carlos, "my father respects poor equally with rich; but, surely you are not a poor man? I think you a very great man!" The old man involuntarily pressed the youth to his aged breast, and shed tears; and Carlos wept with delight at the feelings of happiness in another.—Next morning arrived Don Pinto, and he retired with Father Thomas into his closet. When their conference was over he sent for his son, and thanked him for the honourable attention he had paid to so very poor a man. "Poor!" replied Carlos, "he is not poor! I own his dress is that of poverty, but his manner, his commanding air is noble; and when he talks of honour and arms, I am sure he would delight you as well as me!—Hark! I hear the sound of his harp in the

great hall."—" Then let us go to him, my dear," said his father.

On entering the hall the old man rose, and saluted Don Pinto with a majestic deportment, who received him with affability, and felt an instant veneration rush into his mind, as he surveyed his figure.-The Pilgrim ascribed his intrusion to the benevolent character of his host, who hoped that he would not find his good opinion misplaced. After some farther conversation, the Don retired to give some necessary orders, promising to return to his guest directly. When alone, he weighed in his mind the mysterious appearance of this stranger. He had seen Pilgrims and itinerant bards, but none with those marks of fallen rank, dignity and heroism. While thus embarrassed, Carlos entered. "My dear," said Don Pinto, "I feel an invincible curiosity to know who and what this veteran is. Not from idle curiosity do I seek, but from a desire, if possible, to heal the wounds fortune may have inflicted on him. I will desire one of the servants to wait upon him with my respects, and desire his company in my closet." "Let me go, Sir," said Carlos; and he flew to conduct the old man, whom he introduced with his harp. Being seated at Don Pinto's request, he proceeded to tune his harp, while his face seemed pregnant with strong and prophetic emotions. After a short interval he began to play and sing in a sweet and melaneholy strain. He sung of fame ruined, of friends and children lost, and of the miseries of an unconnected isolated existence here. Then sung of war till his harp seemed to catch the enthusiasm of its master, and skilfully turned to the happy state of Don Pinto, and his former prowess. In mute amazement he for a while gazed on the old harper's countenance: at length with difficulty, mastering the tumult within him, he said, "Ah, Sire! do I mistake, or do I behold——" "Yes," interrupted the old man, "in me you behold the unfortunate Baron de Morno!" At length Don Pinto's great heart finding vent, he exclaimed, "How, how is this? Alas! is this the great Baron de Morno, once my early instructor! Say, why is the transport I feel, at seeing you as it were restored from the dead, counterpoised with anguish at viewing you thus fallen. Say, too, what of Gonsalez, the dear companion of my youthful days?" "Don Pinto," said the Baron, "I rejoice to see you happy. You have had your afflictions; and, when you have heard my tale, you will allow that all the sorrows you have suffered were joys compared to mine. The recital will serve no useful purpose to your son, and therefore he may retire." "Yes," said Carlos; "and, while you tell your tale, I will, with my father's permission, try on the French Cavalier's armour." When he went out, the Baron congratulated the Don on the treasure he possessed in his son, and declared that he felt himself so tied to him by the cords of affection, that to seperate from him would tear his heart asunder. The Baron then proceeded thus:

THE BARON'S NARRATION.

When we last parted, Carlos de Morno, you remember was of no mean distinction; his castle, wealth, vassals, and renown in war, rivalled those of any peer in the kingdom of Castile. Heaven had spared me one daughter, the only remaining child of a numerous progeny, who followed their beauteous mother to the grave ere they reached the years of puberty. Having no male issue, I adopted the son of my sister, the young Henry Gonsalez, reared him as my own, and hoped to see the honours of the old house of Morno entailed upon him and his issue.

At this time your father, the younger brother of a respectable branch of our house, bespoke my patronage for you, and I took you to my castle. I was pleased to see the struggles of emulation and the equality of talent between you; and, when our glorious King Alphonso called me to the war against the Moors, I found your actions exceed my most sanguine expectations. The King then gratified my fond wish by en tailing my honours and title on Henry Gonsalez. When our beloved monarch died at the fatal seige of Gibraltar, we retired home, while you remained in the war. We had not been long at home, when I perceived a reciprocal affection growing apace in the bosoms of Gonsalez and my daughter. Henry, fearful of the event, retired home, and from thence gave me a letter, disclosing his passion. I spoke to Henrietta with all the delicacy I could, and heard her modestly avow the love she felt for Henry. O Pinto, her look and manner recalled to my mind the deceased partner of my soul, when blushing, she gave herself to my arms.

At this period, Peter, the son of Alphonso, required Gonsalez and myself to aid him in crushing a confederacy formed by some nobles against him. I will not enlarge upon the disgust the tyrant's whole conduct gave us: it served however to lessen the regret I felt at finding that you had long been a follower of the fortunes of Henry, Count Transtamare, his brother. To be succinct, we beat the rebels, and returned crowned with laurels. Immediately on our arrival, the nuptials of my children were celebrated with great pomp; and at the usual period my daughter gave to our arms a noble boy, over whose beauties, strength, and animation, I hung with raptures, scarcely ever suffering him to be a minute from my sight, A short time after this, Peter again called us forth, to resist a formidable opposition, headed by Henry, Count Transtamare, and assisted by the renowned Bertrand Gueselin. We therefore prepared to depart; while the young Carlos, so named after me, was put to nurse in a village near the castle, my daughter being determined to attend her husband to Cordova, where we arrived, and to our astonishment found it invested by Peter, whose cruelties had driven the inhabitants to declare openly against him.

Among the nobles most forward in doing honour to our family was me Marquis Fertardo, who had formerly been acquainted with Gonsacz; and ere they could scarcely renew their intimacy, Henry was ordered off on a dangerous service, while the elder Barons remained at the seige to assist the King by their councels; and Henrietta retired with the Countess Majo to the city of Eceja, to wait her husband's return. Soon after this, I learned that you and the other adherants of the Count had perished; no news likewise arriving from Henry or my daughter, I began to feel unhappy; when one day I was put under arrest, and hurried before the King. I was busied in forming conjectures on this strange event, as I passed through the camp to the King's pavilion,

when I heard a herald proclaiming my son as a traitor.

Arrived at the royal tent, I found Peter seated on his throne, and the Marquis Fertardo at his side. Pereciving me, he turned abruptly; and, addressing me, sternly said, "When foul rebellion and deep-laid treachery stain the branches of a family, what reparation is due to the injured monarch?" "None but your majesty," replied I, "dare slander the house of Morno;—it is surely no common calumniator that dares to shake your confidence in the faithful services of ages." "Dissembler!" said the King, "why fledst thy son, and joined the rebel Transtamare? It was thy councel that impelled him. Thy nephew too proceeded him in rebellion, but he has paid the forfeit of his crime, and so shalt thou. Take him from our sight, and hurry him to prison." "Yet, ere I go," said I, "let me, in the presence of these noble Barons, exculpate myself from this base charge." I then turned to the knights and nobles .-"My lords," said I, "why my son has diappeared I cannot conjecture, nor do I believe he has gone over to the army of the enemy, as I know his allegiance is equal to my own! nor can I believe that he would go and leave his wife an hostage." "Mark the traitor!" exclaimed the King, "he would insinuate that he knew nothing of his daughter's flight." "My daughter flown!" exclaimed I, "Mother of God! what new mysteries are yet to be unfolded!"

I then entered into a defence of myself and my son, which the King suddenly broke off, by ordering me into confinement; and the next day I was conducted to the tower of Siguenea, and there lodged a close and solitary prisoner. Here I in vain revolved, month after month, the cause of this unaccountable reverse in my affairs, and I had at last nothing left to think but that my dear children had been sacrificed to fraud and the subtle designs of some hidden enemics. I had laid my account with ending my days in prison, when one night, as I lay in bed, I dreamt Gonsalez called me. I looked up, and beheld him pale and emaciated; and, as I stretched forth my hand to embrace him, he cluded my endeaour. "Sire," said he, "depart you hence, and seek my lost child!" In a moment he vanished, and left me in an agony of consternation. Next morning, while I was contemplating this dream, or vision, the keeper entered, and informed me that he had received orders to discharge all the prisoners; Peter the cruel having been killed by Count Transtamare, who had succeeded the tyrant. Such was my surprise and tumultuous feelings, that it was several days before I could leave Siguenca; and, when I did, I was at a loss which way to go. At last determined to proceed to Burgos, where the Marquis Fertardo resided; out, alas! when I reached that city I had the mortification to hear that my estates were confiscated, my blood attainted, and that the Marquis and retired to his estate in Andalusia long before the death of Peter.

Thither I went, and found on my arrival that he was at his estate on the banks of the Ebro. Not being able to travel there suitable to my rank I entered the town of Cordova, and equipped myself as you see, living during my journey on the beneficence of convents and the country people. The night before I reached them I was visited by a dream, nearly resembling that which I had in the prison of Siguenca. Gonsaez came in as before, and repeated the words, "Sire, seek my lost child!" When I strove to embrace him, methought he turned from me, and I saw a ghastly wound on his head, which yawned and discovered his brain, whence the blood fell in torrents down his back. I awoke with horror, and the next morning pursued my journey, in vain inquiring for the Marquis Fertardo's, till I came near my own castle.

It was evening when I knocked at the first peasant's cottage within the lordship of Montalto. The stranger who appeared, rudely informed me that Perez, whom I inquired for, was not there, and that his master was the Marquis Fertardo. "The Marquis Fertardo!" exclaimed I—"Yes," replied the man, "the Baron de Morno has been put to death for high treason, and the King gave his estates to my master. It is but three days since he left it, and went to his other estate in Andalusia." O heavens! what were my feelings! the conviction of his turpitude rushed upon me, and I exclaimed, "O cursed, cursed villian!" The fellow, full of resentment at my abuse, lifted his arm to strike me, and I felled him to the ground. I then proceeded to the next cottage, where

my grandson had been nursed, but received no better information.

Thinking myself unsafe in the lordship of Montalto, I called at a cottage of the domains, where I took up my lodging for the night. Here I learned that there was not one of the former inhabitants living on the lordship, and that no hope existed of tracing my lost children. At night I was again haunted by the same vision, and determined to pur sue, as far as I could, the same admonition. I therefore repaired to Toledo, and there learned from the officers of Henry Transtamare, that Gonsalez had never gone over. I then proceeded to the court of Na varre, then to that of Portugal; crossed Spain to the Kingdom of Arra gon, and had formed the desperate intention of going to the Moorish territory of Grenada; from the latter place, however, I was pursuaded by the charitable father of a Franciscan monastery at which I stopped; here I rested that night, and was again visited by my dream. Methought as I went on the desired search, I walked with difficulty up a steep hill; at length I got into a field where two armies were contending; I was hesitating which side to join, when you, Don Pinto, cased in full armour, came forward, and said to me, "Noble Morno, I will give your children to your arms, or perish!" You then vanished, but soon returned, and presented to me a golden helmet, in which was laid my child, my Carlos. I suddenly grasped the head-piece, and snatched the child to my bosom, in doing which I perceived that it had fallen, and killed his father. In my agony at the accident, I turned the point of my javelin to my breast, and was about to rush upon it, when you snatched the weapon from my hand, and bid me be patient, for all should be well, and you would be a father to my Carlos. In endeavouring to throw my arms about you I awoke. This new dream induced me to ascertain the fact, whether you were dead or not, and in my progress I have fortunately met with you. And now, Don Pinto, I conjure you do not delay to satisfy me who is this youth, this Carlos '-for in his person, Gonsalez appears to live again '

Don Pinto remained silent, transfixed in astonishment at the Baron's supposition, who had suffered his judgment to be so far tainted by the illusion of a dream as to call in quastion his property in his own child. The resemblance his son bore to Gonsalez he had himself noticed, but the Baron's straining that resemblance to such an extravagant conclusion overwhelmed him with grief and pity. At length he addressed the Baron. "My valued friend," said he, "in the disappearance of Gonsalez, my grief did not fall short of your's; but I have long ceased to think he lives from his long silence and sudden removal, beyond which all is conjecture. As to the rest hear my story, and be satisfied."

THE

HISTORY OF DON PINTO D'ANTOS,

You remember that, previously to our going against Algesiras, we were entertained at the court of Alphonso, then at Burgos, and treated with much distinction. Don Juan de Merca was at that time the King's favourite, and his fair niece Donna Catarina, in beauty and splendour, outshone all in the train of Queen Maria. As Gonsalez and I were intimate with Don Juan, I soon found her mind was equal to her person. A reciprocal tenderness ensued between us; and it was agreed, as her father was high in rank, and of a proud disposition, that I should not demand her in marriage till my services had entitled me to rank. We soon after took the field, and I obtained the honour of knighthood. On your returning home, I remained with the army going back to Castile,

actuated by a thirst of glory, and the love of Catarina.

Thinking from my newly acquired honours, I had now more weight, I proposed the marriage to Don Juan; who, while he affected to take my proposal in good part, told me I must make my application to the King and Queen Dowager Maria, who had undertaken to provide a suitable alliance for his daughter. The next day I disclosed my hopes and pretentions in the humblest manner to Peter, who evinced manifest marks of displeasure, and finally forbid our union, stating that he had already provided a suitable match, and pledged his royal word to its performance. Finding him inflexible to every remonstrance, I sought Juan, who told me that the King proposed marrying her into the noble family of Tenia. The agitation of my mind brought on a fever, and I had nothing to depend upon for comfort but the fidelity of my noble Catarina, and the attention of my trusty servant Simon, whose state of health had felt the shock of mine.

I remained for some time disgusted with honours, titles, and even existence, when I was roused from my despair by an account that Peter was arming against our present King Henry. Love and revenge prompted me to join him, and I only waited for an opportunity of once more seeing my Catarina to set off. This soon occurred, and we knelt

down, and with the holy rosary and erueifix in our hands, swore unceasing fidelity. That very evening Simon and I set off, and reached Toro in safety, where Henry received me with open arms, and wished that Baron Morno and Gonsalez would join him, and abandon the tyrant. The fall of Toledo was the fate of our cause, when I and Simon escaped as it were by a miraele, and bent our course towards Portugal. Fatigue obliged me to halt at a peasant's cottage on the banks of the river Gaudiana, where I remained, till the genial air and kind services of my faithful Simon restored me to my pristine health. I made the cottagers a handsome recompense for their good offices, and left them with regret. Simon, indeed, I thought would have broken his heart. "Ah! your honour," said he, "that is a life after God's own heart. No fear of being this day on the field of battle, and the next on the scaffold, No tyrants to cut us off, no rivals, no Peter to rob us of our sweet-hearts." This last word roused me from repose into action. I felt something dishonourable in shrinking from the clouded fortunes of Count Henry, and leaving my Catarina, with whom, could I once get her once into my power, I felt I should be happy any where, and for this

purpose I resolved to brave every danger.

Having thus adjusted the matter in my own mind, I recrossed the Guadiana; and, disguised in the dress of a peasant, made my way back through Spain, towards Talavera, near which her father had his abode. Arrived at a contiguous village, I put up at a neat-looking cottage, to obtain information. After eating a hearty dinner, I retired to a small room, and soon fell into a profound sleep, out of which I was awakened by Simon; who, with a licart over-charged with joy, told me the clean, neat, orderly, decent-beliaved, old body of a woman I saw sitting in the wicker chair, was the nurse of Catarina; and that Lady Catarina had been there her own self that morning, and might, if luck befel, be at the cottage after dinner, or in the evening: he further added, that the nurse had declared that I was the constant theme of her conversation, of whork she spoke as of a person already her husband. In a fit of rapture I hugged Simon and then dispatched him to gladden the heart of the old nurse. They had not long quitted me, before the outer door opened, and a buzzing of female voices succeeded for some minutes. At length I heard an enchanting sound, more ravishing to my ears 'than scraphs' songs, cry out, "Is it possible Don Pinto is in the house! Where is he?" Unable to contain myself, I burst from the room, and eaught my Catarina in my arms, who sunk into a speechless delirium of joy and surprise. As soon as cool reason had resumed her seat, I told her every thing that had occurred, and learned that the division between Peter and the Queen Dowager, who seeretly espoused the cause of Transtaniaie, had not changed the resolution of the latter; and Catarina candidly confessed she had received her father's positive commands to entertain Tenia as her husband; that she was convinced any attempt to alter his resolution would be vain, and that my discovering myself would be attended with utter ruin. Assured, however, of my sincerity and affection, she was willing to adopt any measure I should prescribe. We called the old nurse into our consultation, and it was finally agreed, that we should be married the next morning; and the ensuing night Catarina should quit her father's, and come to the eottage; whence we could fly and take shelter in Arragon, where Transtamare had disposed of himself.

Early the next day the good nurse procured a priest, and my lovely Catarina and I were united in the presence of the old couple, their

daughter, who attended on Catarina, and my honest Simon, who seemed no less happy than his master. After a day and night spent in mutual happiness, we prepared for our jonrney on horses, and set out with Beza, my wife's maid. We arrived, without accident, at the city of Saragossa, where it was rumoured that a rupture was likely to take place between the Kings of Castile and Arragon, I sent an account of this to Transtamare, then at the Court of France; nor was it long before he appeared at Saragossa, entered into a league with the King of Arragon, and once more took the field against Peter. The war was successful; and the brave Henry was victorious wherever he came. The King of Arragon however, patched up a peace with Peter, and Henry, conceiving it prudent not to trust too far in him, returned again

to Paris, attended by his wife Joanna, myself, and Catarina.

While we were in Arragon, my wife was delivered of a son, that same boy you so much honour with your regard. Henry was his godfather, and he was named Carlos. His mother being extremely ill, it was thought expedient to put the child to nurse; and as we were to go to France, we sent Simon to Catarina's old nurse at Talavera, to procure one she could depend on; to this woman the child was given, and mon conducted her safely back, leaving a sufficient sum with her for three years disbursement. The anguish at parting with this first place of our love was unutterable; nor did my wife recover her vivicity, though we arrived safely at Paris, and had two children in the three years after our arrival; both of which died infants. In the fifth year she proved fatally pregnant:—she gave birth to a daughter, and died herself, leaving me the most miserable of beings. When Catarina was brought to bed of her first child, I wrote to her father to inform him of the event; but little hope of reconciliation existed with a man who would have forced his daughter to marry Tenia against her choice. The answer I received was rude and threatening, as despicable as the man who had written it.

Meantime I inquired about you and Gonsalez in vain; and, from the vague reports, I concluded you had fallen victims to the tyrant's jealousy or rage. When Henry killed the tyrant, and gained possession of the throne, he proved a noble and generous master to his faithful adherents. He bestowed this estate upon me, and solicited me earnestly to remain about his person. Unwilling to partake of the splendour of a court, I retired to the country, on the condition that I should at least visit him once a year. He is still the same beneficient prince, and means amply to provide for his godson Carlos. This annual visit I was performing when you arrived. One of his chief favourites is married to an aunt of my wife's, the sister of her father; but I see that they abhor me, because they conceive I stand between them and the inheritance of Don Pedro Merca, my father-in-law's estate. But I know the King, and amsecure in his favour.

Since I came here, my son Carlos' instruction and improvement have much beguiled my sorrows; and the presence of you, my dear revered patron and father, will give the setting sun of my life that brightness which your counsel and protection afforded to its rising. Nevertheless, one thing has struck me with astonishment, that a soul so vigorous as

your's should yield to the suggestions of a dream.

The Baron then endeavoured to account for the impression of his dream; after which, the dinner was served in, and the happy Carlos

sould hardly cat for the pleasure he took in the Baron's company. It was that day determined Don Pinto should proceed to court, to get the attainder taken off the Baron; and that, till it was effected, he should remain undiscovered. When Carlos withdrew after dinner he was aecosted by Simon. who requested his young master to follow him; Carlos eonsented, and Simon led him through the yard into the garden, and thence into the field of exercise, where he significantly told him that the harper in the hall was no other than the ghost of the old Baron Morno. Carlos bid him keep the secret to himself, and by no means to let it go farther. He then flew into Don Pinto's closet, to disclose to him and the Baron the conversation with Simon; and it was determined that the Baron should speak with Simon, to convince him of the truth, and to bind him to secresy. This he faithfully promised, and retired immediately to the armory, where Carlos soon after perceived him hard at work, taking down and cleaning the armour with great industry. "What is all this for?" said Carlos. "We shall have rare doings," said Simon, "now the Baron de Morno is here. He will tilt with you as he used to do formerly with Don Pinto and Henry Gonsalez: nay I will wager my head, that before to-morrow night you will see this armour employed. Why, it was the Baron who made Don Pinto what he was; for, sure enough it was like master like scholar; for they would both fight the devil himself; there, at Algesiras, he eut his way through a hundred Moors, and saved our army from being cut off by the Infidels, on which oceasion the King knighted him." "Methinks," said Carlos, "war must be glorious sport, the work of heroes! I should like to try it." "So thou shalt, my dear," said the Baron, suddenly appearing from behind; "your father has consigned you to my care, and in so doing has conferred on me the greatest possible favour. I was your father's instructor, and will this day begin to be your's.

Carlos was happy at having such a tutor, and gladly entered on his new exercises. In a few weeks after, Don Pinto, according to an ar ranged plan, set off to court, and procured the reversal of the Baron's attainder; and special messengers were sent over the kingdom, aided by dispatches from the archbishop of Toledo, to the heads of the church, to search for Gonsalez, his wife and child. Thus the Baron re-assumed his proper rank, and had the consolation of reflecting that no means would be omitted of tracing, if possible, his lost children. The progress of Carlos, in the science of arms, was equal to the Baron's wish; and, before the end of the second year, Don Pinto, who had put on armour to enter the list in mock fight with him, declared he was more than his equal in the encounter, such was his bulk and strength. Don Pinto and the Baron received increased delight in contemplating the rising Carlos, and the latter even insensibly felt his woes effaced from his heart.

The time when Don Carlos should make his appearance on the heatre of life approaching, the Baron, Pinto, and Father Thomas, held equent consultations on the subject. Their first plans, however, were deally deranged by the melancholy death of King Henry, who was confiby poison, administered by the intrigues of the Moorish King of Grada. On the accession of John, Henry's son, Don Pinto went to pay minomage, and was well received, and pleased to find that the King favourite was Don Marcos de Calvos, his most particular friend. He therefore returned home, and immediately despatched Carlos, that he might be among the first who offered themselves as candidates for the young monarch's favour.

Attended by Simon, he arrived at Burgos, and delivered a letter from his father to Don Marcos, who took the first opportunity of fulfilling his words, and introduced him himself to the royal chamber, where he met a most gracious reception; the King desiring him to remain about his person while it suited his honour and convenience. The war with Portugal, in the early years of this king's reign, afforded him various occasions of shewing his valour, particularly in the pursuit of a confidential officer, a deserter to the enemy, whom he brought back, after defeating and cutting through a large body of Portuguese. Peace be ing again restored, he became the constant companion of the King, and received the honours of knighthood. Among those whom the King distinguished was Don Alberto de Manca, son of a deceased nobleman, and favourite of the late Peter, and Donna Maria de Merca, sister to Don Pedro de Merca, Don Pinto's father-in-law. Stung to the quick at the progress Carlos made in the King's affection, Alberto wished for

nothing so much as the destruction of his new rival.

His chagrin became visible to his mother, who could ill brook any obstacle that opposed his greatness, or see with satisfaction the prospect of Don Carlos inheriting the estate of his grandfather, and her brother Don Pedro de Merca; hence she agreed that something must be done, but of what nature she could not determine. It was the King's custom to make parties of hunting, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and among the rest Don Alberto and his mother. On the first day, the King, in pursuing a large boar, was suddenly turned upon by the animal, who with his tusk gored his horse, which fell; the boar was suddenly repeating the blow at the King, when Carlos, by a quick and extraordinary spring, placed himself between them, and with one stroke of his spear killed him on the spot. Carlos was overwhelmed with compliments lavished on him by the company, and the King publicly expressed his obligations to him; adding that his services should neither be unrewarded nor forgotten. Although Alberto and his mother joined in the general praise, it was like poison to their entrails. As the latter looked at him with a malignant eye, she thought she beheld fea. tures she had once been acquainted with.

This worthy lady had, previously to her marriage with Don Alberto's father, conceived a tenderness for Gonsalez, when he was first brought to court, nay, she had made overtures to him, which his attachment to the Baron de Morno's daughter would not permit him to take the advantage of. No wonder then that the resemblance which Carlos d'Antos bore to Gonsalez should soon be recognized; and, strongly prejudiced by the similarity of the features, she set it down he was really his son, and upon that idle conviction determined to carry the plan she

had conceived into execution.

She charged her son to co-operate with her; and, after devising various schemes, they determined to try the temper of the King on the business of an anonymous letter, containing the information, that the person under the name of D'Antos was the son of the fugitive traitor Henry Gonsalez; and advising him to crush the young one in time. It was dropped in the King's private closet, and picked up by him, after deciding in his mind upon the base scrawl, he carried it to the Marquis Fertardo, who hesitated not to implicate the mischievous Donna Maria de Manca in the business; and suggested to the King, that, in justice to his youth, he would devise a mode of dicovering his enemies, if his Maresty would order him to withdraw from court and lace him under

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a feigned name at the court of Portugal, to watch its motions; while he would make it known that he was dismissed in consequence of this private admonition; thus the authors of the letter, eager for his appro-

bation, would declare themselves.

The King approved the plan, though he lamented the removal of Carlos, and, when he informed the latter of his wish, he regretted that his august Sovereign should be at any trouble on his account. His Majesty then showed him the letter; and, informing him that he would remit to him the proper time of return, he placed a costly ring on his finger as a token of friendship, and gave him an order on Don Marcos for the expenses of his journey. That night, Carlos, attended by Simon and two guides, set out, who at the end of three days, quitted them. Left now to themselves, Simon amused his master with his notions of warfare. Just as Simon had concluded his last remark, they were alarmed by a screaming of female voices, at some distance before them in the forest. Don Carlos spurred on his courser, and was followed by Simon, who forgot all his peaceful apothegms, and drove on with great

fury and courage.

After riding a few hundred yards, they found the object of their pursuit had changed its position, and that the screams were more to the right hand; they therefore pressed forward with all their might, till they came up with a chaise driving full speed, and guarded by a number of men well mounted and armed. Simon at this, seeing how the business stood, drove forward, passed the horsemen, and with a stroke of his sabre levelled the driver; and then cut one of the mules across the back of the neck so effectually, as to lay him dead. In the mean time Carlos had charged the horsemen; and, being joined by Simon. they killed one, wounded two dangerously, and put the rest to flight. On coming up with the chaise, they found two ladies in it, one of whom had fainted, while the other, notwithstanding her terror, carefully kept the face of her companion closely concealed beneath her vail. After a handsome address en cavalier, on the part of Carlos, the lady requested his protection to a town at a short distance, and in the mean time begged his servant might procure a little water to relieve the young lady. Carlos flew himself to find it, and returned in a few minutes with his The astonished Carlos surveyed with rapture the beauty of the fair unknown's features when the veil was withdrawn, and stood transfixed with admiration as she wildly opened her penetrating beautiful eyes, and stared on him. The elder lady quieted the apprehensions which seemed to agitate her fine form, and Carlos repeated his assurances of protection while he or his man had life to move an arm.

The prisoner being secured, they set forward, and arrived at the town at a late hour. They had the prisoners taken before the magistrate, and then proceeded to sup with the ladies in their chamber, where Carlos imbibed the poison of love at every glance. The elder lady hinted that she was flying with her young ward to Spain, to avoid the addresses of an old amorous Portuguese nobleman, who had taken that violent means of procuring by force what was denied to his rank and solicitations. Carlos followed this relation by a declaration of love, which the prudence of the elder lady immediately repelled, till she had

a better knowledge of his birth and virtues.

When Carlos retired to rest, he was agitated by every uneasiness a lover can feel, and determined on the following morning to discover to the ladies who he was; but, alas! when he arose at break of day, he was informed by his man Simon that the ladies, directly after he left them,

had departed;—"But, if the beautiful young lady would not herself stay with us," said Simon, "here is a portrait, which may supply her place for the present. I picked it up when the alguarils and I went to the spot where we rescued the ladies, to look for the other wounded rushans. I brought it back to give it to her; but now, master. I can give it to-you for that purpose." Having reached the city of Lisbon. Carlos found to his regret, that an aunt of his, whom his father had particularly requested him to visit, had, in consequence of the death of her husband, retired from Lisbon, and gone again to Spain. It was Christmas when Carlos set out from Lisbon on his return to Castile, in consequence of a message from the King. He had come near the ancient town of Carmona, when he demanded of a shepherd he overtook on the road, if he should be able to reach Cordova that night.—" Truly," said the shepherd, "you may, if your horse keep the pace he is at; but there are so many roads before you, that you may easily miss the right, and get among the Moorish towers, and the robbers on the ridges of Sierra Morena; but, if you keep to the right till you come to Palma, and then to the left, you will meet some goatherds who can direct you.

Simon advised proceeding to Palma, and taking a guide to Cordova, for fear of the robbers of the mountains they might have to travel over. Carlos, however, was deaf to any delay, and they insensibly proceeded till night shrouded them in the bosom of a deep forest, surrounded by stupendous mountains, from one of which fell a thundering cataract of water, to augment the moonlight- solemnity of the scene. "Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Simon, "what is it I see yonder stalking at such a rate?" Just as he spoke, Carlos deseried a person of more than common size, walking through the path of the forest in the same direction he was going; but, though he galloped his horse, the object advanced before him; till, doubling the angle of a perpendicular rock, he disappeared. Carlos then turned the corner and saw nothing before him but a boundless plain, that frightened Simon, and made his master hestitate in the choice of where he should proceed next. He ealled loudly to ascertain if any one were within hearing, but echo was the only sound that answered. Simon advised to make their retreat good by the way they came; to which Carlos consented, and they reached the corner of the rock, from which many paths proceeded, and made it difficult to know which to take. While he stood undetermined, a sigh of deep anguish as if heaved from the bosom of a giant, caught his ear; he turned his head and again saw the figure, with a long spear in his hand walking at an easy paee. Carlos pursued, but the figure outstripped him, and disappeared.

Determined, however, to proceed, he spurred his horse on in the same direction; and had not gone far, when the moon suddenly became obscured: the darkness was interrupted by vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied with the tempestuous fury of rain and wind, mingled with dismal groans and hollow sounds. His horse soon after stopped suddenly, and he perceived through the gloom a high wall with battlements; and several windows, resembling those of a church, became suddenly illuminated. Concluding it was a chapel, in which inidnight mass was celebrating, he, with some difficulty found an entrance. He wondered much to find no one in this magnificent building; and, concluding the service had not yet begun, he knelt down near the altar to pray. In a moment after, lond voices chanted the De Profundis, accompanied by the notes of an organ, whose tone was like thunder. When the music ceased, a bell, that seemed to shake the foundation of the building, told

twelve—the light vanished—piercing cries were heard, and a dreadful erash, like the falling of rocks. Then followed a noise like the flight of a heavy pair of wings, wafting its way round the vaulted cieling.

The terror of Carlos compelled him to conjure the cause, which had led him into this perilous state, to declare, in the name of Jesus, its intent. Straight a figure, such as he had seen, environed by a lambent flame which played round it, stood before him. It was much above the tallest size, and wore an enormous plume of feathers on his helmet, which seemed reflected in the brightness of the armour it was carried in. "Fear not," said the figure:—"your sword must be reserved for vengeanee!" With these words, the helmet fell from his head, and discovered a pale and bloody countenance, the hair clotted with gore. The figure gave a loud sigh, and glided backwards till it reached the yawning wall which closed upon it. Carlos, with an instinctive impulse, darted his sword at the wall as it shut to, and found himself unable to extricate it. Soft music now struck up, and fulled him into a gentle sleep, so that

he sunk upon the ground.

In this state, he dreamed that the figure presented him with a large key, saying, "Take this, consult the Baron de Morno, and be resolute—no bars, no adamantine walls, nor fraud, can resist the instrument of heaven's vengeance?" On which the armour opened, a skeleton fell from it in fragments, and he found himself suddenly enveloped in its eumbrous weight, and armed eap-a-pie. He awoke under its pressure, and perceived that day had dawned. He thought the whole had been a dream, till he saw his sword sticking in the wall, which he easily withdrew. In doing this he missed his ring; and, in searching for it among the rubbish, found near it a key, resembling that he had seen in his dream. Having prayed for courage to go through the awful work he seemed chosen to perform, he surveyed the building, which appeared to be a church fallen to ruins, surrounded by desolation; and, re-entering the chapel, observed minutely where his sword had stuck in the wall, noting down in a book the place of his entrance, and every other par-

ticular, that he might recognize the spot again.

After winding round the wall, he found Simon, waiting in a state of horror and suspence for his master; nor did he want any persuasion to quit a place which he said had nothing to recommend it but ghosts, devils, and serpents. In proportion as Simon mentioned the place with terror, Carlos became enamoured of it, and pointed out to him the grandeur of its wild scenery, terminated on the east by the majestic and beautiful Guadalquiver. Here a bell tolled for some time, and afforded Don Carlos an opportunity of convincing his faithful and supertitious servant that there was some inhabited place in the bosom of the thick wood they were in, which they proceeded in quest of. Turning their horses to the west, they had not proceeded far before they could diseern at the back of the chapel, in which Carlos had spent the night, a building, that, from having a belfry, he concluded to be a conveut. Near, lay a magnificent castle, and an extensive demesne in high improvement behind it. He wished to enquire of some one respecting its owner; and, seeing some goatherds on a hill a little beyond it, they traversed the edge of the wood, and at length came to the path which led them to the hill; Carlos, with his usual affability, accosted the goatherds, who were sitting at breakfast, and invited him to eat. Finding himself melined to accept their offer, he sat down; and during the repast, the eldest of the goatherds gave him the following account of the castle :-"I have lived a long while, Senor, but never in my life saw a place so

beautiful as this spot of Vallesante. It has been long celebrated for the virtues of the family who were lords of it, the holiness of its convent, and the content of its inhabitants. The present lord is the Marquis Fertardo, who came into possession very early in life. He married a lady, his equal in every respect, but in piety she was superior to every one. They had two children; soon after whose birth, the King called on the Marquis to attend him to the wars; there he went, leaving his lady behind him; since which the place has gone to decay. At last he returned, but much worse for the king's favour; for, he was proud, and quite changed from what he was. The Marchioness took it much to heart, and died suddenly, which made him so sorrowful, that he entered the convent, and it was said he would take the cowl. Some time after, however, he quitted it, and took his children to a distant part, where the King had given him a large estate; and then it was said my lady's ghost haunted the eastle, and made it uneasy to him; however, at length he returned them back to the castle, because the young lady had fulen desperately in love with a picture, the original of which it is said was dead God knows how long. The young lady, however, not quite satisfied, went to a fortune-teller, who told her, that whenever she saw the resemblance of that picture, the house of Fertardo would fall to ruins. This being reported to the Marquis, he hurried her off here, and confined her in a chamber of the castle, suffering no one to have access to her except the father of the convent, her brother, and certain domestics. The picture he burnt. To add to his uneasiness, it soon appeared that my young lord, his son, had fallen violently in love with his sister, and had made base proposals to her.

"The unhappy young lady, to shelter herself, told the Marquis, who shut her up in the convent, while he himself, racked by some inward affliction, spake to no one except the Padre Prior. Since that, Senor, the chapel has gone to decay, and misfortune and frightful appearances have disturbed the family and neighbourhood ever since. To conclude this strange story, then, the young Lord, finding himself unable to prevail on his sister, determined to enjoy her by force or stratagem, and therefore bribed her servant to put some laudanum in her drink, and let him in at night. Her chamber was in the uppermost story of the convent, looking into the court-yard; this he reached in safety, and began to ascend the silken ladder, which his accomplice had fixed to the iron bars of the window above. Just as he had got near the window, the ladder gave way, and he tumbled head-long upon the spikes below, while the servant above threw out the ladder, and went to bed. In the morning his Lordship was found dead, and the maid was tortured into a confession. Since that, the Marquis has brought a nephew from court as his heir, and wished the young lady to marry him, but she ab-Thus things are at present; his Lordship miserable solutely refused.

in his castle, and his daughter the same in the convent."

Carlos and Simon having, by the time the story was finished, refreshed themselves, paid the hospitable goatherds, and proceeded on their journey. They at length reached Cordova, and then Burgos, in safety, whence he dispatched two letters, one to his father, stating his intention of visiting him after he had paid his respects to the King; the other to the Baron de Morno, mentioning his anxious desire to acquaint him of the awful events he had experienced in his journey, and wishing that Don Pinto would accompany him to Burgos.

The King received Carlos very graciously; and, though the trap laid for the anonymous author had not produced the intended effect, he was

fully convinced Don Alberto and his mother were the parties. In a ntte more than a week Don Pinto and the Baron de Morno arrived at Burgos. After they had heard a full relation of the wonders at Vallesante, the Baron requested that Father Thomas and Pisanto might be sent for, in addition to the friendly assistance of Don Pinto and Carlos. The Baron's altered manner struck them forcibly; youthful vigour reanimated every feature, and the feebleness of old age totally disappeared, as he exclaimed; that it was the blood of Gonsalez crying from the ground; and that, though he could not repair, he would revenge, the

foul murder and injuries that had ruined the house of Morno!

In eight days, Simon returned to Burgos, with Father Thomas and Pisanto, and the party set out for Vallesante without delay. On the fifth day, they arrived at the entrance of the valley, and Don Pinto looked with rapture on the beauty of the surrounding scencry. Having sheltered themselves in a recess, concealed by a thick clump of trees, Carlos led them forth, and pointed out to them the wood in which lay the scene of their intended operation; they returned to the thicket; and, the vesper-bell tolling, Father Thomas said mass, and they all joined in prayer. The bell presently tolled again, and Father Thomas proposed to proceed, leaving the servants to take carc of the horses till they returned. A few dim stars only pointed out their way to the convent, near which they heard a heavy footstep solemnly march before them. When they stopped, it did the same. A violent rattling of armour and stamping of the foot was then heard, but it seemed only the more to animate the Baron. Carlos, having groped along the wall till he found the narrow entrance, they proceeded through it, and entered the chapel. The Baron was just going to light a small lamp he had brought with him, when the chapel suddenly became illuminated; by the light of which, Carlos pointed out the chink where his sword had stuck in the wail. In a moment darkness enveloped them; and the Baron having lighted his lamp, inspected the aisle, till he observed a large heap of ruboisn, without any corresponding ruins over it. The Baron then drew a massy sabre from his side, fell to work, and dug the rubblsh till a large stone appeared; which being removed, they came to another of so prodignous a size, that it required their united strength to displace it; beneath was a flight of steps, down which they descended, and found a door at the bottom; having forced it open, a heavenly swell of music rushed upon their ears, and sweet voices chaunted the Nunc Dimittis. Proceeding through a long passage, they came to the cemetry of the convent, which was an arched vault filled with dead bodies, holding crucinxes in their hands. Hardly had they observed the place, when a rattling of armour behind them announced the approach of the figure, which lifted up its vizor! "Ye holy saints of heaven," exclaimed the Baron, "it is my son, Gonsalez!"—He followed it up the dark passage, and in a few moments returned, saying they must enter the wall.

Having entered through a low door in it into another small vault, they took up a short sabre, the blade of which was rusty all over; this the Baron told Father Thomus to preserve. As the ground they stood on seemed to spring up, they sounded, and found it concealed a board, on removing which, beneath a bed of plank, they discovered a chest, in which was the skeleton of a man of extraordinary stature. The priest, in examening the skull, perceived it had been cloven across, which reminded them of the Baron's dream. In searching farther, Father Thomas drew from the chest a scal ring, with the device of Gonsalez on it,

Instar Fulminis. In one corner lay his coat of mail, and in another an old portmanteau, containing a dagger, a crucifix, and private papers, all which were written on by the parties present, and confided to the care of Father Thomas. When the Baron had recovered his grief, he remarked, that doubtless the hand which had murdered his son had not snared his daughter. Under this conviction they searched around, and found another door so neatly fitted to the wall, that no crevice or joint could be discovered to force a weapon in.—A key-hole was in the middle of the door, the key to which Carlos had received in so miraculous a man ner; and, on its application, the lock flew open. Father Thomas now interposed, to prevent any farther discovery, as the morning had dawned; therefore replacing whatever they had removed, the party, to avoid suspicion, adjourned to the bower where they had left their servants anxiously waiting for them. Having refreshed themselves they set forward towards Burgos, and in their way came to a beautiful recess, surcounded by trees, hills, and a murmuring rivulet, which fell into the Guadalquiver.—In this romantic spot, were assembled a group of viliagers dancing; one of whom, an old man, carried a garland in his hand, and led a beautiful female through all the mazy steps.—"Pray," said Don Pinto, "what is the occasion of your mirth?"—"Why, you must know, Senor," replied the old man, "that the most charitable and good Marquis de Villaverde, is to be married on this day; all, rich and poor, love him: nay, the Marquis Fertardo, who has lived like a hermit since his wife's death, is to be at the wedding, and I am sure you will be heartily welcome."

Taking leave of the villagers, they went on, till they observed an Inn at the point of two roads; there they stopped to refresh themselves, and talk over the night's adventure. Every one agreed that Gonsalez had been murdered, but all rejected the Baron's scheme of challenging the Marquis Fertardo; and at length he consented that Carlos should lay it before the King, when they arrived at Burgos, and persuade him to give the Baron a private audience.—This being determined on, they proposed to remain at the Inn that night, and set forward at day-break. Just at that moment, the equipage of the Marquis Fertardo drove by, and they called the host to know whose it was: the host told them, with a long addition of the Marquis's torments of mind, and seclusion from the world .- "But," continued the host, "after immersing his daughter in a convent, only out of fear of an old witch's prophecy, which cost the wicked son his life, no wonder he persecutes the poor youth he has bred up for charty. The Marquis screams whenever he meets him, and one day was going to poinard him, and at last laid him in iorns, calling him a villain and a traitor. The boy has always been beloved; and, now he is grown up, is as bold and as strong as a lion, which the robbers in the Sierra Morena could very well testify not more than six months ago. Yet, though all people admire the greatness of his mind, the Marquis fettered him, and fed him on bread and water for a month; since which time he has been kept a close prisoner, permitted only now and then to

walk on the battlements, with two men as his guards."

The cruelty of the Marquis excited the indignation of all present, and Don Pinto hinted his suspicion, that it might be the Baron's orphan grandson! "No!" exclaimed the Baron: "When the Marquis had gone so far in guilt, he would not hesitate to cut off the young branch. It cannot be! but let the will of heaven be done!"—"Yet," said Dor Pinto, "suppose we go; we shall have a much more perfect idea of

the situation of the castle, if we obtain nothing more."—When they had dined, they departed, and soon made the tour of the walls, encircled by a large moat, over which was a drawbridge, drawn up. Near it were three men walking, whom Don Pinto saluted, and inquired the name of the owner of the castle.—One of them answered in a superior manner, and convinced the travellers that he was the youth of whom the innkeeper had spoken, Don Pinto then endeavoured to draw him into conversation; and, stating that they were in search of the road to ('ordova, requested as a favour that the youth would descend, and instruct them particularly in getting clear of their embarrasment, which they had endeavoured in vain to learn from the ignorant peasants. He had just placed an unwilling negative on their request, when one of the men whispered to him, and in a few minutes they let down the drawbridge, over which the young man passed, and joined the Baron and Don Pinto.

They were struck with his lofty and manly beauties; and, leaving their horses to the care of their servants, walked aside with him.—Claudio (the name of the young man) then said: "Senor, I am a fatherless youth, ignorant to whom I belong, and educated by the Morquis Fertardo's bounty, who is the owner of the castle and estates about us. The Marquis for many years past, though highly esteemed at court, has perfered to exist in the most gloomy solitude. I owe every thing I possess to his goodness; and, though he has been kind, I am not happy.—I wish to serve my king and be a soldier, but he denies permission to go beyond the limits of the castle, and appoints a guard to watch me,

who thinks my obedience at all times a duty,"

The Baron and Don Pinto each pressed his hand by turns, and gazed on him with delight .- "Surely he loves you!" said the former. 'No," said Claudio, "he treats me with a cruel rigour, which has almost dissolved the affection I ought to feel for him,—Senors, drawn by extinctive emotion to you, I have deviated from my accustomed silence."—"Let us," said the Baron, "call you child:"—"And," added Don Pinto, "if any event happen which may give you liberty, Don Pinto d'Antos will be a farther and a friend to you." The Baron then addressed him;"-" Hope not, my child, to see the Marquis's unnatural feeling changed: he will pursue the same conduct to the end:-therefore, fly from this castle as you wish for pretection from heaven for yourself: guilt lays its foundation, and its downfal is at hand: neglect not my advice; and, when you have determied on it, let this (giving him a written paper) be your guide.—Don Pinto," continued the Baron, "we must have that youth between us; and you, Carlos, must remember from this day you are to be as brothers."—"I accept him willingly as a brother, that blessing hitherto denied me," said Carlos.—The same welcome was made by Claudio. One of the servants now calling to Claudio to return, he embraced his nominal relatives, and, remounting the battlements, waved his hand as a last adieu, and disappeared.

Simon had not lost sight of the castle before he pulled Carlos on one side, and spake thus:—"Pray, master, is this an enchanted country or not?—and who do you think that young cavalier is like?—By all the eyes that ever I saw with, he appeared to me to be no other than my master Don Pinto: that is the very same man who carried away my la dy, your mother, from her father's, near Talavera—who afterwards be gat you, and who is now riding before us!"—Carlos, seriously alarmed for the intellects of his servant, rode up to the others to be mention his fears. "I have observed the same likeness," said the Baron to Don

Pinto: "that of Carlos to Gonsalez is not stronger than Claudio to yourself. It is a mysterious business, and reserved for us only to penetrate!"

As soon as they reached Burgos, the travellers remained at an inn, while Don Carlos proceeded to court.—He was admitted to a private audience with the King, in company with his patron Don Marcos de Calvos. Carlos began by intreating his Mejesty's patience to the developement of an execrable conspiracy aginst the lives and fortunes of one of the most distinguished houses in the service of the crown of Castile. He then carnestly requested the King's permission to bring his noble witnesses in support of the allegation on the morrow. "I grant it," said the King.—"May your faithful servant," said Carlos, "presume to suggest the necessity of secresy for the present? Don Alberto is nearly concerned in the event, though not in the guilt. "Enough," said the King: "to-morrow morning at ten o'clock I will be at Don Marcos's house, when we will investigate this affair." All the parties attended at the time appointed, and the King brought the Corrigedor of Burgos with him.—The Baron de Morno first commenced with an account of his services to the reigning Kings of Castile, and concluded with adverting to his imprisonment, wanderings, and final reception by Don Pinto.

Carlos related the incidents at Vallesant; Don Pinto communicated the storry of their search; and Father Thomas lastly produced the articles in his possession; all of which were duly attested. Don Marcos was astonished.—He was intimate with Gonsalez, had fought by his side, and recollected that the Marquis Fertardo had retired from court soon after the disappearance of Gonsalez. From the fragments of the letters were collected the following: the first letter:—"Fly to the convent, whither my domestics will lead you;—this is your only sanctuary against the disappointed lust of P."

The second contained: "Haste, without delay!—Father Paolo will tell you all!—The loss of a moment may put your wife in the embraces

of the k— -."

The third: "I will develope the affair to the Baron, mean-time your property and papers shall be secure; depend on my good offices."—
"Now," said the Baron, "I should propose to his Majesty and your Lordship, that the Father Prior be brought to account for these suspicious circumstances, and that some of his Lordship's most intelligent officers, duly authorized, proceeded to the vaults with us, and there testify to your Lordship what shall appear to them; after which, that the ring, armour, sabre, and letters, be deposited in the archives of your court. On this your Majesty will ground an arrest of all the parties suspected; and to this end, while armed forces surround the castle and priory, we, with a chosen few, will enter the vault by a private passage, and arrest any that may enter it through the castle." The Corrigedor gave his sanction to the scheme; and the King promised, on conviction, every practicable reparation should be made to the Baron's family. The Corrigedor sent a proper officer that evening to attend them, and they resolved to set off the next morning.

It was just twilight when they entered the valley.—The Baron and Don Pinto remained in the bower with the horses, while Father Thomas, the officer, and Carlos, went to the chapel. Having demonstrated the certainty of the things before-mentioned, Father Thomas opened the cemetery to establish the relative situation of the convent; Carlos then unlocked the door, which, at the suggestion of Farther Thomas, they had not inspected. They entered a long vaulted gallery

branching off to the right and left.—Soft and enchanting music now struck up from the right of the passage, and a female voice sweetly sung a melancholy strain, accompanied by a guitar. When the stanza was finished, a sigh of the most piercing kind succeeded, to which Carlos instinctively replied. Arrived at the end of the gallery, they found it branching off to the left, whence they heard another sigh, and a voice exclaimed, "O blessed and holy Virgin, how long shall my soul pant for a release from its miseries!" They advanced to the door whence the voice proceeded, across which, near the top, was a small hole, grated with iron bars; looking through they beheld in a low and gloomy chamber, a lady on her knees, devoutly praying to Heaven. Her face bore the marks of dignified but faded beauty. Suddenly she stopt and wept, then sunk down upon a couch before her, and uttered a piercing sigh.—Carlos's emotions made Father Thomas draw him away, while the officer continued his remarks.—Presently a door opened at the farther end of the room, and a tall man about fifty, advanced to her with a lamp in one hand, and a dagger in the other. The lady started, and sat down on the couch, while the other addressed her with, "Is my patience ever to be rewarded only with insult?"—"Alas! my Lord," returned the lady, "is a lapse of so many years' imprisonment, of indignity, and resistance of your hireling-priest's persuasions, not sufficient to convince you of my unalterable resolution? Cease then to torture me with a repetition of your polluted vows, nor insult the ashes of my murdered husband; whose arm, when living, would have annihilated you at a blow!"--" Once then for all!" said the man, "hear me!-I resolve that your son, convicted of traitorous designs against my life, shall suffer death. One thing only, you know, can release him from, his chains and save him!"--" Let him die!" said the lady:--" a son of the house of Morno would joyfully suffer at the shrine of his mother's honour!"-" By heaven he shall die before you!" exclaimed the monster.—"Thinkest thou, wretch," returned the lady, "I shall tremble at the manner of his death? Let it be; and you shall see my heroism emulate his!" He concluded the interview, by swearing, that he gave her one week more to retract her decision, and retired.

The officer, having noted what passed, and bore the armour away, at the suggestion of Father Thomas they departed with the utmost secresy, and joined the Baron and Don Pinto, where they mounted their horses, and were out of the valley by day-break. Father Thomas had enjoined his companious' silence, fearful of the impetuous temper of the Baron. They arrived at Burgos on the third day; and Don Marcos being acquainted with the particulars, carried the whole to the King, who was horror-struck. The Baron seemed like one on the brink of insanity; and when he recovered his speech, which seemed a while suspended, he exclaimed, "It is my daughter, and the youth at the castle is her son! O Sire! if pity lead thee to sympathise with the feelings of an old man, indulge my request. Permit that this very night the Prior and heads of the convent of Vallesante, and the Marquis

Fertardo and his domestics, be secured."

The King not only consented, but appointed Don Marcos to atend him with three troops of horse, and obtained leave of the Archbishop of Toledo to enter the convent.—On the fourth day at evening, they eached their destination, two troops surrounding the castle, and one the convent. Carlos, with his friends, having entered the vault proceeded to the door that looked into the lady's chamber. She was lying asleep, with a lamp burning beside her.—Just as the signal outside was given, they heard a clanking of chains on the far-side of the chamber, and saw the same man drag in the unfortunate Claudio by the hair with one hand, while he pointed a saber to his throat with the other. "Behold, madam." said the monster, "unless you relent, his hour is come!" The lady suddenly awoke, screamed, and fainted on the body of her son Carlos, no longer able to withhold his fury, shivered the door with an axe to pieces, and rushed in. "Villiain!" cried he, "forbear or you in stantly die!"—The Marquis viewed him for a few moments with tremendous agitation, and sunk prostrate on his face in a swoon. The lady in the mean time, assisted by Don Marcos, recovered, and stared wildly around her, till her eyes fixed on her son, who, on his past exclaimed, on seeing Carlos, "Is this, my friend, my brother Carlos? Ah, if it be, tell me where is the Baron de Morno?"——"What! my child?" said the lady, "did you ask for the Baron de Morno? Alas! my father has been long since numbered with the dead, or we should not, my son, have languished here for so many years!"

While this was passing in the vaults of the castle, the Prior, perceiving the castle and convent beset by troops, flew to the private passage to seek the Marquis. He entered the chamber, and was instantly arrested by Don Marcos, who desired Carlos to raise up the Marquis, and take him away. The latter suddenly regarding Carlos, bellowed out, "I am the murderer of Gonsalez!" In the confusion of removing the Prior and Fertardo through the private door, the lady caught a side view of the face of Carlos; and, exclaiming, "he is my husband!" flew to embrace Carlos.—Don Marcos, apprehensive she was deranged, conducted her back to the couch, assuring her that her husband was not alive, and that they were come to protect her and avenge his death!—The lady then recognized Don Marcos as the former friend of Gonsalez, and she blessed heaven that had yet suffered her to have a father and

child alive.

Don Marcos now left her, and went to the great hall, where the Marquis and the Prior were in custody. He announced the necessity he was under of conducting him a prisoner before the judge; to which the Marquis willingly acceded, requesting only time to draw up an ample confession of his turpitude and that of the Superior. In the mean-time, the young Claudio was released, and the Baron pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter. Having closed the vault where the bones of Gonsalez lay, they proceeded at the expiration of three hours to the room where the Marquis Fertardo was. Finding all was still, they burst open the door, and found the unhappy man dead, and weltering in his blood. Beside him lay the following paper, which Father Thomas read aloud. "One of my ancestors drove the Moors from the castle of Montalto, and hence became the possessor of the convent and domain by royal grant. The wretch who is now Prior, was elevated by my father's charity, and became the confidant of my father's amours: afterwards, by parental desire, took the habit, and became my confessor. When I came to the estate, I married, and lived happy with the Marchioness, till Gonsalez brought his wife to Toledo. I confessed my flame to Father Alma, and his casuistry soon reconciled my hesitating mind to its guilty desire. He devised the plan, and aided in the execution The Marchioness being an obstacle, and falling sick, the Rev. Father found a physician for her, and she died! The Prior also died suddenly, and I gave the father his place. To further the plot, Gonsalez was made to believe that Peter loved his wife; and Intended to

ravish her from him; I, as his friend, advised him to bring her to the convent; Father Alma was their guide.—The lady was deposited in a subterraneous chamber of the castle, and Gonsalez was led into the vault, where his body was found. Here, as he stooped to enter the door, an assassin, placed in readiness, cleft his scull with a sabre. Having buried him, we dispatched our accomplice to make all secure. Finding the lady resist all my efforts, I bribed the nurse, and got the child Claudio into my hands. By a feigned tale to the King, I got the family-estate into my possession; yet, as a small abatement of my injury, I must confess that Peter would have sacrificed the Baron for his haughtiness, but for my remonstrance; let this plead in favour of my innocent daughter. Claudio's nurse yet lives, and ____FERTARDO." Their entrance into the room shortened the letter, and hastened the suicide. While they were preparing every thing for the King's investigation, the Baron and Claudio proceeded to the lady's chamber, whom the servant said was delirious. She still persisted that she had seen her dear Henry, her husband, in the vaults, when she was rescued. The Baron undertook to explain that he had, at the first sight of Carlos, been as strongly impressed with the same conviction which had extended itself to the guilty Marquis; and informed her that the mistaken youth was the son of Don Pinto, the common friend of themselves and humanity: During this a young lady had rushed from the convent to the castle, demanding to see her deceased father. She disregarded every one till her eye met that of Carlos. Regarding him with a fixed look, and strong tremulation, she exclaimed, "The prediction is fulfilled! The houses of Fertardo is in ruins! now show me to my father!" and she darted from their sight.

When the noble friends arrived at Burgos, the King called a council, which decreed that the Prior should be turned over to the Inquisition; that the titles and estates of Fertardo should be confiscated, and those of the Baron and Gonsalez restored. On their return to the castle of Fertardo, to convey the remains of Gonsalez to Burgos, they found that Don Alberto had been there, threatning them with the king's vengeance for they had done. Carlos was now introduced to the lady, and she had nearly relapsed into the same conviction that she saw her husband stand before her. At length she requested that she might consider both Claudio and Carlos as her children, and recommended to them the affect ion of brothers. Every thing being now arranged, they proceeded finally towards Burgos, Carlos and Claudio riding by their side. On the night of the fourth day, they were not far from the city. Claudio and Carlos were belind the carriage at a little distance, and were just parted from it by the angle of a garden-wall, when they were attacked by a band of russians, one of whom buried his dagger deeply in the shoulder of Carlos, and struck him to the ground. Claudio and Simon attacked in turn, beat three of them down, and dispersed the rest. Simon then galloped to the carriage, and related the villainous assassination. They instantly returned: and, fiinding that Carlos breathed, they hastened to the nearest inn, leaving the wounded in the care of the patrole who followed with him. Donna Henrietta hung like a statue over the almost lifeless body of Carlos, displaying every mark of tenderness and grief. Don Pinto immediately wrote word to Don Marcos, who himself arrived with the King's surgeon in two hours, and the latter made a favourble report. On inspecting the wounded ruffians, Don Marcos discovered Don Alberto in disguise, his servant, and a bravo. Carlos's wound not mending so rapidly as was expected, there seemed an unknown cause

which honest Simon could attribute to nothing but love for the picture which hung about Carlos's neck. This being said in the hearing of . Don Pinto, it led to the story of the rescue of the two ladies; at which he seemed extremely interested, and instantly despatched letters of inquiry to the castie of Ducro. The next day Dea Pinto heard the whole affair from Carlos, and saw the picture. "It is as I feared," exclaimed Don Pinto; my sen, my unhappy child, the young lady whem you are so enamoured of, is your sister, and the other lady is the Marchioness Berino, my sister!" Carlos, equally with his father was astonished at the dreadful conviction; nor were the Baron and Father Thon. as less so; their reasoning, however, though it calmed the fury of Pinto. had little effect on the despair of Carlos. He displayed signs of itsanity till his stength gave way to exertion, and he fell into a swoon. Donna Henrietta herself undertook to redress his wound, in the doing which. she sunk upon the bed, exclaiming, "Holy Virgin, he is my son!" "Here is more madness!" ejaculated Don Pinto!—"If there be," replied the Baron, "it is with you Don Pinto. Look at that mark, given him in his mother's womb; his mother and I both can identify him by it, and yet you resist the evidence of Nature, which cannot change. Some fraud has been practised; for, I can testify my grandson ever had that mark, and it remains now to see if Claudio has it also." Claudio declared he had no such mark. The only way to settle this ambiguous affair, was to send Simon for the woman who had nursed Don Pinto's lady. They returned in a few days, and Father Thomas drew a frank confession from her, that Lady Pinto's child had been changed by a woman who came there to lodge one night, and whom they never had been able to trace. She certified that the children were much alike except that her own had a mark of grapes at its back; and that Don Pinto and his lady, being then in France, she had hitherto concealed the story from fear. Just as they had done examining the nurse, a letter came directed to the Baron, from Fertardo-castle, from the King's officer there, stating "that he had found a woman in the dungeon, just dying. who had con fessed that she was the nurse of Henry Gonsalez's son. and that she was seduced by a priest (the Prior) to give it up to the Marquis. Loving the infant, and wishing to save it, as she travelled towards Andalusia, she stopped by accident at a cottage where a chile of Don Pinto's was at nurse, whom she knew to be the cousin of Consalez; and that she had left her own, and taken the other to the Marquis.' "Here," said the Baron, "let us kneel and praise heaven, which has cleared up this mystery to our mutual satisfactions.—Claudio is your son, Don Pinto, and Carlos is mine!"-" And shall still be mine," Pinto; "for he shall marry my daughter. I wrote to my sister, who arrived at Duero-castle, from Portugal, the day after we left it, whence she was obliged to fly with my daughter from an amorous old nobleman. She wrote me an account of her rescue by a young Spaniard, long since, from Seville, and I am happy that we shall all gain so much, and no one be the loser."-The body of Gonsalez was buried in pomp at Montalto; Don Alberto was sent to the mines, and his mother banished; the Prior was turned over to the inquisition, and Father Thomas receiv. ed the priory from the Archbishop of Seville. The Baron lived no only to see Claudio and Carlos the first of warriors, but to instruct a great grandson in the service of arms, and at last died, surrounded by a progeny of heroes, in every respect worthy the ancient and illustrious ancestry of the house of Morno!! 3



HISTORY

OF

HENRIETTA DE BELLGRAVE.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

ALL that enables me to support a life, which, from my very infancy, has presented me with nothing but misfortunes, is the desire of seeing you arrive at an age capable of being made sensible of what you truly are. I cannot die, and leave you with no other knowledge of yourself, than that you are the daughter of an Indian banyan, and a heathen. O! then, if it pleases heaven that these papers fall into your hands, be careful of them, I conjure you, by all that duty, that love, and that respect, which even the worship you are trained up in enjoins from children to their parents; read them not lightly over, but examine every article, weigh every precept; engrave them in your mind, that if by any accident you lose the original, your memory may supply you with a faithful copy. I command you also to keep whatever you find here an inviolable secret, unless Providence, whose ways are all mysterious, should happily conduct you to some place where it may be to your advantage to reveal it.

Know, then, my dear Zoa, that by my side you are descended from two very ancient and honourable families, in a kingdom famous over the whole world, not only for its extent, the pleasantness of its situation, and the magnificence of its buildings, but also for the laws, customs, and manners of its inhabitants. I need not tell you it's France I mean, since you have often heard me say the place I was born in was called so. My father was eldest son of the Count de Bellgrave, my mother a daughter of the Baron de Soissons. If you should ever happen to meet any one from that country, you will hear such characters of the virtue and grandeur of your ancestors, as though I would not wish to make you

proud, ought nevertheless to inspire in you a just scorn of

doing any thing unworthy of the race you sprung from.

It is the policy of people of condition in my country, and indeed in most parts of Europe, when they have more daughters than they can conveniently portion out, rather than con sent to their marriage with persons of an inferior rank, to put one or two of them into certain houses called convents. where they are secluded from the world forever; and compelled, often against their inclination, to devote themselves wholly to heaven, and the duties of religion. The baron, having a numerous offspring, intended to sacrifice my mother in this manner to the grandeur of his family; but the passion my father had for her prevented it. After having in vain implored the Count's consent they were privately married. The affair was kept a secret for some time, nor had been divulged so soon, had not the Baron's resolution of forcing my mother into a convent obliged them to confess it to him; and she soon after becoming pregnant, the honour of his family rendered it necessary that the truth should be made public. Nothing could surpass the Count's indignation when he was first made acquainted with it; he would never suffer my father to come into his presence, nor allow any thing towards his support, or that of the wife he had made choice of; and, though a great number of nobility interested themselves in this case, and represented to him, that there was nothing in a daughter of the Baron de Soissons, except want of fortune, that could be looked upon as unworthy of a son of the Count de Bellgrave, and that my mother's beauty, virtue, and other qualifications well atoned for that deficiency, he continued as inexorable as ever, nor did my birth (for I was the first, and indeed the sole fruit of this unhappy marriage) in the least soften his obdurate heart; and for thirteen years neither my father, mother, nor self, had any other support than what we received from the indulgence of the good Baron, which, giving a mortal uneasiness to his other children, rendered our lives very uncomfortable. While we were in this melancholy situation, news arrived of the death of the governor of Iranadad, a settlement the French have in the East Indies. The prince of Conde requested the king that my father might succeed him, which was granted.

It was the opinion of every body, that this news would

bring the Count de Bellgrave to reason; and that he would rather forgive, and make a handsome settlement on his son, than suffer him to go to a place whence he could not expect to return during his life; but he was deaf to all the calls of nature and paternal affection, nor would even permit my father to take leave of him before his departure. The Baron would have persuaded my father and mother to leave me with him; but a fatal fondness, to which I owe all my miseries, would not suffer either of them to be prevailed upon.

Every thing being prepared for our departure; for the magnificence of which all the kindred on both sides, except the cruel Count, contributed, we embarked on board a large and well stored vessel. Favourable winds and smooth seas

gave us the prospect of a happy voyage.

If ever in my life I felt true satisfaction, it was on board; while at my grandfather's, the melancholy in which I saw those dear persons plunged who gave me being, the distant looks of some of my relations, and the reflections sometimes thrown on us by others, the fear I was in of incurring their displeasure, and rendering them yet more harsh, gave me as much disquiet as it was possible for one of my age to feel. But now, to find a great number of servants ready to obey my call, to see the obsequious behaviour of the whole ship's crew, and even of the officers themselves, towards my father and mother, was such a pleasing alteration in our fortunes, as quite elated my young heart, and I became in a manner transported with it.

One morning as I lay in my cabin, within that of their excellencies (for by that title they now called my father and mother,) I was waked with an unusual noise, and presently after heard the firing of guns. I started up in order to inquire into the meaning of this alarm, when a maid that waited on me, came in, and told me that a pirate had attacked us, and that it was proper I should rise in case of accidents. The terror that appeared in her countenance, and her trembling as she spoke, fully convinced me that we were in very great danger. With her assistance, I soon got on my clothes, and ran to my mother, whom I found earnest at her devotions by her bed side. Some others coming into the cabin at the same time I did, interupted them, and she cried out, "Where, O! where is the governor?"—"Safe, madam, as yet," answered

one of them; "but we cannot prevail on him to come down, and the balls fly as thick as hail about the deck." She was then running up to endeavour to persuade him to have a greater regard for his life, but was stopped by a sudden, loud, and confused noise, which to us sounded as if the top of the ship, with all the masts, was breaking down. "They have boarded us," cried one of the sailors, with an oath, "death or slavery: we have no time to lose." With this, the uproar over our heads grew more violent; and in an instant the cabin was cleared of all but my mother, myself, and two or three women servants. But with what words can I express the consternation and horror this poor lady was in ; she wept, she cried to heaven for relief. One moment she pressed me in her arms, and cried, "My dear Henrietta, what will become of thee?" The next did she run to the cabin-door, thinking to reach him with her voice; then as precipitately started back, frightened at some fresh alarm; but the last, and most dreadful one, was the sight of my dear father, covered with blood, and supported between two men. As soon as they had laid him on the bed, "My dear," said he to my mother, "it was not in human valour to preserve our liberty; heaven has refused its assistance; the ship is taken, and we are all slaves; the evil is past redemption; do not, by your excessive grief, provoke our conquerors to use us worse." The agony he saw her in, occasioned him to speak these words, which she had no time to reply to. The cabin was in a moment crowded with men, who seemed to be a mingled rabble of all nations, but all equally fierce and terrible in their aspect. The captain, who, I perceived afterwards, was among them, gave some orders in a language which I did not understand; but the effect, declared they were in our favour; for the greatest part of those wretches whose countenances added to the horror of our fate, withdrew; and left only himself and three or four more with us, one of whom happened to be a Frenchman, and afterwards served as an interpreter between the officer and my father. On being informed who we were, he had the humanity to command my father's wounds to be taken care of, and to permit us to remain in the cabin; but all the rest, except two women servants belonging to us, were confined under hatches. Having removed all that was most valuable out of our ship into his own, he returned into it, and left a mate and some few sailors to make the best way they could with us to Madagascar; a large island, which has long been a

receptacle and asylum for those sea-robbers.

What a sad reverse was now our condition! My father bore it with a manly fortitude, but my mother was inconsolable; the tenderness and generosity of her nature would not suffer her to reflect on the misfortunes of a husband, brought on merely by his affection for her, with any tolerable degree of patience; and casting up the long account of sorrows their marriage had occasioned him, found the sum too large for all the merits she could find in herself to atone. This threw her into a deep melancholy, and a languishment

more dangerous than all my father's wounds.

We had not been above eight weeks prisoners to the pirates before heaven, indeed, sent us deliverance, which once more flattered as with hopes of happiness. The ship that took us, and which still kept company with us, it seems had descried an English vessel, which supposing it to be richly laden, the captain of the pirates resolved to attack; but their powder and shot being very much wasted in the fight with us, they sent the long-boat for a supply. This occasioned our lying by while the two ships were engaged. The English made a brave defence; but must have been taken at last, if, by an unexpected accident, they had not been relieved. Some of our men, in the confusion those were in, whom the pirates had left on board us, found means to get their liberty, and soon gave it to their fellows; and presently overpowering their enemies, killed and threw overboard all that offered to make any resistance; and our captain came to us with the joyful news, that he was once more commander of his own ship. We then crowded all the sails, thinking to escape while the pirate was engaged with the English; but unhappily the vessel had sprung so great a leak, that those at the pump cried out it was impossible it should endure two hours' sail; on which my father, the captain and the whole crew, were of opinion, the best expedient we had was to join the English vessel, and assist her with what amunition was left, which indeed was but a small quantity; the greatest part, as I said hefore, having heen sent for by the pirate. We had, however, a great number of hands; and the English, encouraged by so unhoped-for a relief, fell briskly on. Our men, who knew they must either

conquer or die, in the midst of a thousand shot, got up to, and boarded the pirate sword in hand: where, though many fell, the rest did great execution. The English then ceasing to fire, because their friends would suffer by it equally with their foes, veered about, and boarded the pirate on the other side; in short, never was a more obstinate fight; but, in the end, heaven gave the victory to the justest side, though not without a vast effusion of blood. The pirates were almost all killed or wounded, and their ship so shattered, that the English having removed all the effects into their own vessel, left it, with the few that yet remained alive, to the mercy of the seas. Ours was also by this time so full of water, that we were obliged to quit it with the utmost precipitation, and get on board the English. The captain spoke French perfectly well, was a man of as much politeness as bravery; and no sooner heard from my father who we were, and the accidents that had happened since our leaving France, than he treated us with all the respect imaginable; returned to us all that had been taken from us by the pirate, which we had now retaken, and would have obliged my father and the captain to share with him in the other prizes found on board, in consideration of the seasonable assistance he had received from us: but they would accept of nothing but what had been their own before; and only desired that they would put in at Iranadad, and permit us to land. The captain seemed extremely troubled at this request; and told my father he was sorry he had asked the only thing out of his power to grant, the ship not being his own, but belonging to a company of merchants, to whom he was no more than a servant; and the effects he had on board were of very great value, and that he could not answer the putting in at any place to which he had not a commission, much less one appertaining to a prince with whom his nation was at that time at war. "But," added he, "when we arrive at Bombay, where I am bound, I will take care to represent the service I have received from you in such a manner to the governor and factory, that I dare give your excellence assurance of a ship to carry you, and all belonging to you, to your desired port."

My father was sensible the reasons he gave were just; and we were obliged to content ourselves with the prospect we had, that, after this long voyage, we should at last arrive

where we intended.

We should, indeed, have passed our time pleasantly enough on board this vessel, had it not been for my mother's indisposition, which every day increased, so that her life was despaired of. My father, now perfectly recovered of his wounds, stirred not a moment from his bed-side; nor would either my duty or affection permit me to quit her. She lingered in this melancholy decline for about five weeks, and when she found the honr of her dissolution approaching, took a farewell of my father with more resolution than could

have been expected from her.

Though it is certain, never man loved with a more constant and ardent passion than my father, yet he had that fortitude peculiar to great minds, not to bewail misfortunes which are irrecoverable; a decent sorrow sat upon his brow, and hung heavy upon his heart; but his tears were few, and soon dried up; nor did he refuse the consolations given him by the English, as well as by those of his own people. He would not consent that my mother should be buried at sea, but ordered her to be embalmed by the surgeon of the ship, and had her laid in a chest; resolving, though dead, she should be the companion of his voyage to Bombay, and afterwards to his government, where he intended to inter her in a manner suitable to her birth, her virtue, and the affec-

tion he had borne her when living.

But, alas! how vain are the designs of man, when alldisposing heaven refuses its assent! not only his dear wife, but himself was destined to a watery grave. We were so near Bombay as to be able to discern land, when a storm arose more violent, as the mariners told us, than had ever been known on those seas. The ship was extremely large, and of great burthen; yet did the strength and fury of the waves toss it to a stupendous height, and plunge it down again as from a precipice; one moment the gathered surges lifted it up as on a pinnacle; the next parted, and seemed to swallow us in the dreadful gap, Darkness came on, our dangers and our fears redoubled; the hurricane grew more outrageous; the masts and rudder were all torn away; the waters came pouring in, and one and all cried out, "We are lost; no hope but the long-boat; which being immed ately thrown out, my father, myself, and as many of the sailors as could get in, took to it; too many indeed, for it mmediately sunk, and all perished that were in it, except

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three persons, one of whom was my unhappy self; and the others were one of the mates belonging to the English, and a cook we brought with us from France. Being extremely dexterous in swimming, they not only saved themselves, but me. They saw me floating, as they afterwards told me, and caught hold of my garments each with one hand, and with the other combated the waves.

I was quite senseless when we reached the coast; but my two deliverers having taken proper methods to make me discharge the water I had swallowed, I soon came to myself; but judge, my dear Zoa, judge of the horribleness of my situation! In the first emotions of grief and despair. I neither thanked heaven, nor those, who, at the hazard of their own lives, had preserved mine, but cried out for my father; and doubting not but that he, and all we had in the world, was lost, uttered the most frantic exclamations, such as I fear offended heaven, and perhaps drew on me all my future woes.

These two men (for the mate spoke French well enough to be understood) said every thing they could to comfort me; it was not impossible, they told me, for the governor to be safe as well as we were; and as to our effects, the ship might probably bulge against a rock, or be driven on the coast; and if so, when once the storm was over, and the waters sank to their usual bounds, great part of what was in her might be recovered by boats, which the factory would send out for that purpose.

This last, I imagined, might be feasible enough; but I knew my father had not the least skill in swimming; I could entertain no shadow of a hope of ever seeing him

more.

I laid myself down on the earth, where I had been sitting since my recovery, and wept bitterly. The darkness of the night, and hollow whistling of the winds, which still continued very high, though somewhat abated of their late fury, added to the horror of my ideas, and I wished for nothing more than to die that instant. At length the day appeared, and never had a more beautiful prospect struck my eyes; the elements had grown as calm as a few hours before they had been disturbed; the sea rolled smooth; the land looked gay and pleasant; a wood behind us, with trees of an uncommon height, and loaded with fruit of vari

bus kinds, invited us to taste; others charmed the smell with their fragrancy; a thousand birds of different serts, and such as I had never seen before, were hopping from bough to bough, and chattering out their thanks to bounteous nature. My companions had both of them glasses in their pockets; but, though by their help they could see a prodigious distance, they could discern nothing of the ship, nor any tokens of a wreck. We walked a considerable way on the sands by the sea side, in order to discover if it were lodged in any creek among the rocks, but could not perceive any thing of

what we sought. I now began to find the want of the necessities of nature in my faintness, not having eaten for near twenty-four hours. The men also seemed as unable to withstand the calls of hunger as myself; and we agreed to go into the wood, and gather fruit in order to sustain ourselves till we should arrive at some town. The mate drew his sword, and made the cook do so too, in order, as he told me, to cut down the boughs, but, in reality, that they might defend themselves and me from wild beasts; but as neither the latter nor myself knew any thing of this danger, we went fearlessly on; nor indeed met with any thing but squirrels, monkies, and some other little harmless animals, sporting up and down, all which fled at our approach. We then sat down, and eat heartily of the fruit, which was no less delicious to the taste than pleasant to the eye. While we were taking this refreshment, the mate expressed some crouble that he knew not what part of the country we were in, nor which way led to any town. He was not even positive we were in Bombay, the darkness of the night and violence of the storm not permitting him to have any direction when we made to shore. We were, however, obliged to submit to our fate; and had no other remedy than to travel on until we could happily meet some person that might give us information, which we did for many a weary mile, without being able to discover the least trace of any human step. The men supported this fatigue well enough, but I was frequently ready to drop through faintness; and they were obliged to carry me by turns in their arms, or I could never have been able to go through the painful journey. Night again came on, and we seemed as far as ever from our hope; and the mate then informed us of the danger we were in from wild beasts, which, he said, it was very likely might haunt those unfrequented places, especially by night. Both of them began to work at cutting down those boughs that seemed most withered, and made a pile of them; the cook had a flint and steel in his pocket; and beween them, though with an infinite deal of labour, they set the wood on fire, the light of which, it seems, keeps those creatures at a distance. For my part, I was too faint and weary to give them any assistance, and laid down while they were thus employed for our common safety; it was afterwards agreed that I should endeavour to take what repose I could that night, in order to refresh me for the next day's travel; and that each of them should watch alternately, to take care that the fire did not go

out, and to rouse the other in case of an accident.

The place I had made choice of for my bed was at the root of a tree, whose large trunk and low-hung boughs at once defended me from the heat of the fire, and from the dews, which are apt to fall very thick in the night; and being thus laid as commodiously as the place we were now in would admit of, not all the disturbance of my mind kept me from falling into a prefound sleep, in which I continued till towards morning, and had doubtless done so much longer, but for a sudden and most shocking interruption. I thought I was in the arms of a man, who, while he held me in a strennous embrace, seemed to devour my lips with eager kisses. Frightened, I awoke: and what if I had been alone, would have passed for a dream, I now found was a real fact. I shrieked as loud as the surprise I was in would give me leave; but the villain stopped my mouth with his hand, and thinking to impose upon my youth and innocence, "Do not be alarmed, my dear Henrietta," said he, "I will do you no injury, by heaven! I have loved you, and adored you from the first minute I beheld you! Permit me but an innocent embrace; I ask no more." The sound of his voice now made me know it was Reynier, for so the cook was called, at the same time, the indecencies he proceeded to, convinced me of the falsehood of his professions. I struggled, I buffetted the wretch; but what could my weak resistance ave availed, had not his hand, by some accident, slipped from my mouth, and given me an opportunity to send forth a second shriek, so vehement, that it seemed to rend the very air, and after that another, before he could be quick enough to prevent me.

The mate, awaked by my cries, started up amazed, and running to the place where I was, needed no more to inform him of the cause. "Monster," said he, "when dangers of every kind encompass us, and that we live a moment is owing to the mercy of heaven, is it a time for lust?" Reynier, enraged at the disappointment, and not in the least ashamed of the base attempt, told him, he had no right to control his actions; and added some foul name, testifying his contempt of him, which the other not being of a temper to endure tamely, they fought. Lwas so terrified and confused at the affront I had received, and the thoughts of what I might receive, if the cook should get the better, that I staid not to see the issue of the combat; but run as fast as my legs could carry me, until I came into the forest, where, breathless, and tired almost to death, I sat down beneath the cover of some trees that grew pretty thick. It was now but a kind of twilight; and I flattered myself that I might be hid there, if even chance should direct my intended ravisher that way. Till I thought myself secure from him, my mind was too much engrossed to think of any other danger, any other misfortune; but new a thousand terrors assailed my poor throbbing heart; those beasts of prey the honest Englishman had spoken of, made me imagine, that every little rustling the wind made among the leaves was some voracious animal coming to devour me. Restless I quitted my seat, and wandered a little farther; I cast my eyes every way, but could discern no hut, no cottage, no kind smoke from any distant chimney, that might direct my weary feet where I might beg a hospitable protection. Full of despairing thoughts, I sat down again, resolving in that posture to wait my fate, in whatever shape heaven should think fit to order it.

The various miseries, the toils, the dangers I had undergone, in a short space of time, crowded at once on my mind; and my brain, too weak to bear the wild ideas which presented themselves to me, even the power of reflection was taken from me, and I sunk, as it were, into a lethargy of grief. How long my faculties remained in this inactivity, I know not; but I was roused from it by a new terror, which was perhaps the only thing would have had the power to do it. It was the voice of the detestable Reynier; who in the deep reverie I had been in, I neither heard, nor sow ap-

proach. "You are found again, my lovely fugitive," said he. "You might have fled from your deliverer, but from your lover, nothing should have concealed you. I would have pursued you to the utmost corner of the world, and torn you even from your dead father's arms; so violent is my passion, that to gratify it, I would suffer not only all that

man, but all that heaven could inflict."

The remembrance of how he had used me reviving at his sight, and the apprehensions those words justly gave me, filled me with such a mixture of shame, indignation, and terror, that had I not been preserved for lasting anguish, sure I had died that instant. I would have spoken, and was endeavouring to bring forth some words that might have checked his audacity; but the extreme violence of the different emotions I then felt, stopped the passage of my words, and it

was only by my eyes I could express my meaning.

During the time he was speaking, he caught hold of both my hands, which I in vain endeavoured to get loose; and threw his head upon my breast, and conjured me to make him some reply. "What can I say," cried I, as fiercely as I could, "but that I look on thee as a wretch unworthy of life, and that I almost loath myself for being beloved by so contemptible and so impious a villain?"—"Then you resolve I shall have recourse to force" said he. "Neither force nor fraud shall give thee any advantage over me," answered I: "a just consciousness of what we both are, leaves me in no danger of the one; and to prevent the other, I can die."

"You but deceive yourself!" cried the wretch, with a malicious grin. "I will enjoy you first, and leave you afterwards to choose what death your foolish pride likes best."—"O heaven! have pity on me!" shrieked I out, ready to burst with rage and horror. "You waste your breath in vain," said he; "there now is none to interrupt my pleasures; he that attempted it, I have sent to another world, to boast how great a champion he had been of virtue here."—"Murderous villain!" cried I, which was all he gave me leave to speak; he that moment aimed to perpetrate his base intent; and sure heaven, in this dreadful juncture, gave me a double portion of strength. I tore, I scratched the abandoned monster; I sprung from his grasp, and fled. He pursued, and overtook me; again I was in his power. I made the forest echo with my cries. A lion, or a tiger, to

devour him or me, or both of us, would have been a welcome sight; for I, alas! in spite of the efforts I made, was near being overcome; when all at once six or eight men came rushing through the thicket where we were; and seeing the violence I was like to suffer, preserved my honour and struck the invader dead at my feet, with a kind of javelin one of them had in his hand.

I must now inform you from whom, and by what chance, I received this unexpected deliverance. You know, my dear Zoa, your father has a fine country house, about three leagues from the vast forest of Chiama; it was in that forest I had sustained the hardships I have related, and these were men belonging to the banyan, who happened to come there, in order to hunt the wild boar. I cannot express to you the surprise with which these Indians stared upon me; indeed the figure I made might naturally occasion them to do so; my garments, though rich, drenched in the sea-water, and dried in the sun and wind, were of a thousand disagreeable colours, torn by the briars through which I had passed, as was also my flesh in many places. My hair unfilletted, and hanging in wild disorder over my shoulders; my looks were doubtless no less confused. All this, joined to the place and manner in which they found me, must make them conclude some extraordinary adventure had befallen me. They came round me; they surveyed me from head to foot, and talked very fast to one another; but though I had not the least understanding of their language, nor had ever heard it before, I could perceive, by their gestures, what they said was not in my disfavour. After having had their fill of gazing on me, two of them took me by each hand, and led me between them through the forest, helping me whenever they came to any rough way, with tenderness enough. At length we reached where I beheld, what a very little time before I had despaired of ever seeing, a house. In this fashion they conducted me to your father's villa; and the first room they happened to bring me to, was that which I have since converted into a bed-chamber, and where I write these memoirs. Having made me sit down, they gave me water and a clean towel, which I was very glad of, and as soon as I had done washing, set a plate of rice and some boiled fowl before me, with a silver mug full of water, and a little arrack mingled in it. This refreshed me, and I blessed heaven for the

nappy change in my condition; but was extremely troubled, that I could neither understand my benefactors, nor inform them any thing of myself, which might influence a continuance of their bounty. I perceived they were Indians, but could not be certain they were of Bombay; because I remembered the English mate had seemed doubtful whether it was on that country we were cast, or on some other. I earnestly wished it might be so, that I might apply to the tactory, judging, by the virtue and goodness of that man, that the English would commiserate my misfortunes, and do me justice, in case any thing belonging to my father should have been found among the wreck; but, though I saw a great number of people passing in and out of the house, there were none among them that had the appearance of a European. I was left alone for some hours, after they had taken away the remains of what they brought for my refreshment; but, at last, I saw a very graceful Indian enter, attended by three or four of those who had found me in the forest, and some others: he looked on me with the same wender they had done, but was not so lost in it as not to accost me with a great deal of civility. As I knew by the respect paid him, and the distance with which all the rest behaved, that he was the master of them, and of the dwelling, I returned him thanks in French for the favours I had received, but had the mortification to find he understood not one word of what I said, any more than the others had done. The motions I made, however, made him guess at my meaning; and being instantly possessed of sentiments for me, which at that time I little ap prehended, and was as little desirous of inspiring, he made a sign to all present to quit the room; and seating himself near me, began to kiss my hands in a fervent manner. This action so frightened me, that, thinking I was fallen into the power of a second Reynier, I cried out, "O God! what will become of me!" and at the same time burst into a flood of tears. Though he knew not the words I spoke, yet the agony that appeared in my face, while I was uttering them, rendered their meaning (as he has often since told me,) perfectly intelligible; and willing to put an end to my apprehensions, he let go my hands, made a low bow, in token of entreating pardon for what he had done, and presently went out of the room.

I was not long suffered to remain by myself. Two Indian

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women came in; and making a sign for me to follow them. conducted me to a very handsome chamber, furnished muck in the same manner I had been accustomed to in France, The bed was composed of mattrasses laid one upon another: the curtains were of the finest chintz, as were also the hangings of the room. There were tables, chairs, glasses, and in short every thing perfectly commodious; but what pleased me most was a great iron bar on the inside of the door, which, as soon as they had left me, I did not fail to make fast. Notwithstanding the vast fatigues I had endured, the auxiety of my mind would not suffer me to fall into a slum ber till towards morning, but when I did it was entirely undisturbed with any ideas of my past misfortunes, or warnings of those succeeding ones I was ordained to suffer. I awoke not till very late, on hearing a knocking at my door, accompanied with a female voice, which cried out to me, "Are you awake, fair stranger?" Though I knew not what she said, I supposed it time to rise, and that she was come to call me up. I therefore got out of bed, and having thrown my gown about me, opened the door; which she immediately shut again, and presented me with a very rich Indian habit; which she helped me to put on, making signs to me that my own was dirty, and unfit for me to wear. I was no sooner dressed, than another came in with some chocolate and a sort of cake. All this was served me with a respect which would have been flattering enough to my youthful vanity, had it not been checked by my apprehensions of the motives which excited it.

After I had breakfasted, they showed me into the great hall, where their master (I need not say your father) waited my coming. He rose to receive me with the utmost civility, smiled, and taking up one of my long sleeves, seemed to testify how well he thought my dress became me. He then led me into the gardens, the beauty of which, and the vast variety of flowers, (new to me) very much charmed me. He plucked some of the most curious, and placed them in my hair, and on my breast, but with the greatest modesty and respect. Indeed he offered nothing all that day, nor several others, which gave me the least occasion to be alarmed. Yet did his eyes, I thought, whenever he looked earnestly upon me (as he sometimes could not restrain himself from doing) discover a lambent inclination to become more free.

I could also perceive his hand tremble when, on any occa sion, he took hold of mine; and though people of his colour never blush, I frequently saw his complexion change suddenly into a paler hue, which seemed to denote he did himself some violence in behaving to me with this moderation.

When he had pointed out to me every thing that was worthy observation, either in the gardens, the fine banquetingroom at the upper end, the little grottos adorned with shells, on the rivulets which run winding in a kind of labyrinth, and meet in the middle, where they form a kind of canal, we returned into the hall, where the table being spread, we sat down to dinner. His treatment to me during the repast was conformable to the rest, all good manners, mixed with an air of kindness. The cloth was scarce taken away, when a servant came hastily into the room, and said something to his master, at which he seemed excessively pleased. The occasion of it was this; being possessed with a passion for me which, unhappy as it has made me, I must do him the jus tice to allow was no less sincere than violent, and troublec that he could neither communicate his thoughts to me, nor be informed who I was, nor by what strange accident I became to be exposed in the manner his servants had related, he sent immediately to town, offering a large reward to any one who could speak the language of Europe, to come and serve as an interpreter between us. The person who went on this commission was successful enough to find a man who spoke Dutch, English, and French. This man being presently brought into the room, the banyan, after some discourse with him, bade him try me in all the languages he was master of, which he did by speaking to me first in Dutch, and then in English: but finding I understood neither, at last he asked me in French what part of Europe I was born in, and on what occasion I had come to India? Never were any sounds more pleasing to my ear than what this fellow uttered. I was quite transported at having an opportunity of relating who I was, because by that, I hoped to obtain some means of returning into Europe. I hesitated not a moment to let him know I was of that country, in whose language he spoke to me: and then proceeded to give the whole narrative of my misfortunes; which he repeated in the Malayan tongue to the banyan, who seemed astonished at my story, and bade his interpreter assure me of his readiness to serve me by every means in his power. I then desired to know the name of the country I was in; and being told it was Bombay, said I intended to petition the English factory for means to carry me home. But this my intention was no sooner mentioned to the banyan, than he ordered the man to acquaint me I was at a great distance from the colony; and that he, who often had business with them, and could boast of some interest, would undertake to solicit this matter for me. This answer was not altogether so pleasing to me; I wished to be out of the power of a man whose inclinations I dreaded; and to address the English in person, who being Christians, though differing in some points from our persuasion, I doubt ed not but they would take pity on my distress. I made therefore some excuses to avoid giving him trouble, but they availed not. The banyan answered, that as it was his good fortune to be the first that was serviceable to me in the country, he was resolved to have the honour of completing the good offices he had begun. On which it came into my head to make this man my friend, and prevail on him to carry a letter or message to the governor of Bombay, who, I had heard the English mate say, was a person of great worth and honour; but then I was deterred by the belief that this feilow was a creature of the banyan's, who might betray the confidence reposed in him, when I should be as far off as ever from my hopes, and perhaps be the worse treated. I therefore thought it best to trust to heaven for the protection of my virtue, and this Indian for the management of my affairs; so mentioned nothing but what was proper to be repeated to him. The banyan, indeed, pretended an impatience equal to my own for the accomplishment of what I desired; and went to town the next day, on purpose, as he said, to acquaint the English with my adventures, leaving the interpreter with me, that I might by him communicate my commands to his servants, whom he had ordered to be very obsequious to me.

His absence ridding me for a time of the disquiets I was under, I diverted myself with asking the interpreter, who, I found, was a Dutchman, many questions, as, how long since he had been in France? what had occasioned his going there? how he came to, and in what station he was at Bombay? Upon which he told me, that being a mariner on board a Dutch merchantman, the vessel was taken by the

French, and that it was during the time he was a prisoner there, he learned the language; that afterwards engaging in the English service, he arrived at a knowledge of their tongue; and also of the Malayan, by coming frequently into India, and being much among the natives, with whom he was now settled; that he was married to an Indian woman, and had several children. I then asked the name and rank of the person under whose protection I had fallen; upon which he passed the highest encomiums on him; and added, that whoever he married, would be the happiest woman in the world.

This I gave but very little ear to; and to amuse myself, made him teach me many little phrases in the Malayan language; which I really found so easy, that in about ten days time, I was capable of asking for any thing I wanted; and this little study beguiled many melancholy hours, I should otherwise have passed. I now began to wish for the banvan's return; thinking, by the answer he should bring, I might be able to form some judgment of what I was to expect; but we never saw nor heard any thing of him for a whole month. At length he came, and pretended (for, alas! I afterwards found all he said but was to delade me) that he had tarried all that time, waiting for the governor's recovery, who was ill of a fever, and continued still in a condition which would not suffer him to see any company. He told me he had related my story to several of the English merchants, but they seemed extremely cold and backward of doing any thing for me, which he supposed was owing to the war between the two nations; and that, as to my father's effects, whatever were on board that ship were entirely lost, she being sunk with her whole cargo.

This intelligence drew a flood of tears from my eyes, with which he seemed extremely moved, and told me, in the most tender terms, as the interpreter informed me, and which I now partly understand myself, that I had not any cause for this immoderate grief; that a little time, he hoped, would bring the English into more consideration of my distress; and that while I remained in Bombay, though it were for ever, his house, and every thing in it, should be at my disposal. I thanked him, as his hospitality (had it been unmixed with any other views) would have indeed deserved; but whatever my thoughts were upon that head, I concealed them with

all the little skill I was mistress of, but seemed uneasy only at the trouble his generosity and good nature occasioned him on my score. But this he would hear nothing of, and endeavoured to abate my melancholy by all the ways he could invent. He made some of his people dance before me; others sung, and some played on instruments. The interpreter having told him what a progress I had made in the language of the country, he seemed in an ecstasy, and cried out, "Then I may hope every thing in India is not disagreeable to my lovely Henrietta." As I perfectly understood these words, I took upon me to answer, without the help of an interpreter, that as yet I had found nothing so, and hoped to leave it with the same opinion I at present had. He made no reply, but told the Dutchman, that he was either an excellent tutor or his pupil must have an uncommon genius, to be able not only to understand, but to pronounce with so much grace and propriety the accent of a language that a month ago she had never heard. After this, whenever dinner or supper was served in, he made me tell him out of which dish I should be helped, to drink to him, and in short to ask for every thing I would have in Malayan. The women too, who attended me in my chamber, were highly delighted that they could make themselves understood by me; and when they dressed or undressed me, entertained me with some discourse; and this, in a very short time, made me so perfect in the language, that I could hold any conversation in it. Some days passed on, in which I had every thing done to divert my thoughts, and nothing to assure me that the fears I entertained had any real foundation, till the banyan, happening to be alone with me in the garden, led me into one of those grottos, which, you know in the hottest season are not without a certain degree of coolness extremely refreshing. We sat down on one of the benches, just opposite to the entrance, which gave us a prospect of the sun playing on the tops of the trees, and gilding all around, without feeling any of its parching influence. "Is not this pleasant, Henrietta?" said he; " might not any one find in India sufficient for content, without desiring to roam elsewhere."-" Doubtless," answered I, "those who have their settlements here have no reason to murmur at their lot; but those whose dependence lies in other parts, can but half relish the delights of this." "The way to make you like it then," resumed he, "is to fix you here. But, I

fear, not all the pleasures of the situation would atone for the complexion of the inhabitants. Our tawny colour is irksome to your eyes. You cannot bear to look on what is so different from yourself."-" I have been ever taught," answered I, "that true beauty is always seated in the mind, and that we ought to be attracted only by virtue; and I have hitherto observed that lesson, always to esteem people according to their actions."—" Have mine ever been offensive?" cried he hastily. "Your's sir," said I, very much surprised; "can the charity, compassion, and hospitality, to which I am so much obliged, be ever too much, or too gratefully acknowledged?"-"No, Henrietta, no," answered he, with a sigh. "I have conferred no obligations on you. I could not act otherwise than I have done. From the instant I beheld your charms, I became no longer the master of myself, or any thing I before was in possession of. You seized on all at once, and left nothing but the name of slave. Goddess of my soul!" continued he, taking hold of my hand, and putting it to his mouth, "I love you! I adore you!"

Never was confusion greater than mine at this instant; I blushed, I trembled, but had not power to speak. He trembled too, though from a different cause; and finding I was silent had the temerity to snatch some kisses from my lips and breast. I struggled; but finding my resistance ineffectual, "Why sir," cried I, "will you destroy all the merit of your favours, by using me in this unworthy manner? I know what it is to suffer hardships; and, be assured, I will hazard every thing, rather than be subject to insults of this nature."—These words had all the effect I spoke them for; he immediately drew back, only retained that hand he had taken at first, and pressing it tenderly beneath both his, "Why, charming Henrietta," said he, "will you put so cruel a construction on the innocent demonstrations I would give you of the ardency of my passion? Heaven only knows the tortures I have sustained, in forbearing to shock your modesty with too sudden a declaration; and sure it ought not so much to alarm you, when I protest, by all those powers we worship, that I never had any other designs upon you than such as are agreeable to virtue and honour. No, Henrietta, I only ask permission to be your lover. Grant me that; and by the same power I swear never to be your ravisher." "Alas! sir," answered I, "what is it you require of me? or what can I

infer from the distinction you have made?" "All I entreat," said he, "is, that you will listen to my suit, and permit me to endeavour, by arguments, to win you to a more favourable opinion of my passion and person. If now and then I feast my famished wishes with a touch of this hand, or even steal a kiss from those enchanting lips, impute it not as the forerunner of greater liberties which I again bind myself by oath never to take without your free consent."

Though I was somewhat more assured than I had been by these asseverations, yet I could not think of licensing a flame I was determined never to return without extreme reluctance; and I remained irresolute in what terms I should reply.

It was near sun-set before I was suffered to leave the grotto; nor then, till I had promised calmly to listen to his amourous addresses. All supper I was persecuted in the same manner; and when I counterfeited a drowsiness, and desired to retire, "Cruel Henrietta," cried he, "I see the little effect my tenderness has on you. You hate me. My presence is insupportable to you; and much I fear it will never be in my power to render it less so; yet, to prove the true respect I bear you, I will not detain you here. Perhaps when left alone to meditation, you will think I deserve not to be treated with so much abhorrence." He spoke this with an air of such real grief, that I could not keep myself from being almost affected with it. "Ah! sir," answered I, with some emotion, "I am far from feeling any abhorrence of you; on the contrary, the benefits I have received from you, make me regard you as my only friend, my patron, my protector, and even to love you with the affection of a sister. What more can you expect from a distressed and helpless virgin, whose thoughts are all engrossed with her misfortunes, and the loss of her dear parents, yet recent in her mind."-" Henrietta! Henrietta!" cried he, with a voice which expressed as much satisfaction as that he had last spoken in was the reverse, "all thou hast lost, thou shalt find amply restored in me. will ever be to thee more than all the world. But, if it be true, you love me as a sister should, confirm it, by permitting me such an embrace as a brother ought not to be refused.

I now repented what I had said, and shuddered with ap prehensions for the consequence, while he held me folded in his arms for several minutes as he afterwards confessed, de ating within himself whether he should make use of that opportunity, which to him seemed so favourable, to complete his wishes. But the real tenderness he had for me got the better of his wild desires; when thinking he had gained enough over me for that time, he let me go, though with such a distraction in his countenance, as made me sensible of the risk I had run.

All this night I passed in anxieties not to be expressed. My only resource was to my prayers, in which I continued till the women came into my chamber. I was no sooner dressed, than they told me, that the Dutchman being about to depart, desired to take leave of me; on which I ordered he should be admitted; for having discovered in him a mercenary nature, I imagined, that if I could make it his interest to be faithful to me, he would be so. I then laid open all my soul to him; concealed not the declarations made me by the banyan; the aversion I had to any proposals of that kind, and the terrors I was hourly in on his account; and then ventured to let him know, that, if any thing could be invented for my escape, I would quit his house and risk every thing that might befall me. "If, therefore," continued I, "you will be so good as to provide some disguise for me, I will go away by night, and travel to the English factory, who, I am certain, cannot be so inhuman as to refuse me a passage in one of their ships to some Christian country, whence I may easily go to France. To recompense what trouble you take on this occasion, be assured, that, as soon as I arrive at the factory, I will bestow upon you this ring; it is a diamond of great value, and all my ill-fortune has left me." In speaking this, I showed the jewel, the glitter of which had all the effect I wished it should have upon him. After a very little hesitation, he assured me, that within three days I should hear from him to my satisfaction; but advised me, in the mean time, to treat the banyan in a manner that should give him room to hope that I was less averse to his desires; lest a contrary behaviour should provoke him to have recourse to force. I shook with horror at the bare mention of such a thing; and once more conjured him, with tears in my eyes, not be unmindful of his promise; which, having assured me the performance of by repeated oaths, he took his leave; and I set about preparing myself to follow his instructions in the best manner my natural aversion to all deceit would permit me.

Thinking that, if I staid too long in my champer, the banvan night suppose it was only to avoid him, I went down into the hall, where I expected to find him, as was his custom, waiting to receive me; but now I was there as near as I can guess, two hours before he came; at last he entered with a letter in his hand. "My dear Henrietta," added he, "how sorry I am to be the bearer of news which I fear will give you pain; but you must be told it. I have just now received a letter from one of the English merchants, who assures me, in the name of the whole factory, that, as there is at present so violent an animosity between the two nations, nothing can be done for one of your's, especially for a person of the family of one who was the intended governor of Iranadad, and who, had he lived, had doubtless a commission to give what annoyance he could to their trade; so that now you have no dependence but on me." My heart sunk within while he spoke, but soon recovered itself, on the belief that this was all an artifice, as indeed it was, to reduce me to the necessity of complying with his will; and though I was far from giving credit to what he said, yet I contradicted nothing, and the whole day I so well supported an affectation of good humour, as I imagined passed upon him for reality; yet I could perceive he was a little thoughtful, though he endeavoured to conceal it, but behaved to me with the same tenderness as ever. This continued for two days, and part of the third from the Dutchman's departure, during all which time, the pain I was in for fear he should not keep his word, and the force I did myself in suffering the banyan's importunities, rendered my life irksome. At last I flattered myself with a relief at least from the pain of dissimulation. The Dutchman came, under the pretence of searching for some papers, which if he had not left behind, he said were lost, and were of great consequence to him; but in reality, to slip a letter into my hand, which having done unperceived by any one, he went away again, and I took hold of the first moment I was left alone, to see what he had left me contained. These were the words:

"If you persist in your resolution of leaving the banyan's house, come into the garden about midnight, and by the side of the banquetting-room you will find the habit of a slave. I thought that the properest disguise to conceal you, but would still advise you to give over the thought of it, for I am

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afraid you will meet with a cold reception from the English; however, I fulfill my promise, and will wait for you on the back of the garden, in order to conduct you where you so

much wish to be."

The banvan being that evening extremely pressing for me to fix the moment of his happiness, "To-morrow," answered I, "you shall know my resolution."—"Your resolution!" cried he, "that may be to doom me to despair; but tell me, may I hope it will be in my favour?" "Yes, sir," said I, "if you continue to desire it." - "That you may be convinced, is past a doubt," rejoined he; "to-morrow, you say. Swear then, by your God, you will be mine to-morrow." -" There is no answering for events," said I, (very cunningly, as I then thought;) "but if I live, and see you tomorrow in the same sentiments you now profess, I will refuse you nothing."-" But yet you have not sworn," resumed he; "confirm the charming promise with a vow, that I may be ascertained of my bliss, and pass the night in ecstacies of imagination which can be exceeded by nothing but the reality of the next."—"Well then, to satisfy you," said I, "by the all-seeing Ruler of this wide creation, I swear to keep inviolable the promise I have made."

The banyan appeared transported, and kissed my hand several times, but yet I thought with less fervour than he was accustomed to; he also talked but little, and when I made a motion to retire to my chamber, he opposed it not, and only said, embracing me at the same time, "Take heed, my lovely Henrietta, you perform your vow." I only smil-

ed, and took my leave.

Being gone to my chamber, I suffered the women to prepare me for bed as usual; but as soon as they were gone, I put on my clothes again, waiting impatiently for the appointed time, which I was obliged to stay somewhat beyond, imagining I heard some noise in the house, as if all the family were not in bed. At last, finding all hushed and silent, I ventured down, and having opened the door softly, got into the garden, trembling at every step, lest some accident should retard my intended flight. I met with nothing, however, to give me any alarm; and on my coming to the banquetting room, found the habit, as the Dutchman's letter had informed me. I presently exchanged my taffety robe for the mabit of a slave; and got over the little fence that parts that

side of the garden from the meadow, where I found my expected guide, and put myself under his conduct. He told me I must arm myself with patience, for we had many a weary mile to travel, before we should come to any secure place of rest; but I was so overjoyed at my deliverance, that I thought I could walk for ever. We rather ran, indeed, in order, as he said, to gain considerable distance before I should be missed, and consequently pursued. We had not both pursued our journey above half a league, when all on a sudden we heard a great noise, and presently found ourselves encompassed by several men, who all at once, cried out, "A woman! a woman! we will share her among us." They fell upon the Dutchman, and, as I thought, killed him; then seized on me, and made use of some expressions, which, joined to the surprise and fright I was in before, took away my senses, and I fell down in a swoon. Whether any attempts were made to bring me to myself or not, or by what means I was conveyed from that place, I was not capable of knowing; but the first objects that presented themselves to my returning senses, were the very two women who had been used to attend me, and who now seemed busy in applying things for my recovery. Reason returned and showed me what a wretch I was; I found that I was again in the power of the banyan, under his roof, and on the same bed as I had ever laid upon, since my first being presented to him. But the meaning of all this, I could not yet fathom, nor by what means he could have been so suddenly apprized of my late flight. I asked the women several questions concerning this adventure; but all the satisfaction I could get from them was, that their master would answer me. By this I guessed it would not be long before I saw the banyan; and the shame of having deceived him, joined to the apprehensions I before had of him, was ready to throw me into a second fainting. It was day before he entered the apartment where I was ;-I was still on my bed, and as soon as he appeared, I pulled the coverlet over my face. "Well may you hide yourself, ungrateful woman!" said he, "not only false to me, but to your God; but I will satiate my revenge; so prepare instantly," contined he, turning to the women, who were still in the room, "this perverse creature, in the best way ou can, to give me an hour's diversion; then bring her to my chamber." He went out with these words, and the morcal agonies I then was in would not permit me to call him

back, or impede the dreadful purport of them.

Those creatures then, who had no sense of womanhood, nor notion, but of obeying their imperious master, began to strip off the habit I had on, and by force dressed me in a rich Indian gown; I all the time weeping, tearing my hair, and praying to heaven to strike me dead that moment. The despair I testified making them apprehensive of its consequences, I was conducted to the place where I expected to have what was dearer far to me than life, sacrificed to brutal lust and cruelty. Whether the sight of my distress moved him with some little pity, I know not, but his countenance seemed to have lost great part of its late fierceness; and making a sign to those that brought me, to leave us alone together, "Well, Henrietta," said he, mildly. I would then have spoken, but something rose in my throat, and stopped the passage of my words; and I could for a considerable time, answer only with sobs, groans, and all the symptoms of "Obstinate, foolish girl!" cried he, unutterable grief. "I might rather have expected you would have tried to awaken in me that tenderness which so long pleaded in your favour. Where are now the arts, the counterfeited softness and regard you could yesterday so well put on, in order to deceive me?"—This reproach showed the power of guilt over the conscious heart: as this was the only real crime he had to accuse me of, it entirely destroyed all the little resolution I had summoned to my aid. "If words contradicted my deeds," answered I, "it was cruel necessity enforced me to it. I now again, with perfect sincerity, avow my heart was never insensible of your favours, though incapable of being touched with your love."-"O! thou sly evader," resumed he, "couldst thou be grateful for the effects, yet ungrateful to the cause from whence they sprung? What motive, but my love, induced me to give you my protection? and what return, but love, hadst thou to make me?" "I know not what it is to love," said I; "but have been told it is not the effect of choice, but chance; a secret sympathy, which attaches us, in spite of ourselves, to the beloved object." "True," answered he, "and you have found a proof of it in me. I have loved you, Henrietta: loved you against my will; but what I did by compulsion, you should have endeavoured to do by gratitude and reason.

That you have still too great an ascendency over me, even my present behaviour may make you see; but I will break the enchantment which so much debases me, to think of you no more than as a woman. As such, I will compel you to assist my pleasures." In speaking this, he took hold of me with a violence, which left me no ground to hope I could escape. I threw myself at his feet; conjured him to have pity upon my youth and innocence; entreated his forgiveness of the deception I had put upon him; or, if he would not grant it, to punish me in another way than that he threatened. But he seemed deaf to all I said. "At least, if not for mine," cried I, "for your own sake, refrain this horrid violation. Remember, you have recourse to force. O! think on the

guilt of perjury."

I was going on, but he interrupted me at that word. "Oh! thou hypocrite," said he, "with what front canst thou name perjury, when thou thyself art doubly guilty of it? Didst thou not vow by thy own god, that if alive, and in my power this day, thon wouldst refuse me nothing? Why then this resistance, unless to make me guilty too?" "Hold, sir, replied I. "The vow you upbraid me with, I own: own too, I made it to deceive you; and beg you to forgive the only offence I ever willingly committed against you. But, sir, be also pleased to remember mine was conditional, and could not bind without you retained the same sentiments for me, as at the time I made it; which now, after this detection of my fraud, I am sure you do not, cannot." "Then you allow it binding, if I did," rejoined he.-" Certainly," answered I, "nor durst I have departed from it, however averse my inclination to fulfil it."-" Then hear me," said he. "By your own words you are condemned. My sentiments are the same of you at this moment, as when you made that vow. To prove it, know I was acquainted with every method you took in order to impose upon me. The letter given you by the Dutchman was dictated by me; the disguise laid for you by myself; the persons who surprised you in the forest were no other than my owr servants, in the rear of whom I was in person; nor even quitted sight of you tili laid on the bed, and means were used for your recovery. Thus, knowing your fraud as well before your flight as after, I could not have other sentiments of you than those I now retain."

I now became fully convinced I was caught in my own snare, and had not one argument to offer in opposition to his reasons. All I could do to vent my anguish, was to exclaim against the treacherous Dutchman, who had betrayed me in so cruel a manner. The banyan allowed me to weep awhile; and then taking me in his arms, "Come, Henrietta," said he, "must we be both perjured? You in refusing what you have sworn to yield, and I, in using a violence it is neither in my nature nor my principles to be guilty of? or will you unreluctantly resign yourself to me, and save our souls a crime mine shudders at, though determined to commit?"

What could I now say? how avoid what fate seemed to have ordained for me? Bound by an oath, I durst not even refuse what I would have rather died a thousand deaths than grant. Yet willing the cruel sacrifice should be performed with the greatest show of decency I could, "I have nothing sir, to urge," answered I, "against the justice of your claim I acknowledge myself yours by compact, and dare not oppose your seizing the forfeit. But, sir, you then proposed to love me honourably, expressed a wish to pass your life with me. If what you said was sincere, the gratification of your desires on my unhappy person ought to be introduced with a certain ceremony." I understand you," cried he; "and, to prove how little I deserve the treatment you have given me, will still make you my wife. O Henrietta! Henrietta!" pressing my trembling, but now yielding lips, "with all thy faults thou art still dear to my fond heart."

Fain would he have had the marriage solemnized that day; but I prevailed upon him to delay it to the next, alleging that my last night's fatigue, joined to the hurry of spirits the strange alteration in my fortune had occasioned, required I should pass this alone. "You need not apprehend," said I, any attempt of deceiving you a second time, for I solemnly promise you, that, in gratitude for your forbearance, I will henceforth endeavour to regard you with an equal degree of tenderness; and behave in all things as a wife would do, who became so merely by her own choice

and inclination."

This obliging behaviour won him to grant my request, and all the remainder of that day was passed in demonstrations of the extremest love on his part, and gratitude on mine.

Yet the thoughts of pledging my vows in the pagod of an idol, was so terrible a shock to me, that I could not get over the melancholy it occasioned. But that I might be really a wife, which I could not be brought to believe the Indian ceremony would make me, I resolved to repeat internally, while the other was performing, that of the Christian church.

Early in the morning, the two women who constantly attended me came in, with several others, and equipped me indeed in a very sumptuous manner for my nuptials, and then conducted me to the banyan, whom I found also richly dressed. A numerous train of banyans and others, whom he had invited to be witnesses of our marriage, immediately entered, and we went in procession to the place appointed

for the ceremony.

Here ended the calamities of my virgin state; but, alas! only to begin again in that of a wife. For though never woman possessed of an unworthy passion ever laboured more than I did, to cherish a lawful one for him, who was now my husband, yet could I not bring myself to feel any of those ardours which, they say, ought to accompany the union between man and woman. As I thought it my duty to be fond, I returned his endearments in the best manner I could, yet were they so infinitely short of those I received, that a less penetrating eye than his might easily perceive the difference. He complained of it at first in the most tender terms, omitted nothing that might excite in me a greater warmth of affection; yet in vain; my soul remained insensible of those furious emotions of delight with which he met me, after a very little absence. I was indeed amazed at them in him. 'Tis certain, had he loved me with less excess, we had been more happy. He would hang whole hours together on my neck; gaze on my face with such earnestness, as though each look was to be the last; ask if I loved lum, yet prevent the answer he desired, by stifling me with kisses. As I had then a tolerable voice, and some judgment in music, he often desired me to sing; but I no sooner had begun, than some fond act of dotage obliged me to break off. In short, though the testimonies he gave me of his passion would, to a person who loved to the same degree, have been transporting, they seemed to me folly and madness.

We received the visits of several Indian families, who

congratulated my husband on his choice, and made many flattering compliments on my beauty; but he always seemed averse to my going much abroad; and, as I was not at all desirous of any conversation with the Indians, I readily complied with his inclinations in that point. I soon after became pregnant; and the banyan having discovered it, insisted on my accompanying him to the temple, to invoke the blessing of the idol worshipped there for a happy birth. It was, he told me, a custom that was not to be dispensed with, more especially in the wife of a banyan; and that if I refused to go, he should incur the censure of all his country as a favourer of Christianity. On this I did not make many scruples, but resolved to make my heart the temple of my devotions, and direct my prayers to that God, who knows the most secret recesses of it.

I was conducted to a pagod in a close sedan, and attended by the greatest part of our domestics; the banyan with several of his friends, met me at the entrance, and led me to the pillar, on which the idol is placed; where, having finished my orisons, the ridiculous ceremonies that ensued, filled me at once with wonder and detestation. All being over, the banyan was leading me to my sedan, when four or five English gentlemen, excited I suppose by curiosity to see the Indian mode of worship, were coming in. They seemed to know my husband, and saluted him in the most courteous manner, but had their eyes immediately fixed on me, with tokens of admiration; which, giving him some alarm, he scarce returned the civilities they paid him, and made what haste he could to thrust me into the sedan.

The habit of these persons assuring me they were Europeans, I doubted not but they were of the English factory; and the banyan, on my asking him, told me that they were. On which I said, that if he approved of it, I should be glad to become acquainted with their ladies, as I supposed some of them, who had settled there, had wives and families. He answered me, that on many accounts it would be improper; but chiefly, to converse with Christians, would make it supposed that I still retained the same principles; and, as it was absolutely necessary for his interest to take off any such suspicion, he desired I would not think of it. "Besides," said he, with a smile, "to see these white people often will genew in you all the aversion you once had for my colour,

and which I have too much reason to fear is not yet altogether dissipated." These words I thought discovered something of a jealous nature in him; and, as I knew it was the interest of my peace, as well as my dury, to give him no cause of offence that way, I assured him, with the most passionate tenderness I was capable of assuming, that I had no wish equal to that of pleasing him; and would be glad it were in my power to prove my affection for him, by far greater sacrifices than the trifle I had mentioned. "Ah! Henrietta," cried he, "how happy should I be to believe this obliging protestation; but, alas! there is a test I long have wished to put you to, which I much doubt your love for me would not be able to get over. It is my dear," continued he, "that you would be prevailed upon to throw off the prejudice of education, renounce the foolish principles your youth imbibed, and become in verity as true a Pagan as the necessity of our affairs obliged us to pretend. Then, then," added he, embracing me, "should we be one soul indeed; then I shall believe you truly love me, which till then I never can."-"O! say not so! I conjure you," answered I; "for though I never can exchange my faith, or bow my body in reality to gods of wood or stone, yet I would die to prove you are, next heaven, dearest to my soul." The earnestness with which I spoke these words, giving him an opinion they were sincere, as indeed they were (for though I loved him not with passion, yet I loved none but him,) made him the less displeased at the contempt I testified of his religion, and he forbore to urge me any further at that time, nor indeed at any other, till after I had brought you into the world.

But, O my Zoa, what horrors did my poor heart feel, when, regarding you with all a mother's tenderness, I reflected that you must be trained up in infidelity, taught to despise the faith of our ancestors, and abjure the Power that gave you being! Few opportunities had I for prayers; but those I had were all employed, that Heaven, who had by such strange accidents, brought me among the Pagans, might, by ways unforeseen, conduct you among Christians. Every time I considered you had not received baptism, my soul shook within me; and one day when I was alone, I got a basin of water, and repeating as much as I could remember of the sacred ceremony of consecration, I dipped your little

head into it, gave you the sign of christianity, and beseeched Him, in whose name I did it, to accept you as an offering from my hands, since I had not the assistance of a person whose office it properly was. I was in the midst of this act of devotion, when the banyan came, and surprised me. He had, it seems, been present at this ceremony, and therefore was not ignorant of what I was about, as the rage which sparkled in his eyes too well convinced me. "Vain, foolish woman!" cried he, "low durst thou practise those follies on a child of mine? but dearly shalt thou pay for this abuse of my indulgence. Here," continued he, calling in some women who were waiting in the next room, "take this babe, and let her be conveyed where the first word she is taught to speak, shall be to curse the Christians." I was at first so seized with terror, that I could not open my lips; but at these words I fell on my knees, and, in the best terms I could, beg ged him to moderate his indignation; but all I said was ineffectual; he tore you, screaming, as if sensible of your misfortune, from my struggling arms, and made you be carried from my sight; on which, forgetting all that before I thought the duty of a wife, and regardless of what he might do to me, I burst into the most violent exclamations against his cruelty, against his gods; and deplored my own fate for subjecting me to the power of such a barbarian; nay, I think, I even called him a monster; and what stung him yet more, said he was in malice as in colour, of a piece with hell. This last reflection on his person, which he had always suspected was dis agreeable to me, so put him past all patience, that without thinking what he did, he drew his dagger, and as I thought, was going to put an end to my wretched life, but he only gave me a blow on the head with the flat part of it, which, however, struck me to the ground, and for a time took away both my speech and senses. How he behaved after he saw me fall, I know not, nor did I ever give myself the trouble of inquiring; so entirely had this last action destroyed all that tenderness I had for so many months been labouring to establish. All my care was for my little Zoa; and as soon as I came to myself, I asked where you were sent. My women then told me that you were yet in the house; but how you were to be disposed of they knew not; and advised me to submit myself to the banyan, who, they doubted not would be prevailed upon to suffer you to continue with me.

mew his fondness for you, I was of their opinion; but it was not immediately I could think of ever speaking more with any show of tenderness to a man who treated me as a slave; however, my love and care of you got the better of my 1 rsentment; and I consented they should bear a message from me, in what terms they thought would have most effect upon him, to prevent his sending you out of the house. They went, and soon after returned with you in their arms, with an order from the banyan to take my leave of you for ever. This terrified me for a moment; but then my vanity suggested, that those charms which once had so great an influence over him, would still get the better of his haughtiness; and the impossibility of living without me, force him to be the first that should desire a reconciliation; but these expectations deceived me; he came not, nor sent, till with the cruel order of depriving me of you. I now tore my hair and garments, and begged the messenger to entreat of him to permit me to come into his chamber; and if he then insisted on my delivering the infant, I would do it. I was told, that it was not without a great deal of difficulty he was induced to grant my request; and I believe, by the manner in which he received me, I was informed no more than the truth. All that softness, that regard, with which he was wont to look upon me, and upon which I so much depended, seemed vanished, as it had never been; and casting his eyes towards me with the air of an imperious master rather than a tender husband, "Woman, what is it you would have?" said he, "Briefly relate the subject of your petition."-"I come, sir," answered I, trembling between the constraint I put upon myself, and the fears of not succeeding, "to deliver up this infant to you, and withal to conjure you to command my death at the same time; for after the loss of your affection, and the presence of my dear child, I cannot wish to live."

"Death may indeed be preferable," said he fiercely, "to living with me; but since the discovery of your sentiments, I have been kind enough to keep out of your sight this barbarian! this monster! who in malice as in colour, is of a piece with hell; and who, it is plain, you always had an equal abhorrence of in your heart, though you otherwise dis-

sembled in your actions."

"Actions speak the heart," said I sobbing, "and ought to be regarded, when a few rash words, enforced by an ex-

tremity of passion, are forgotten; mine were no more, and if you loved, you would forgive."—" Had they been such," interrupted he, "you would long ere this have repented of them, and implored that pardon which you even now hardly vouch to ask."—" Will then," cried I, falling at his feet, "this humble posture move you to believe? On my knees, I humbly beg that all animosities between us may be no more remembered, and that you will not part me from my child."

He seemed a little touched at my words, and the tears that accompanied them; and either through his consideration of you, or some remains of tenderness for me, vouch-safed, though in the most haughty terms, a grant of my request, on this condition, that I should bind myself, by a most solemn oath, never, as you grew up, to attempt inspiring you with any notion of the Christian faith. I was obliged to yield to this injunction, hard as it was; and you know, my Zoa, how religiously I have observed it; but with my life all obligations cease; and I hope those papers which I bequeath, as the only and best legacy I could give you at my death, will have some influence over you, that you may become a Christian in your heart; as to an exterior show of it, while the banyan lives, I can neither expect nor desire.

It is now, at the time of my writing this, twelve years since our quarrel I have been relating happened; yet has

there never been a perfect reconciliation between us.

Farewell, my dear, dear child! As before you read this, I shall be released from this vale of misery, be assured, I am continually making intercession to the throne of mercy, both

for your present and immortal happiness.

Zoa, a few years after her mother's death, met with a singular circumstance, which induced her to quit her father, and make her escape to England, where she has been prevailed on by her friends to write her own History; with which the public may be accommodated for the small charge of one shilling, adorned with an elegant Engraving.

HISTORY

OF

ZOA AND RODOMOND.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY



You may remember, Madam, that I have often mentioned a friend who was very dear to me. He was the companion of my youth; and when both arrived at maturity, was as seldom apart as our different avocations would permit. He was once master of a competent estate; but vexatious law-suits, with some other misfortunes in the family, deprived him of it; and some years before his death, his only dependence was a post he held about the king's person. Those agonies which nature feels at an approaching dissolution, were greatly heightened by 'he reflection that he must leave three sons, the eldest of whom had not then seen seven years, entirely unprovided for. I was so unhappy as to be out of the kingdom when he died; and at my return found those poor orphans destitute indeed. Relations they had, and some in whose power it was to protect them; but friendship does not always follow blood; and had not my assistance seasonably interposed between them and misery, I know not to what extremes their helpless infancy might have been reduced. In short, I took them under my care; disposed of them in a proper manner, and did for them what I should expect their father to do to children of mine, if in the like situation. As they grew up, I made it my business to observe their different inclinations, and what profession each of them would best become, and be the most likely to succeed in. The eldest discovered a martial genius; so I procured him a pair of colours, and he is since promoted to the rank of captain. His next brother, being of a grave and sedentary nature, I sent to the university, where he soon made a great progress in the study of physic. The third had talents more adapted to business than either of the others, and took an extreme delight in reading and talking of mercantile affairs. I used my interest with some of the East India directors, and got

him sent over to one of the factories. The recommendations he carried with him, and the genteel manner in which I took care he should appear, engaged a very obliging reception from the governor, and all the gentlemen on the coast, which I was glad to hear his own behaviour afterwards improved into a more than ordinary regard. As he went extremely young, he became what they call a junior merchant before he was twenty-one; and from the time he began to trade for himself, was successful beyond expectation. Every ship that arrived from those parts brought me intelligence of some new accession of good fortune; and it is certain, that in less than six years, he found himself master of £20,000. It was, however, his interest to stay some time longer in a place he found so advantageous to him; and I expected nothing less than to see him, when last week I received the following letter from him, dated at Deal-

"Sir,

"The most extraordinary accident in the world returns me to my native country some years sooner than I designed. I am but this moment arrived, and find the stage just setting out for London; so must defer the explanation of my affairs till I have the honour and happiness of throwing myself at your feet, to beg the continuance of that goodness to which I owe all that I am, and which I shall never cease to acknowledge by all acts of gratitude, duty, and veneration, till I cease to be

"RODOMOND."

The surprise this letter gave me on my first reading, and the impatience that succeeded it, were more strong than is usual in a man of my years; but I must own, that though I took an equal care of all the children of my deceased friend, yet this Rodomond more particularly shared my tenderness. He had discovered in his infant years such a sweetness of disposition, as had always interested my affections in his behalf; and I know not, if I were happy enough to have such a son, whether it were possible for me to love him more.

At length he came. He was tall and well proportioned. He received the embraces I gave him with a politeness which one might rather have expected from a young man bred up in a court, than in a factory of merchants; but

indeed we, who happen to be born to estates, and have nothing to do but to improve our minds, are apt to be a little tenacious of that advantage, and imagine that commerce and good manners are incompatible; whereas no. thing can be more unjust. Most merchants are the younger sons of good families, and often have relations in the highest ranks, with whom they converse; and I can see no reason why being employed in a business, which is the strength and glory of the kingdom, should make them derogate from that ge neel turn of behaviour inculcated in their childhood. We have many living instances that a merchant may be a fine gentleman; and of those who act in a manner which it were to be wished some of a supe riour sphere would endeavour to imitate. Those gentle men, who, like Rodomond, are sent young into our colonies abroad, cannot be said to have many opportunities of improving themselves in the politer studies; therefore that he was so well qualified for conversation is the more to be applauded, as he owes it merely to a nature, and that propensity which directed him to make choice of those for the companions of his leisure hours, with whom he could be in no danger of losing what he had learned in England.

I have already confessed that this young merchant is very dear to me, therefore you will pardon the overflowing of my heart in this digression; but I ought to consider to whom I write, and that it is with other matters than an

old man's fondness I should entertain you.

After the first demonstrations of respect and gratitude on his part, and tenderness on mine, were a little over, I began to question him on the motives of his return; not that I blamed him for it, as I told him, because I thought he had already acquired a fortune sufficient to content any man that was not avaricious; but as his last letter from the Indies had declared a resolution of continuing there some time, I was impatient to know what had wrought so great a change in his sentiments; on which he gave the following account:

"On my first arrival at Bombay, I was too young to be made a companion for those of riper years; and in my nature rather too serious to partake the diversions of those who were nearer my own age; so passed most of those hours I could spare from the service of the company, in learning the Malabar language; in which I became so great a proficient in a short time, that I could converse

with the natives with as much ease as if I had been born among them. I cannot say I foresaw any great advantages would accrue to me by this study; but at that time it afforded me a great deal of pleasure to inform myself concerning the religion, the laws, the customs, and the humours, of the people I was among, in a more particular manner than I could have done. It proved, however, of much more consequence than I expected; for our interpreter dying, the Company suffered greatly, by being obliged to trust to the Indians. This I perceived, and as the governor, and indeed all the gentlemen of the factory, had been extremely obliging to me, I was prevailed upon by my own inclination, as well as their entreaties, to take upon me the office; which I no sooner did, than I detected several frauds; obliging those who had been guilty of them to make allowances in the next bargain; and I may venture to say, upon a moderate calculation, saved the Company above a hundred thousand pounds in two years. This endeared me very much to the factory; but it rendered me so hateful to the natives, who had before loved me, that they resolved at any rate, to get rid of a person who deprived them of making those advantages they would otherwise have done. It was my custom every morning to ride out before the heat of the day came on; and, as I suspected no treachery, I went frequently alone, and sometimes would make an excursion several miles into the country. This negligence was near proving fatal to me. In one of those airings, as I was passing by the side of a thick wood, with which that country abounds. the bridle of my horse hanging carelessly over the pummel of my saddle, and my mind entirely taken up with a book I had in my hand, I heard the sound of several voices, and on a sudden found myself encompassed by five men, armed with cutlasses, who, without speaking a word to me, seized me, dragged me off my horse, bound me hand and foot, and then tied me on one of their horses. As I was quite unarmed, it was in vain to attempt any resistance. All I could do was to ask the meaning of this strange usage, what was their design, and how I had offended their master; for I knew two of them to be servants to a banyan with whom I had a particular acquaintance, and who had always expressed a more than ordinary friendship for me. But there is no trusting to the professions of these people; they frequently seem most kind,

when they have the most intention of destroying; and not liking of a person is sufficient to prevent them from seeking his ruin, when their own interest comes in competition. They made no answer to any of my questions. nor seemed the least affected with the remonstrances I made of the injustice and cruelty they were guilty of, in treating an innocent man in this manner; and when I found they made their way with me into the wood, I expected nothing but immediate death, and that this was the place where my tragedy must be acted. But I found they had other orders; and contenting themselves with passing through one corner of it, carried me directly to the house of the banyan; after which they threw me into a hole in the garden, which had just light enough to show me the horribleness of it, and they left me bound in the manner I have described.

"It would be difficult, Sir, to make you sensible of what I felt in this situation; none but those who have inevitable death staring them in the face, can be able to conceiv it. I must confess I wanted fortitude and patience. thought it hard to die at my age, and in the fulness of my strength and vigour, and yet harder to fall a sacrifice to the cruelty of these barbarians. I accused myself of cowardice and stupidity, that I had not, by opposing these wretches who laid hold of me, provoked them to end me at once, rather than have suffered them to bring me where my fate was to be no less certain, and perhaps more dreadful than it could have been by their weapons. Amid these reflections, not one flattering idea arose. There was, indeed, not the least room to hope I could make my escape, bound as I was, and under the roof of one who I might well judge had not taken these pains to have me in his power to leave me any possibility of getting out of it; and I was giving way to despair, which would have been criminal in one who ought to have remembered that nothing is impossible to Divine Providence, when all at once I saw the shadow of something at the entrance of my cavern, and heard a voice cry, 'Rodomond.' I looked up, and perceived from the depth in which I was plunged, that it was a woman who spoke to me. 'Rodomond,' continued she, 'my heart is pierced with shame and sorrow at the cruelty of my father. He is determined to kill you, it is, he thinks, a service he does his country. The moment he returns from town, where one of the servants is now gone to acquaint him with your being taken,

is designed to be the last of your life.'

"Here she ceased to speak; and I could easily perceive, by the sound of her voice, that it was her tears put a stop to her words. I had often seen this young maid, and had thought her extremely amiable, but had no acquaintance with her; and the pity she seemed to feel for my distress added to the advantageous idea I had before of her. I was about saying something to express my gratitude, when she, having recovered herself a little, resumed her discourse in these terms:- 'I flatter myself it is in my power to save you; but no time is to be lost in the attempt. You must therefore bind yourself by a solemn vow to perform three things I shall enjoin; which, if you consent to, be assured, I will either preserve, or perish with you.' I then told her, that I should ever look upon her as my guardian angel; that I would bind myself eternally to her service, and refuse no command she should lay upon me, provided obedience was not inconsistent with my duty to heaven, or what I owed to my own honour. 'Did I think you capable of infringing either,' answered this charming maid, 'I would not run the risk I now do to save you. But, to ease you of all apprehensions on that score, the articles which I require your strict performance of, are these: first, if I am so fortunate as to deliver you from my father's power, you shall never be publicly seen in Bombay, but quit the place with all possible expedition; and, as I cannot hope to be forgiven what I do for you, make me the partner of your flight. Secondly, that during the voyage, and on your arrival in your own country, or wherever you think fit to go, you will never make any attempts on my virtue, either by persuasion or force, but suffer me to live in the way I shall choose. And, lastly, that you shall make no discovery of my father's treachery, in order to draw on him the revenge of your countrymen, but keep what has passed an inviolable secret.'

"With these words, she gave over speaking, expecting me to reply, which I did in this manner:—The two first of your demands are too agreeable to my own inclination and principles, not to be readily agreed to; but the last is more difficult. I shall, however, not hesitate to forgive, and bury in silence, all the faults of a father, in consideration of the daughter's merits, and the obligations she

lays me under; and here I invoke that power we Europeans worship, to bless me as I observe, with the utmost exactness and fidelity, what is now required of me.'—' I am satisfied,' said she, 'and now behold the contrivance I have found out for you.' With that she struck a flint upon a steel, and setting a bundle of straw which she had brought with her for that purpose, on fire, threw it down to me. 'Be not alarmed,' said she, 'but let burn the cords that tie your hands; a little scorching will be the worst that can befal you; for when the fire has done its work, I have water here to pour down, and prevent it

going further than necessary.

"I must say, the method appeared extraordinary, and the blaze in this narrow cavern was most terrifying; but my condition was desperate, and I rolled myself as well as I could towards that part where the fire was, and continued there till not only the cords, but my clothes were on fire. As soon as my hands and feet were at liberty, I tore off my coat, and, being then able to stand upright, stamped upon the blaze till I nearly extinguished it, without the help of the fair Indian's bucket, which she however emptied, to prevent any danger from its rekindling before I was got out, which still seemed to be of the utmost difficulty, considering the height I was to clamber; but my protectress had provided an expedient for this.— She had brought with her a rope of great strength and thickness; in which having made several nooses for me to put my feet in, she fastened one end to a trunk of a tree with so many knots that it was impossible to slip, and let the other down, telling me, I must make use of it instead of a ladder. I did so, though with incredible pain; for my hands being very much scorched, not only the skin, but the flesh, in some places came off, by grasping the thick and rough cord. My feet were in the same condition, my shoes and stockings having been burnt off. At length, however, I reached the top; but certainly a more lamentable object could not be seen.

"Zoa (so the banyan's daughter is called) was filled with the utmost pity and surprise at my appearance; but as this was not a place for either of us to express the passions by which we were actuated, she made a sign for me to follow her, which I did as fast as the soreness of my feet would permit, into the wood; where, having chosen the most thick and unfrequented parts of it, she bade me

lie down under the cover of some shrubs which grew high

and not to move from that place till her return.

"It was about two hours, as near as I can guess, that I continued in that posture she had left me, without hearing the sound of any human feet approaching that way. At last a certain rustling in the thicket informed me that some living creature was not far off. As I had some apprehensions concerning the mischievous animals that haunt these woods, I ventured to lift my head above the leafy covert, in order to discover what it was, and be upon my guard against any attack of the nature I imagined; but my consternation very much increased, when I saw a negro, with a bundle under his arm, coming where I was. I crouched down again with all the haste I could, when the person who had given me this palpitation eased me of it, by calling me by my name, in a voice which I soon knew was that of my fair deliverer. 'Rodomond,' said she, ' do you think it possible even for my own father to know me in this disguise?' I then had courage to rise, and indeed could scarcely conceive that, under the form of a crooked and deformed negro, I saw the beautiful Zoa. The astonishment she saw me in, forced a smile from her, in spite of the anxiety she must of consequence be in, at what she had undertaken; but finding she was sufficiently concealed, she opened her bundle, which contained the habit of a slave; this she made me put on, and afterwards rub my face, and other exposed parts of my body, with a certain black ointment, which made me seem as much a negro, as if I had been born in Guinea. When she had thus provided against all discovery, in case we should be seen by any one who knew us, she told me, that when she left the house, her father was not come home, but was expected every moment; and nobody had been near the pit, so that my escape was not suspected. 'Therefore,' said she, 'you must now consider what friend you can best depend upon to conceal us, till some ship goes off; for it will be wholly improper to go to your own house, as you are under an obligation to keep all this a secret.'

"I did not long hesitate on whom I should rely. There was a gentleman, who, above all the rest, had given me signal marks of his esteem, who I knew was entirely free from all that levity of nature which occasions a curiosity of diving into affairs improper to be revealed. The pair I was in through the desperate method I was obliged to

take in order to get rid of my bonds, would not suffer me to walk without supporting myself with a bough of a tree, which I with some difficulty tore off, and leaned upon. I know not, in the condition I was, whether I should have been able to reach the factory, if Providence had not sent an unexpected relief. As we were walking, or rather creeping, (for my kind companion was obliged to creep my pace,) I saw my own horse grazing at liberty with the saddle and every thing just as when I had been forced from his back. I presently mounted him, and Zoa got behind me, till we arrived very near my friend's house, when, by her dvice, we quitted him, and went on foot. By good fortune, he happened to be at home; but under my appearance, I found some difficulty of being admitted. The servants told me he was busy, insisted on my telling from whom I came, or they would not disturb him; and I was obliged to name my own name, and say that I was sent by myself, and on an affair of very great importance, before they would go in to him. At last I was introduced, but Zoa was left in the outer room. As soon as I found myself alone with him. I discovered who I was, told him that a very extraordinary occasion, which I begged he would dispense with my revealing, at least, for some time, rendered it absolutely necessary I should quit Bombay with the first ship, and that I chose not to appear any more while I continued there; so desired he would now give a proof of that friendship he had always professed, by permitting me, and a companion I had with me, to remain privately in his house till we had an opportunity of departing from the country. He was very much amazed, and indeed he had reason to be, both at my transformation and request; and assured me I might depend on every thing in his power to serve me; but added, if I had had the misfortune of doing any thing for which the law might take hold of me, that his house would be an improper place to take shelter in, as it would probably be the first searched, on account of the intimacy between us. I told him that neither myself, nor the person for whom I equally begged his protection, had been guilty of any thing offensive; and that it was for the crimes of others, not our own, that we were obliged to leave Bombay. I added, that I was at present under a most solemn engagement not to reveal the secret; but he would be convinced when I should be missed at the factory, by what would be said

concerning me, that whatever search would be made for me, would be occasioned more by friendship than revenge. He then begged pardon for the mistake, which, he said, might have been occasioned on seeing me in that disguise, and ordered the other seeming negro to be called in.

"You will easily believe, Sir, my sudden absconding caused a great surprise in the colony; but no one being able, after the most diligent inquiry, to hear any thing of me, and my horse being afterwards found, it was supposed I had been torn to pieces by some beast; and I had the satisfaction to find I was enough beloved to have my ima-

ginary death very much lamented.

"My friend all this time laboured under an astonishment at the motives of my behaviour, which, with all the pains he took, was impossible to be concealed. The generous Zoa perceiving it, and also the constraint it was to me to hide any thing from a friend who so well deserved my confidence; and seeing me one day more than ordinarily thoughtful, 'Rodomond,' said she, 'I should be sorry the life I have preserved should be attended with any disquiet on my score. I consent your friend shall be made acquainted with our whole adventure, provided you engage his promise not to divulge it to any person, or seek any revenge on my father.' I cannot express how much this goodness charmed me, nor the satisfaction I took in unbosoming myself unreservedly to my friend, who heard the story with the utmost surprise. As much horror as he conceived at the proceedings of the treacherous and merciless banyan, the virtues of the daughter indemnified him in his opinion, and he repeated to her the vow he had before made to me, never to mention the affair. She then told him that her father had no personal ill-will to me; but, on account of my taking upon me to be an interpreter, he thought he was doing a service to his nation to get rid of me. That it had been long concerted between him and some others, to way-lay me; and that the pit I had been thrown into was intended to be my grave, after they had shot me. She said, that having overheard this design, and detested its baseness, she had it in thought to give me some warning of it; but having no person on whom she could confide, on the one part and the apprehensions of my discovering it, on the other. and thereby drawing the resentment of all the English on

her father, had deterred her; but that on hearing I was taken, the horror of my fate so struck her, that she immediately resolved to forsake her father, fortune, friends, and country, and hazard every thing, rather was not prevent it, if there was a possibility. My friend understood not a word of the Malayan language, and she spoke no English; so that I was obliged to interpret the little narrative she made, and the many praises he gave in return; which were so great, that, when I repeated them, her modesty would not suffer me to go on, and I was obliged to suppress many of them. It is certain he spoke out of the abundance of his heart. He often told me afterwards that he had never read or heard of any thing that affected him so much; and, in his opinion, she had shown more of the real heroine than any who had adorned antiquity.

"As all the inquiry made after me by the governor and the gentlemen of the factory availed nothing, it was believed by every body that I was dead; and, accordingly, all my effects were deposited under the care of twelve of the principals, as is the custom on the decease of any one, in order to be remitted to my relations in England. That friend at whose house I was, was one of them; and as I informed him of all the particulars of my fortune, he was able to gather in much more than would

ever have been done, had I been dead in reality.

"Zoa, all this time, would not be prevailed on to quit her disguise, nor suffer me to do so; though we were both lodged in chambers, of which our protector kept the keys, and permitted nobody to enter but himself; so fearful was she, lest, by any accident, either of us should be seen, and the mystery unravelled to the prejudice of her father. Care was taken, however, to provide habits, and every thing necessary for a person of her sex and condition, against we went on board, which was about six weeks after the accident. My friend agreed with the captain for the passage of two persons, whose names were to be concealed; but told him he would be answerable that, though we chose to go in private, nothing could be laid to our charge which should occasion his being called to account for receiving us on board. The day we were to embark, I dressed myself as I had been accustomed to do, and Zoa also washed the black ointment from her hands and face, and put on an English habit, which, though altogether new to her, she appeared perfectly easy and genteel in

My friend, who had never before seen her as a woman, was dazzled and transported when he first came into the room. He confessed he had never beheld any thing so lovely, and was restrained from yielding his whole soul to a passion more tender than admiration, only by the imagination he had always had, that there was some love joined with the pity which had engaged her to go such

lengths for my sake.

"Indeed, Sir," continued Rodomond, with a sigh, "her mother, it seems, was an European, and she retains only so much of her father's colour as to render her what may be called a brown woman. Her eyes are sparkling, and full of fire All her features are regular, and there is an enchanting sweetness about her mouth, which no description can do justice to. Her hair had in it all the ease and genteel turn of the French ladies, with the sweetness and modesty of the English. But, as I flatter myself you will permit me to bring her to you, I shall leave the decision of what she is to your judgment."

Here I could not help interrupting my young merchant, by saying to him, "Perhaps, Rodomond, I may not see with your eyes." These few words, pronounced in a more serious tone than ordinary, and accompanied with a look that I believe had somewhat in it of austerity, put him into such a confusion, that I was obliged to tell him I expected the conclusion of the narrative he had begun, before he could recover himself enough to pursue

his discourse.

" As soon as the approach of night favoured our departure with the secrecy we wished, I wrapped myself up in a cloak, and Zoa pulled a hood over her face; and thus, accompanied by our worthy host, went down to the port where our ship was lying at anchor. He would needs see us on board, and continued with us in the cabin till we were ready to sail; then recommended us to the care of the captain, and went on shore. To comply with the timidity of Zoa, who still trembled for her father, I kept close in the cabin till after we weighed anchor, and were out at sea: but her apprehensions being then over, I showed myself to the captain, with whom I was well acquainted. Never was surprise greater than he was in, to find me living, after the whole colony had bewailed my death, and that I quitted Bombay in so odd a manner. He --ked me many questions, which I evaded answering directly, and presenting Zoa to him, gave him liberty to think it was for some reasons relating to that beautiful partner of my voyage, that I took it either so suddenly, or in so private a manner. This, Sir," continued Rodomond, "is all I have to acquaint you with, except that the friend I mentioned has ordered it so, that all my effects

will follow me in the next ship."

I then told him, that I found something so singular in his escape from the banyan, that it might almost be looked upon as miraculous; and I thought all gratitude was owing to the fair maid that had contrived it, "but," said I, willing to fathom his inclinations, "I have observed that through the course of your story you have spoken of her with a warmth, which makes me fear, that, however punctual you have been in one part of the promise she exacted from you, you have not been able to fulfil the other; and she, perhaps, might not so strenuously insist on your keeping it, as she at first affected to do. Come, Rodomond," pursued I, perceiving he was in an extreme perplexity, "confess the truth of this affair. I am now indeed past those pains and pleasures which are called love; but yet I am not so old as to have forgotten the desires and impatiencies of youth. I know how difficult it is to preserve moderation, when beauty, love, and opportunity, invite, and in so long a voyage."

"Ah! Sir, I conjure you," interrupted he, throwing himself at my feet, entertain no thought in prejudice of the virtue of the amiable Zoa. I will lay open all my soul to you. 'Tis true, I love her. My inclination goes hand in hand with the gratitude I owe her, as the preserver of my life; and both together make up the most perfect passion that ever could enter the human heart. I confess likewise, that I have declared it to her, and that I have been happy enough to make an impression on her heart and that she has consented to be mine by such ways only as are approved of by Heaven, and warranted by the laws of man. But, Sir, I concealed nothing of my affairs from her. I told her that I had a patron, a benefactor, a more than father, to whom I owed my all, and without him I could do nothing. She approved the duteous respect; praised my best gratitude; and protested that, in case I ever swerved from it, the regard she now had for me would be lessened. This, Sir, is the true state between us. Dear as she is to me, she shall never be mine without your permission; but, if you think proper to refuse it, grant, I beseech you, that I may bestow on her one half of what my industry has acquired, either as a dowry for a happier man, or to live single, independent of the world. This is the least she has a right to expect from me: and you, I

am certain, are too good, too just, to oppose it."

The earnestness with which he spoke these words, convinced me at once of his honour, and the fervency of his passion: at least I fancied so, and was very much affected by it. To maintain however the gravity of my character, and at the same time to be more assured he was not deceived by his inclination for the Indian maid into a better opinion of her than she deserved, I replied to him in these terms:—

"Rodomond," said I, after raising him from the posture he was in, "I do not pretend, by what I have done for you, to assume any power over you; but my years and the experience I have in the world, ought to give my advice a claim to your attention. I acknowledge the obligations you are under to Zoa. Whatever view she might have in setting you free, the advantage yet has been wholly yours; therefore, it would be unjust in you not to make easy the life of a person to whom you are indebted for your own; but as to marriage, I would have you consider from what race she sprang, and that she is of a people famous for treachery."

Here he was about to interrupt me; but I prevented him by crying, "Hold, Rodomond; I accuse her not. She may be no less amiable in her mind, than your fond passion paints her person. I will see her; and after that

give you my sentiments."

He then told me, that during the voyage, he had taught her English, which she now spoke tolerably well; and that he wished no more than that I would admit her to my presence. He said he had left her at the inn, where the coach put up, till he could provide a lodging for her, and would bring her immediately. To this I readily consented, and likewise desired him to think of no other home at present, either for her or himself, than my house. He seemed transported at this, and took his leave; but in less than half an hour, he returned, and presented to me the object of affection.

On the first sight, I found indeed his passion had not given a flattering description of her. Beside the beauty

of her features, there is something irresistibly engaging in her whole person; and I must own that I never beheld any thing more lovely and attractive. I received her with the utmost civility, and made her the offer of an apartment in my house; with which she seemed highly pleased; and told me in broken, though agreeable English, that I was the universal father of the distressed. A few days served to convince me she was well worthy of Rodomond. seemed desirous of being initiated into the Christian faith, the articles of which Lodomond had fully instructed her in; on which I prepared for the ceremony, and was myself her godfather. After her baptism, I gave a ready consent to the nuptials of two persons who seemed designed by nature to make each other happy through this transitory life. They still remain with me; and it will not be with my consent if they ever leave me. - During our conversation, the lovely Indian told me, that she had a great veneration for the English, and frequently visited some of them, but that her desire of becoming a Christian, was not owing to any argument or persuasion of theirs; that those of the factory were very cautious how they mention any such things to the natives, fearing to create any animosities; but said, that the happy propensity was partly born with her, and partly instilled by some papers her mother left, with an account of her life, all written by herself; which informed her that her mother was an European and a Christian, and also acquainted her with the principles of that religion.

In the history of that lady who brought Zoa into the world, there are circumstances no less interesting than in the life of Zoa herself. The various accidents, and at last, the severe necessity which compelled her to become the wife of a man, of a complexion, religion, and manners, so different from these of her own country, will, I doubt not, excite the compassion of all who read it; and in that confidence I shall here end the story of Zoa, as more particulars are related concerning her in the life of her mother, Henrietta de Belgrave, which is just published, price only one Shilling, ornamented with a beautiful representation of a remarkable incident in her life.

THE STORY

OF

LISBTE AND LOCIN.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

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OF all the delightful spots which surround the city of Moscow, none were so pleasing as the hill on which rises the gloomy gothic spire of the convent of St. Simeon. To the right is seen the enormous mass of houses and churches of the city of Moscow, which present themselves to the eye like a superb amphitheatre. A majestic view! particularly when the golden balls and crosses of the numberless steeples are illuminated by the purple rays of the evening sun. Lower down is displayed the flowery carpet of the sweet-scented meadows; behind which flows the river Moskwa, over a yellow sand, covered with light fishing-boats and barks. On one side of the stream, numerous herds are grazing; and the young shepherd, beguiling his time with harmonious strains, stretched beneath the shade of venerable oaks. At a distance glitter the golden spires of the convent of St. Daniel, from among the high poplars; and the mountains of Sperling appear almost on the top of the horizon. To the left, large fields of corn spread themselves around, intersected by villages, and small plantations of wood; and, at a distance, the prospect closes on this side with a view of the palace of Kolomenskoe.

Often do I visit this spot; and here frequently do I hail the renewal of spring, and lament the gloomy days of autumn. When the storm howls along the dreary walls and dark cloisters of the convent, or whistles over the graves overgrown with rank grass, resting on a mouldering tomb-stone, I reflect on the centuries past, and my heart is filled with emotion and melancholy.

But, above all, when I visit this place, I feel most partial to the remembrance of poor Lisette's melancholy fate. My heart then fondly experiences all the feelings of a tender emotion, and my eyes overflow with the tears of commiseration and pity.

Not far from the wall which encloses the convent, in the middle of a green lawn, near a copse of beach, stands a decayed cottage, without doors or windows, and the roof apparently long since fallen in. In this cottage there lived, about thirty years ago, with her aged mother. the good and beautiful Lisette. The father of Lisette was an industrious farmer, who had always cultivated his grounds, and lived with reputation. He had also constantly possessed as much as was sufficient for his wants But after his decease, both mother and daughter were reduced to poverty. The negligent hand of a hireling but badly cultivated their fields; the harvest turned out unfruitful, and they found themselves obliged to part with their farm for a trifle. The poor widow grieved incessantly for the loss of her husband; sorrow undermined her health; she daily became weaker, and in a short time grew incapable of labour. At the age of tifteen, Lisette was obliged solely to manage every thing; and, notwithstanding her youth and beauty, she worked every day and night. She wove, she knitted; she gathered flowers in the spring, and berries in the summer, and carried them to the town for sale.

Often would the good old mother affectionately press to her heart her industrious, her indefatigable daughter, calling her the joy and comfort of her life, the preserver of her days. With the warmest tears did she entreat the Aimighty to reward her for her filial love. 'God,' answered the good girl, 'has given me hands to work; and have you not nourished me at your bosom, dear mother? Have you not, when I was a helpless infant, nursed and attended me? It is now my turn to attend on you. Only do not weep; do not grieve for ever, my dear mother. Our tears will not restore my father to life again.'

Thus spake the affectionate daughter, yet scarcely could restrain her own tears, as she reflected on her orphan

state. But, under a cheerful countenance, she concealed the sorrow of her heart, lest she should augment the misery of her mother.

'Only on the other side of the grave,' said her parent, only on the other side the grave, my dear daughter, will my tears be dried up. There, they say, we shall be happy and contented; and I shall undoubtedly be so, for I shall then again behold your father. Yet I do not wish to die at present; for what will become of you, without me, my dear daughter? What would you do alone? No; God grant that I may see you taken care of first. Perhaps you may meet with a good husband; I will then bless you both, my dear children, and gently lay down my head to rest.'

Two years elapsed since her father's death. The meadows again bloomed in all the pride of spring, and Lisette carried lilies to Moscow for sale. A well-dressed young man, with an agreeable countenance, met her. She showed him her flowers. 'Do you sell these flowers, my pretty maid?'—' Yes,' answered she. 'And what do you require for them?'—' Five copecks.'— 'Oh! that is too little. Here is a rouble for you.' She looked on the youth with astonishment and curiosity. More deeply blushing, she cast down her eyes and said, "I shall not take the rouble.'- And why not?'- 'I will not take more than belongs to me.'- But I think this nosegay, gathered by the hands of such a charming girl, is worth a rouble; yet, if you will not have it otherwise, take what you have asked. I wish, in future, always to have flowers of you, and desire that you will not gather them from this time for any body else.'-She gave him the nosegay, after she had taken the five copecks, and was retiring, with a courtesy; but the youth seized her hand, and said, 'Where are you going, lovely girl?'—'To my house.'—'And where do you live?'— She told him, and hurried away. The stranger had quitted her hand, for he perceived he was noticed by all who were passing.

When Lisette got home, she related to her mother what had happened. 'You acted very right,' replied the old woman, 'in not taking the rouble. Who knows

but he may be a bad man.'- 'No, mother, he certainly is not a bad man. His countenance is so pleasant, and his voice so soft. You should only have seen him.' 'Well! well! it is always better to live by the produce of one's labour, than on benevolence. You are ignorant, my dear child, how bad men pursue poor girls. My heart is always wretched when you go to town, and I constantly pray to God to preserve you from all seduction.' Tears sprang into the eyes of Lisette, and she threw herself about her mother's neck. The next day, she gathered the finest flowers, and hastened with them to Moscow. Her eyes seemed to look for something forbidden. Many would have purchased her flowers, but she said they were not to be sold, and looked timidly, first on one side and then on the other. Evening came, and she must think of returning. She threw the flowers into the river, and exclaimed, with anxiety of heart-' Now, nobody shall have you.'

Towards evening, on the following day, she sat spin ning at the window, and was singing a melancholy song, with a loud voice. All at once she started up, and screamed. The young stranger was standing before the window. 'What is the matter with you?' cried her mother, in an affrighted voice. 'Nothing,' answered Lisette, in a timid tone, 'I only saw him.'—'Him! Who?'—'The gentleman that bought my flowers.'—The old woman looked out at the window: when the youth saluted her in so courteous a manner, that it was impossible to suspect ill of him. 'God be with you, mother,' said he; 'I am extremely fatigued.—Can you procure me a glass of fresh milk?'

Lisette did not wait for her mother's answer, but ran hastily into the cellar, brought a clean milk-pan, quickly rinsed a glass, which she wiped with a clean cloth, and filling it quite full, gave it him out at the window with downcast eyes. The stranger drank it; and nectar from the hand of Hebe, could not have been more grateful to his taste. It may easily be imagined, how warmly he returned thanks to her, more by looks than words. The old woman, in the mean time, was relating to him all he distresses, and all her comforts; the death of her husban the excellent qualities of her daughter, her filial lov

tenderness, &c. He listened with attention; but his eyes—it is unnecessary to say to what point they were directed!—Lisette, the coy Lisette, looked but seldom at the youth; yet, not quicker does the lightning lose itself amid the dark clouds, than her blue eyes were rivetted to the earth when they perceived his.

'I wish,' said the stranger, 'that your daughter would not sell her work to any body but myself.' At these words, joy beamed from the eyes of Lisette, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. Her cheeks glowed like the setting sun of a fine summer evening. She looked abashed on her left sleeve, which she was laying in plaits with her right hand. The old woman gladly accepted the offer, for she saw in it nothing improper. She assured the stranger, that Lisette's cloth and stockings were of extraordinary goodness, and lasted much longer than any others. Beginning to grow dark, the youth prepared to depart. 'And pray, what is your name, kind Sir?' asked the old woman. 'Login,' answered he. 'Login!' repeated Lisette softly, 'Login!' and once more repeated it, as if desirous to imprint it very strongly on her memory. Login took leave for the present, and departed. Lisette followed him with her eyes as far as she could. The old woman, in the mean time, remained deep in thought. At last, taking her daughter's hand, she said, 'Ah! Lisette, how good and handsome he is! If you should get such a husband!' Lisette's whole heart received a shock - 'Mother! mother!' exclaimed she, 'how can that be possible? He is a nobleman, and, among the peasants ' She had not power to finish the sentence.

It is now time to make the reader better acquainted with Login. He was a young nobleman, with an indifferent understanding; a naturally good, but weak and thoughtless heart. He had led a most free life; regarding only his pleasures, and seeking that happiness in selfish gratifications which he did not often find.—This rendered him peevish, and of course made his life unhappy. But the beauty of Lisette roused him from his lethargy, and made a deep impression on him; and, as he was well read in romance and fables, possessing at the same time a lively imagination, which often transported him to those times, real or imaginary, when mankind, according to the de-

scription of the poets, wandered along the green velvet meadows, bathed in crystal streams, and cooed like doves under trees of myrtles and roses, passing their lives in happy idleness; he fancied that, in Lisette, he found the image which his heart had been so long seeking. 'Nature invites me,' said he, 'to her purest banquet.' And he resolved, at least for a time, to quit the great world entirely

But to return to Lisette.-Night came; the mother blessed her daughter, and wished her a peaceful slumber: but this time her wishes were not fulfilled. The girl slept very uneasy. That new guest in her bosom, the image of Login, appeared to her in so lively a manner, that she awoke every moment, and sighed. She got up before sun-rise, wandered to the banks of the river, and sat down on the grass. Sorrowfully she regarded the white fog ascending from the earth, and besprinkling with bright dew-drops nature's green clothing; around her reigned stillness and peace. But soon the rising sun awakened the creation; soon the woods and bushes were all alive. The birds began to sing, and range abroad for food; the flowers raised their heads to inhale the reviving rays of light. Lisette continued to sit sorrowful. What now ails thee, poor girl? Formerly, when thou awakedst with the birds, thou cheerfully, like them, saluted the morn; thy pure and serene soul sparkled in thy eyes like the rays of the sun, which glitter in the dew-drops; now sittest thou pensively, and the joys of nature convey no pleasure to thy tender heart.

A young shepherd now drove his flocks along the banks of the river, playing on his pipe a cheerful tune. 'Alas!' said Lisette, 'if he who has my heart were but a shepherd or a peasant, he might perhaps be now passing with his flocks. I would salute him with smiles, and kindly say to him, 'Good morning to you, my dear friend! Where are you driving your flocks? Here also grows good grass for your sheep, with plenty of gay flowers to weave a garland for your hat.' He would then look kindly at me, perhaps take me by the hand. But these are empty dreams.

The shepherd passed by, and vanished with his little

flocks behind a hill. On a sudden Lisette heard the dashing of oars. She looked up, perceived a boat, and in that boat—Login.

All her nerves quivered with transport. She sprang up, and would have departed, but she had no power to quit the spot. Login leaped on shore, and approached her. Her dream was now in part fulfilled, for he looked kindly at her, took her by the hand, while she stood there with downcast eyes, glowing cheeks, and trembling heart. She had no power to withdraw her hand; and as he approached her mouth with his rosy lips, she found it impossible to turn from him. He kissed her; and with such warmth, that the whole world appeared to be in flames. 'Dearest Lisette,' said he, 'I love you.'-Like heavenly mu sic did these words sound to the inmost recesses of her heart; hardly did she give credit to her ears; and-but I must drop the pencil. The transports of Lisette banished timidity. Login learned that he was loved, tenderly beloved, by a pure, innocent, and undisguised heart. They sat on the grass, and the space between them became each moment narrower They looked at each other's eyes, and repeated without intermission, the words, 'I love you.' In this manner, hours flew like moments. At last she recollected that her mother might be anxious about her. They must part .- 'Ah! Login,' said she, ' will you then for ever love me?'- 'For ever dear Lisette, for ever.'— 'Can you swear it?' 'I can.' Yet-no, I require no other, I have such confidence in you. I believe you. Could you then deceive me? No, that is impossible.' 'Impossible, dear Lisette, impossible.' 'How happy am I! and how my mother will rejoice, when I tell her that you love me!' 'No, no, we must not tell it her.'- 'Why not?'- 'Old people are suspicious; she will be thinking of something wrong.' 'No, that she certainly will not.' 'But, my dear, I beg of you, do not tell her any thing.' 'Well, then, I will obey you; though, at the same time, it does not appear quite right to conceal any thing from her.' They then embraced for the last time, and parted; after they had first agreed to meet every evening, ' for certain and with out fail, let what would happen to hinder it,' either on the banks of the river, in the beech copse, or near the cottage.

Lisette now departed but looked a hundred times be-

hind her at Login, who stood on the bank, and looked after her. She entered the cottage in quite a different frame of mind from that in which she quitted it. On her countenance, in all her motions, reigned the most a cartfelt joy. 'He loves me!' was her sole thought; and this thought was to her a source of transport. 'Oh!' cried she to her mother, who had just risen, 'what a charming morning is this! How delightful is every thing out of doors! The larks never sang so sweetly; never has the sun shone so lovely, the flowers smelt so delightful.' The mother threw her cloak around her, and followed her daughter into the meadows, to enjoy the fine morning which the girl had described to her in such glowing colours. It appeared to her in reality very pleasant, for all nature to her seemed smiling, when her beloved daughter smiled. 'Ah!' exclaimed the old woman, 'how charming has the Almighty ordered every thing! I have lived more than sixty years in the world, and yet cannot be tired at looking at God's works. Our Heavenly Father must certainly love mankind very much, since he so richly decorates the world for us. Yes, my dear daughter, who would like to die, if there were not so much misery in the world? Yet, for that too, perhaps there are wise and good reasons. We might very probably forget to take care of our souls, if tears did not now and then flow from our eyes.

From this period, Lisette and Login met every evening after the old woman had retired to bed. They sat on the banks of the river; sometimes wandered in the beech copse, or rested beneath the oaks which surrounded a pond of clear water not far from the cottage. of the peaceful moon piercing through the branches, often gilded the fair looks of Lisette, with which the zephyrs, or the hand of her lover, was playing. His image often sported in her eyes, overflowing with love; which were ever again dried by the fiery kisses of Login. They embraced each other; and the chaste, modest Cynthia did not veil her face, for their embraces were pure and innocent. 'When you,' whispered Lisette to Login, 'when you say to me, 'I love you, my Lisette;' when you press me to your heart, and look at me with your expressive eyes, I feel so happy, that I forget myself, and the whole world, and think of you alone. I am only astenished how I could live so cheerful and contented before I knew you.

I cannot conceive how that was; for without you, life appears to me joyless. The bright moon seems dull without your glances; the nightingale's song does not please me, if I hear not your voice also, and the fresh breezes, without your breath, feel to me faint and oppressive.'

Login transported his shepherdess (so he called her;) and the more she loved him, the more amiable did she appear to him. All the splendid pleasures of the great world seemed to him as phantoms, compared to the pure joys conferred on him by the tender friendship of an innocent heart. With abhorrence did he now look back on the miserable pleasures by which his senses had formerly been enchained. 'No,' cried he, 'with a brotherly affection alone will I love this charming girl. Far be from me the guilt of abusing her tenderness. True happiness is alone found in the paths of virtue.' Unthinking youth, do you know your own heart? Can you always answer for its emotions? will discretion ever be the master of your feelings'?

Lisette desired Login would frequently visit her mother. 'I love her,' said the amiable girl, 'wish her every pleasure; and it appears to me, as if your presence must give every body pleasure.' The old woman was always really pleased when she saw him. She liked to talk to him about her late husband, and the days of her youth; how she first got acquainted with her dear John; how he fell in love with her; and how contented and tenderly they had lived together. 'Ah!' she would add, 'we were never tired of looking at each other, to the very hour in which death robbed me of him.' The youth listened to her with undisguised pleasure.—He bought all her daughter's work, and always wanted to pay more than she asked; but she positively would not receive more than the fixed price.

Thus some weeks passed away; when one evening Login had to wait longer than usual for Lisette. At last she came, but sorrowful, with her eyes full of tears. 'For Heaven's sake, Lisette, what is the matter with you?'—'Ah! Login, I have been crying.' 'Why? pray tell —'You shall know all. A rich young peasant, from

the neighbouring village, courts me: and my mother says I shall marry him.'—' And do you consent to it?'—' Unfeeling man! can you ask me? My mother grieves me. She cries, and complains that I do not wish for her peace; and that she shall not die easy, if she does not first see me married. Ah! she knows not, that my heart is no longer free.'

He embraced her, and assured her that nothing in the world was dearer to him than her happiness; that, after her mother's death, he would take her home; and in a delightful union in the country, they should live in the lap of nature, as in Paradise. 'But you cannot be my husband,' said she, with a faint sigh. 'Why not?'—' I am a peasant girl.'—'You injure me, Lisette. Your friend does not look for miserable connexions. Your pure, innocent, feeling mind, is to him more than all the world beside. Ever will you be dearest to my fond heart.'

Lisette threw herself on his bosom; and now struck the death-blow of her innocence!

Login felt unusual emotions : never had Lisette appeared to him so charming; never had he been so moved with her caresses; never had her kisses been so ardent. She was so inexperienced. She knew not the danger in which she was placed, and remained insuspicious and careless. The darkness of the night favoured desire; no star sparkled in the heavens; no ray illuminated her confusion. It began to thunder. She trembled all over. 'Login! Login!' she cried, 'the lightning, I fear, will destroy me as a criminal!' It thundered louder, and the rain fell in torrents; all nature seemed to mourn over the lost innocence of this poor girl. Login endeavoured to calm her, and conducted her towards the cottage. At parting, she repeated, with tears, 'Ah! Login, convince me, that in future we shall be as happy as we were before !'- 'We shall certainly be so, dear Lisette,' answered Login, 'do not doubt it.' 'God grant it! I must believe your words, because I love you; but, in my heart-yetenough-To-morrow we shall meet again.'

These interviews continued; but how much was every thing altered! Her innocent caresses no longer afford.

sufficient pleasure to him, an affectionate look, a pressure of the hand, a kiss, a tender embrace! She was not now, as formerly, an angel whose innocence flamed his imagination, and elevated his mind. Platonic love had given place to grosser sentiments; and she soon began to per ceive an alteration in his conduct. 'Formerly,' she would say, 'you were much more cheerful; you seemed much easier and happier formerly. Then too, I was not fearful of losing your affection;' but now,—sometimes when he took leave of her, he said, 'I cannot come to-morrow, dear Lisette; I have some very important business.' At these words, the tears never failed to start in her eyes.

Five days had now passed, and she beheld him not. The sixth he came, and, with a sorrowful countenance, said, 'Lisette, I must leave you for a short time. You know we are at war, and I am in the army. My regiment has received orders to march.' She turned pale, and fainted. He revived her; and with the most solemn assurances, protested that he would continue to love her, and after his return, be united to her for ever. She was long silent. At last, seizing his hand, on which she showered the bitterest tears, she tenderly asked him: 'Is it not possible for you to remain here ?' 'Yes, it is possible,' answered he; 'but I shall then be an object of contempt, and every one will dislike me for a coward.' 'If that be the case,' exclaimed she, 'go; go, where the Almighty pleases. But should you be left on the field.'-'To die for our country, my good Lisette, is sweet.'-'Then I wish also not to live longer.'- 'But why should we fear the worst? Let us hope that I may soon return to your arms, well and happy.' 'God grant it! Every day, every hour, will I pray for it. Alas! why cannot I read and write? You would then write to me every thing that happens to you, and I would answer and relate -about my tears.'- 'Do not weep; preserve yourself for your friend.'- 'Cruel man! I must not weep. Even this last comfort you would deny me. No; parted from you, my tears will not cease to overflow, till my heart is dried up.'- 'Think on the happy moment when we shall meet again. I shall undoubtedly think of it '

'Oh! if it would but soon happen! dearest, beloved Login, do not forget poor Lisette, who loves you better

than herself.'

But I am unable to relate the whole melancholy conversation. They agreed at length to meet the following day for the last time. The youth also went to take leave of her mother. The good old woman could not refrain her tears, on hearing that her dear, kind young gentleman must go to the wars. He forced some money on her, under the pretence that he would not consent, during his absence, that her daughter should sell her work to any body else, as it belonged to him according to agreement. The old woman overwhelmed him with blessings.

'God grant,' said she, 'that you may soon happily return to us! That I may see you once more, ere I die! Perhaps in the mean time, Lisette may find a husband to her liking. How rejoiced I should be, if you were to be at her wedding! that you could know it! You must stand god-father to the first child. Ah! how much I wish to see it, while I live!'

The poor girl stood next her mother, and did not dare to look up. What she felt at this moment, may easily be conceived. Who can describe her sensations, when Login embraced her for the last time! and pronounced the dreadful word——' Farewell!'

What an affecting picture! Aurora waved like a sea of fire on the eastern horizon. Login supported the pale trembling girl in his arms, under the branches of a tall oak. She seemed as if it were not possible for her to survive the parting from him. She sobbed. He wept She sunk down; and on her knees, with hands uplifted to heaven, looked with eyes immoveable after her lover. He disappeared by degrees, and at length she lost all sight of him. The sun had just risen; and the poor forsaken girl sunk, without remembrance, to the damp earth. When she recovered, the whole world appeared to her melancholy, and a desert. All the beauties of nature vanished at once with her beloved.

The life of Lisette, from this day, was full of sorrow; and the more painful it was for her to sustain, the more carefully did she conceal it from her tender mother; only, when she could weep in solitude, and complain of the separation from her lover, her heart felt somewhat easier

Often did the melanckoly cooing of the turtle-dove mix with her complainings; and now and then, but very seldom, a golden ray of hope enlivened her night of sorrow. 'How happy shall I be,' would she then exclaim, 'when he returns! how different will every thing appear.' At this idea, her eyes were more cheerful; the roses renewed the bloom on her cheeks; and her countenance smiled like a May morning after the storm of the preceding evening.

Two months had in this manner elapsed; when one day she went to town for some rose-water, her mother having a complaint in her eyes. In a wide street, a sumptuous magnificent carriage rolled past her. She looked up, and beheld-Login! 'Ah!' she instantly screamed, and flew like lightning to the carriage. But the coach passed swiftly by, and drove up to a large house. Login stepped out, and was just going into the house, as Lisette's arms encircled him. He turned pale, when he beheld her. But, without uttering a word, he took her by the hand, and led her to his room. As soon as they were there, he locked the door, and thus addressed her: Lisette, circumstances are materially altered since I last saw you. I am a bridegroom. You must now leave me in peace. Your own happiness and peace of mind also require that you should forget me. I loved you, and love you still; that is, I wish you every felicity imaginable. Here are a hundred roubles for you; take them.' He put them into her pocket. 'Permit me to embrace you once more; and then go home in peace.' Before she could recover from the petrifying stroke which these words had occasioned in her heart, he had conveyed her out of the room, and ordered the servant to show the girl out of the house.

As to his being obliged to join the army, that was entirely a fiction. He had, indeed, been with the army; but, instead of fighting, had been gaming, and lost his whole fortune. As a peace was soon after concluded, he returned, loaded with debt to Moscow; where but one remedy remained for the retrieval of his circumstances; namely, to marry a rich widow, who was already pretty far adanced in years. She long had an eye on him, but hitherto mer advances had been repulsed with disdain. Now he

felt himself differently inclined. He returned to her house, and after bestowing a sigh on the remembrance of Lisette, gave the widow his hand.

In the street, this poor girl recovered from astonishment. But to what sensations was she awakened? 'He has driven me away! he loves another! I am lost, utterly lost!' These alone were her ideas, which were soon interrupted by a deep swoon. A kind-hearted woman, who was passing, stopped, and endeavoured to bring her to herself. The unfortunate girl at last opened her eyes, got up with the good woman's assistance, and thanking her, tottered, she knew not where. 'I cannot survive this,' said she to herself. 'Oh! that the heavens would fall on me and crush me! but, alas! heaven and earth are deaf to my complaints! miserable wretch!'

She now approached a deep pool, overshadowed with tall oaks; the banks of which, till within a few weeks, had been the scene of all her transports. The remembrance shook her whole frame, and she sunk into deep reflection, which lasted several minutes; then wildly starting up, and perceiving a neighbour's daughter, a girl about fifteen, she called to her, drew from her pocket the money which she had received from Login, and gave it to her, with these words: 'Be so good, dear Hannah, to carry this money to my mother. It is not dishonestly come by. Tell her that; -yet add, that I have acted very wrong, in concealing from her my love for the cruel-but of what use is his name? Tell her that he has deceived me, and beg of her to forgive me; God will provide for her; kiss her hands, as I now kiss yours; tell her at the same time, I desired you to do so; tell her, in short, that I----'

Here she leaped into the water; Hannah screamed, and wept; she long endeavoured to save her, but in vain; at length she flew to the village, and gave the alarm; a number of people ran to the spot, and drew out the poor creature; but she was dead.

Such was the unhappy end of poor Lisette! kind, good girl! when we meet in a better world, I shall certainly acknowledge thee. They buried her under the gloomy

oaks near the pond. A wooden cross marks her grave. There I often sit in melancholy thoughtlessness, and contemplate her peaceful abode. Before me are the silent waves of the pool, over me rustles the branches of the oaks.

When the mother of Lisette heard the unhappy death of her daughter, indescribable horror overwhelmed her; her blood no longer circulated, and her eyes closed for ever. The cottage remained empty; and to this moment, when the evening breeze whistles among the ruins, the superstitious peasant, crossing himself, exclaims, 'Hark! there sighs poor Lisette!'

Login was miserable as long as he lived. He heard of the melancholy end of Lisette, and sunk into the deepest sorrow. He accused himself, not without justice, of being her murderer; of being also the murderer of her mother. I became acquainted with him about a year before his death, and on the grave of Lisette he related to me his sorrowful tale.

THE HISTORY

OF

RAYMOND AND AGNES.

30000

Don Lorenzo de Medina, accompanied by a friend, entered, through curiosity, the church of the Capuchins in Madrid. Service being over, his friend left him; but Lorenzo staying behind to visit his sister, whose convent was in the same street, observed a man wrapped in a cloak, cautiously examining whether he was perceived. Lorenzo's curiosity being excited, he concealed himself, and soon observed the stranger take a letter from under his cloak, and hastily place it beneath a statue of St. Francis. Thinking it but a love affair, he a second time attempted to quit the church. Descending from the steps to the street, he again met with his friend Don Christoval, who had lately parted from him.

On learning from him that there was to be a procession of nuns that evening, for the purpose of confession, the two cavaliers placed themselves behind the statue. One of the nuns, in paying her respects to that saint, dropped her rosary; and in stooping to pick it up, removed the letter from the image, and resumed her rank in the procession. As the nuns always unveil on entering a place of worship, Lorenzo discovered it to be Agnes. Burning with rage for the insult offered to his family, he overtook the stranger, and insisted on knowing who he was, and the contents of the letter. The stranger denying his right to ask such a question, Lorenzo orew his sword, and exchanged several passes with the unknown; when Don Christoval, calling Lorenzo by his title, discovered to the other that his antagonist was the brother of Agnes. The stranger, then avowing himself to be Don Raymond Marquis de las Cisternas, requested Lorenzo to accompany him to his hotel. Having arrived there, the Marquis conducted him to an apartment, and said, 'Probably you have already heard your sister mention the name of Alphonso d' Alvarada?'—'Never. Though I feel for Agnes an affection truly fraternal, circumstances have prevented us from being much together. While yet a child, she was consigned to the care of her aunt, who had married a German nobleman. At her castle she remained till two years since, when she returned to Spain, firmly determined upon secluding herself from the world.'

'Good God! Lorenzo, you knew of her intention, and yet never strove to make her change it.'-- 'Marquis, you wrong me. The intelligence, which I received at Naples, shocked me extremely; and I hastened to Madrid for the express purpose of preventing the sacrifice. The moment I arrived, I flew to the convent of St. Clare, in which Agnes had chosen to perform her noviciate. I requested to see my sister. Conceive my surprise, when she sent me a refusal. She declared positively, that, apprehending my influence over her mind, she would not trust herself in my society, till the day before that on which she was to receive the veil. All future attempts to obtain a moment's conversation were as fruitless as the first. She was inflexible; and I was not permitted to see her till the day preceding that on which she entered the cloister,—never to quit it more. I was shortly after obliged to quit Madrid. I returned but yesterday evening; and since then have not had not had time to call at St. Clare's convent.'

'Then, till I mentioned it, you never heard the name of Alphonso d' Alvarada?—'Pardon me. My aunt wrote me word, that an adventurer, so called, had found means to get introduced into the castle of Lindenberg; that he had insinuated himself into my sisters good graces; and that she had even consented to elope with him. However, before the plan could be executed, the cavalier discovering the estates, which he believed Agnes to possess in Hispaniola, belonged to me, disappeared on the day on which the elopement was to have taken place; and Agnes, in despair at his base perfidy and meanness, had resolved upon seclusion in a convent.'

^{&#}x27;In this I easily recognize Donna Rodolpha's character

Every word of this account is stamped with marks of her malice, of her falsehood, and of her talents for misrepresenting those whom she wishes to injure. Forgive me, Medina, for speaking so freely of your relation. The mischief which she has done my character, authorises my resentment; and when you have heard my story, you will be convinced that my expressions have not been too severe.'

He then began his narrative in the following manner: "You were on your travels when I first became acquainted with your sister; and as our enemies took care to conceal from her your direction, it was impossible for her to implore by letter your protection and advice. On leaving Salamanca, at which university, as I have since heard, you remained a year after I had quitted it, I immediately set out upon my travels. My father supplied me liberally with money; but he insisted upon my concealing my rank, and representing myself as no more than a private gentleman.

I followed his advice; and was soon convinced of its wisdom. I quitted Spain, calling myself by the assumed title of Don Alphonso d'Alvarada, and attended by a single domestic of approved fidelity. Paris was my first station. I then bent my course towards Germany, intending to visit most of the principal courts. I passed through Luneville, intending to reach Strasburgh before night; but my hopes were frustrated by the breaking down of my chaise; the accident happened in the middle of a thick forest, and I was not a little embarrased as to the means of proceeding. It was the depth of winter, and the night was already closing round us; and Strasburgh which was the nearest town was still distant several leagues. It seemed to me, that my only alternative to passing the night in this forest was to take my servant's horse and ride on to Strasburgh—an undertaking at that season very far from agreeable. On mentioning my design of proceeding by myself to Strasburgh, the postilion shook his head in disapprobation.

'It is a long way,' said he; 'you will find it a difficult matter to arrive there without a guide; and it is possible, that, unable to sustain the excessive cold—''I have no other resourse, 'said I impatiently interrupting him. 'I run still greater risk of perishing with cold by passing the night in the

forest.'- 'Passing the night in the forest!' he replied. 'O. by St. Dennis! we are not in so bad a plight as that comes to vet. If I am not mistaken, we are scarcely five minutes walk from the cottage of my old friend, Baptiste. He is a wood-cutter, and a very honest fellow. I doubt not but he will shelter you for the night with pleasure.' On hearing this I desired him to conduct us then, without delay, to the woodman's cottage. He obeyed, and we moved onward; the horses contrived with difficulty to drag the shattered vehicle after us. Our conducter knocked at the door; it was sometime before any one answered; the people within seemed to doubt whether we should be admitted. 'Come, come, friend Baptiste!' cried the driver with impatience, 'what are you asleep? or will you refuse a night's lodging to a gentleman, whose chaise has just broken down in the forest?' - 'Ah! is it you, honest Claude?' replied a man's voice from within. 'Wait a moment, and the door shall be opened.' Soon after, the bolts were drawn back; the door was unclosed, and a man presented himself to us with a lamp in his hand. He gave the guide a hearty reception, and then addressed himself to me. 'Walk in, monsieur, and welcome. Excuse me for not admitting you at first; but there are so many rogues about this place, that, saving your presence, I thought you one.' Thus saying he ushered me into a room in which was a good fire. I was immediately placed in an easy chair that stood close to the hearth.

'I wish I could lodge you more conveniently, monsieur,' said he, 'but we cannot boast of much spare room in this hovel. However, a chamber for yourself, and one for your servant, I think we can make shift to supply.' Then turning to his wife, 'why how you sit there, Marguerite, with as much tranquillity as though you had nothing else to do! Stir about, dame; stir about. Get some supper. Look out some sheets. Here, here, throw some logs upon the fire: for the gentleman seems perished with cold!

The wife threw her work hastily upon the table, and proceeded to execute his commands with every mark of unwillingness. Her countenance had displeased me on the first moment of my examining it; yet, upon the whole, her features were unquestionably handsome; but her skin was sallow, and her person thin and meagre. I conceived at first

sight, equal disgust for her, and prepossession for her husband, whose appearance was calculated to inspire esteem and confidence. His countenance was open, sincere, and friendly; his manners had all the peasant's honesty, unaccompanied by his rudeness; his cheek's were broad, full, and ruddy; and in the solidity of his person he seemed to offer an ample apology for the leanness of his wife's. From the wrinkles on his brow, I judged him to be turned of sixty; but he bore his years well, and was still hearty and strong. The wife could not be more than thirty; but in spirits and vivacity she was infinitely older than her husband. However, in spite of her unwilligness, she began to prepare the supper, while the woodman conversed gaily on different subjects.

"Tis a sharp biting wind, said the woodman, going to the door, and looking out seemingly with the greatest anxiety. 'I wonder what detains my boys so long. Would they were back again! I begin to feel uneasy about them.' Marguerite was at this time employed in laying the cloth. 'And are you equally anxious for the return of your sons?' said I to her. 'Not I,' she replied peevishly; 'they are no sons of mine.'-- 'Come, come, Marguerite,' said the husband, 'do not be out of humour with the gentleman for asking a simple question. Had you not looked so cross, he would never have thought you old enough to have a son of three and twenty; but you see how many years ill temper adds to you. Come, come, Marguerite, clear up a little. If you have not sons as old, you will, some twenty years hence; and I hope that we shall live to see them just such lads as Jaques and Robert.' She clasped her hands together passionately. 'God forbid!' said she. 'God forbid! If I once thought it, I would strangle them with my own hands!!' She quitted the room hastily, and went up stairs.

We were conversing in this manner, when our discourse was interrupted by a loud halloo, which rang through the forest 'My sons, I hope!' exclaimed the woodman, and tan to open the door. The halloo was repeated. We now distinguished the trampling of horses; and soon after a carriage attended by several cavaliers, stopped at the cottage door. One of the horsemen inquired how far they were from Strasburgh. As he addressed himself to me, I answer-

ed in the number of miles which Claude had told me; upon which a volley of curses was vented against the drivers for having lost their way. A lady who appeared to be the principal, expressed much chagrin at the intelligence; but as there was no remedy, one of the attendants asked the woodman whether he could furnish them with lodgings for the night. He seemed much embarrassed, and answered in the negative: adding, that a Spanish gentleman and his servant were already in possession of the only spare apartments in his house. On hearing this, the gallantry of my nation would not permit me to retain those accommodations of which a female was in want. I instantly signified to the woodman, that I transferred my right to the lady. I took the opportunity of asking one of her attendants what was her name. 'The Baroness Lindenberg,' was the answer I received.

I could not but remark how different a reception our host had given to these new comers from myself. His reluctance to admit them was visibly expressed on his countenance, and with difficulty he prevailed on himself to tell the lady she was welcome. I conducted her into the house, and placed her in the arm chair which I had just quitted. She thanked me very graciously, and made a thousand apologies for putting me to an inconvenience. Suddenly the woodman's countenance cleared up. 'At last I have arranged it,' said he, interrupting her excuses; 'I can lodge you and your suit madame, and you will not be under the necessity of making this gentleman suffer for his politeness. As for the men servants they must content themselves with passing the night in a large barn, which stands at a few yards distance from the house; there they shall have a blazing fire, and as good a supper as we can give them.

After several expressions of gratitude on our part, this arrangement was agreed to. As the room was small the baroness immediately dismissed her male attendants.

Baptiste was on the point of conducting them to the barn which he had mentioned, when two young men appeared at the door of the cottage. 'Ha! here are my sons!' cried our host. He presented them to the baroness and myself;

after which he withdrew with our domestics; while, at the request of the two waiting women, Marguerite conducted them to the room designed for their mistress. The two new comers were tall, stout, well made young men, hard featured, and very much sunburnt. They then threw aside the cloaks in which they were wrapt up, took off a leathern belt, from which a large cutlass was suspended, and each drawing a brace of pistols from his girdle, laid them upon a shelf. You travel well armed,' said I. 'True, monsieur,' replied Robert; 'We left Strasburgh late this evening; and 'tis necessary to take precautions at passing through this forest after dark.' 'How,' said the baroness; 'are there robbers hereabout?'—'So it is said, madam. For my own part, I have travelled through the wood at all hours, and never met with any.'

Claude now entered the room, and desired my permission to proceed to Strasburgh, which I readily complied with; as I wished to have the chaise mended, that I might not have cause to pass another night in this place.

The lady now declared herself much fatigued by her journey; besides having come some distance, the drivers had contrived to lose their way in the forest. She now addressed herself to Marguerite, desiring to be shown to her chamber, and permitted to take half an hour's repose. One of the waiting-women was immediately summoned; she appeared with a light, and the baroness followed her up stairs. The cloth was spreading in the chamber where I was, and Marguerite soon gave me to understand that I was in her way. I therefore desired one of the young men to conduct me to the chamber where I was to sleep, and where I could remain till supper was ready. 'Have the goodness to follow me, monsieur,' said he: he opened the door, and advanced towards a narrow staircase.—'You have got no light,' said Marguerite. She crossed by me, and put a candle into Robert's hand; and seizing the moment when we were unobserved, she caught my hand, and pressed it strongly. 'Look at the sheets!' said she, as she passed quickly by me, and immediately resumed her former occupation.

Startled by the abruptness of her action, I remained as if petrified. Robert's voice desiring me to follow him, recall-

ed me to myself. I ascended the staircase. My conductor ushered me into a chamber, and soon after left me to myself. You may be certain that the moment when I found myself alone, was that I complied with Marguerite's injunctions. took the candle hastily, approached the bed, and turned down the coverlet. What was my astonishment, my horror, at finding the sheets crimsoned with blood! At that moment, a thousand confused ideas passed before my imagi-The robbers who infested the wood, Marguerite's exclamation respecting her children, the arms and appearance of the two young men, and the various anecdotes which I had heard respecting the secret correspondence that frequently exists between banditti and postillions—all these circumstances flashed upon my mind, and inspired me with doubt and apprehension. Suddenly I was aware of some one below, pacing hastily backward and forward. With precaution I drew near the window; which, as the room had been long shut, was left open in spite of the cold. The beams of the moon permitted me to distinguish a man, whom I had no difficulty to recognise for my host. I narrowly watched his movements. I now heard the steps of one approaching. He joined a man, whom his low stature, and the horn suspended from his neck, declared to be no other than my faithful Claude, whom I had supposed to be already on his way to Strasburgh. Expecting their discourse to throw some light upon my situation, I extinguished the candle, and immediately resumed my place at the window. The objects of my curiosity had stationed themselves directly under it. On my return to the window, I heard Baptiste say,- It would be a shame to let such a noble booty escape us. say that this Spaniard is rich?'—'His servant boasted at the inn, that the effects in his chaise were worth above two thousand pistoles.' Oh, how I cursed Stephano's impru dent vanity.

'And I have been told,' continued the postillion, 'that this baroness carries about her a casket of jewels of immense value.—'May be so; but I had rather she had staid away; we now must let in the band for a share, and perhaps the whole covey may escape us.—Should our friends have betaken themselves to their different posts before you reach the cavern, all will be lost. The lady's attendants are too numerous for us to overpower them. Unless our asso-

ciates arrive in time, we must needs let these travellers set out to-morrow without damage or hurt.—However, to avoid run..ing such a risk, hasten to the cavern; the banditti never leave it before eleven; and if you use diligence, you may reach it in time to stop them. I must now rejoin my guests, lest my absence should create suspicion. Fareweil; be diligent.

You may judge what must have been my feelings during this conversation of which I lost not a single syllable. Resistance I knew to be in vain. Dreading lest Baptiste should perceive my absence, and suspect me to have overheard the message with which Claude was despatched, I hastily relighted my candle, and quitted the chamber. On descending, I found the table spread for six persons. The baroness sat by the fire-side. Marguerite was employed in dressing a salad, and her step-sons were whispering together at the further end of the room.

A glance upon Marguerite told her that her hint had not been thrown away upon me. How different did she now appear to me! In spite of all my endeavours to conceal it, my agitation was but too visibly expressed upon my countenance. I was pale, and both my words and actions were disordered and embarrassed.

The fact was, that while my conversation turned upon one subject, my thoughts were wholly occupied by another. I meditated upon the means of quitting the cottage, finding my way to the barn, and giving the domestics information of our host's designs. I was soon convinced how impracticable was the attempt. Jacques and Robert watched my every movement with an attentive eye, and I was obliged to abandon the idea. All my hopes now rested upon Claude's not finding the banditti. In that case, according to what I had overheard, we should be permitted to depart unhurt.

I shuddered involuntarily as Baptiste entered the room. He made many apologies for his long absence, and we seated ourselves at the table; and Marguerite soon after entered the room, and placed before us a plain but comfortable peasant's repast. Our host thought it necessary to apologise for the

poorness of the supper. 'He had not been apprised of our coming; he could only offer us such fare as had been intended for his own family.' My companion in danger seemed entirely to have got rid of her chagrin at being delayed She laughed and conversed with the family with infinite gaiety. I strove, but in vain, to follow her example. My spirits were evidently forced; and the constraint which I was obliged to put upon myself, escaped not Baptiste's observation. 'Come, come, monsieur,' cheer up, said he, 'you seem not quite recovered from your fatigue. To raise your spirits, what say you to a glass of excellent old wine, which was left me by my father? I seldom produce this wine; but this is an occasion which deserves a bottle.'

He then gave his wife a key, and instructed her where to find the wine of which he spoke. She took the key and left the apartment, but soon returned with a bottle sealed with yellow wax, placed it upon the table, and gave the key back to her husband. I suspected that this liquor was not given us without design, and I watched Marguerite's movements with inquietude. She was employed in rinsing some small horn goblets. As she placed them before Baptiste, she saw that my eyes were fixed upon her; and at the moment when she thought herself unobserved by the banditti, she motioned to me with her head not to taste the liquor. She then resumed her place at the table.

In the mean while our host had drawn the cork, and filling two of the goblets, offered them to the lady and myself. She at first made some objections; but the entreaties of Baptiste were so urgent, that she was obliged to comply. I hesitated not to take the goblet presented to me. By its smell and colour, I guessed it to be champagne; but some grains of powder floating upon the top, convinced me that it was not unadulterated. However, I lifted it to my lips, and seemed to be a swallowing it. Suddenly starting from my chair, I made the best of my way towards a vase of water at some distance, in which Marguerite had been rinsing the goblets. I pretended to spit out the wine with disgust, and took an opportunity unperceived, of emptying it into the vase.

'You have not suited my taste, honest friend,' said I, addressing myself to Baptiste. 'I never can drink champagne

without its producing a voilent illness. I swallowed a few mouthfuls ere I was aware of its quality, and fear that I shall pay dear for my imprudence. Baptiste and Jaques exchanged looks of distrust. 'Perhaps,' said Robert, 'the smell may be disagreeable.' He quitted his chair, and removed the goblet. I observed that he examined whether it was nearly empty. 'He must have drank sufficient,' said he to his brother, in a low voice, while he reseated himself.

I waited with anxiety for the effects which the beverage would produce upon the lady. I doubted not but the grains which I had observed were poisonous, and lamented that it had been impossible for me to warn her of her danger. But a few minutes had elapsed, before I perceived her eyes grow heavy; her head sank down upon one shoulder, and she fell into a deep sleep. I affected not to attend to this circumstance, and continued my conversation with Baptiste with all the outward gaiety in my power to assume. But he no longer answered me without constraint. He eyed me with distrust and astonishment, and I saw that the banditti were frequently whispering among themselves. My situation became every moment more painful. In this new dilemma, the friendly Marguerite again assisted me; she passed behind the chairs of her step-sons, stopped a moment opposite to me, closed her eyes, and reclined her head upon her shoulder. This hint told me I ought to imitate the baroness. I did so, and in a few minutes seemed perfectly overcome with a profound slumber.

'So!' cried Baptiste, as I fell back in my chair, 'at last he sleeps. I began to think that he had scented our design, and that we should have been forced to despatch him at all events.' 'And why not despatch him at all events?' inquired the ferocious Jaques.

'And supposing,' replied the father, 'supposing that our friends should not arrive to-night, a pretty figure we should make when the servants inquired for him in the morning. No, no, Jaques, we must wait for our associates. If they join us, we are strong enough to despatch the domestics as well as their masters, and then the booty is our own.

At this moment I heard a trampling of horses. Oh! how

dreadful was the sound in my ears! A cold sweat flowed down my forehead, and I felt all the terrors of impending death. Luckily, the woodman and his sons were too much occupied by the arrival of their associates to attend to me, or the violence of my agitation would have convinced them my sleep was feigned.

'Open! open!' exclaimed several voices on the outside of the cottage. 'Yes! yes,' cried Baptiste joyfully. 'they are our friends, sure enough. Now then our booty is certain. Away, lads, away! lead them to the barn. Leave me to take care of these sleepers.'

Jaques obeyed, and followed his brother. They seemed to converse with the new comers for a few minutes; after which, I heard the robbers dismount, and, as I conjectured, bend their course toward the barn. 'So! that was wisely done,' muttered Baptiste. 'They have quitted their horses, that they may fall upon the strangers by surprise. Good! good! and now to business.' I heard him approach a small cupboard which was fixed up in a distant part of the room, and unlock it. At this moment I opened my eyes. Baptiste stood with his back towards me. No one else was in the room, save Marguerite and the sleeping lady. The villain had taken a dagger from the cupboard, and seemed examining whether it was sufficiently sharp. I had neglected to furnish myself with arms, but I perceived this to be my only chance of escaping, and resolving not to lose the opportunity, I sprang from my seat, darted suddenly upon Baptiste, and clasping my hands round his throat, pressed it so forcibly as to prevent his uttering a single cry. Surprised, terrified, and breathless, the villain was by no means an equal antagonist. I threw him on the ground. I grasped him still tighter; and while I fixed him on the floor, Marguerite, wresting the dagger from him, plunged it repeatedly in his heart till he expired.

No sooner was this horrible but necessary act perpetrated, than Marguerite called on me to follow her. 'Flight is our only refuge, said she.' Quick, quick away! I hesitated not to obey her; but unwilling to leave the baroness a victim to the vengeance of the robbers, I raised her in my arms, still sleeping, and hastened after Marguerite.

The horses of the banditti were fastened near the door. My conductress immediately sprang upon one of them. I followed her example, placed the baroness before me, and spurred on my horse. Our only hope was, to reach Strasburgh, which was much nearer than the perfidious Claude had told us. We were obliged to pass by the barn, where the robbers were slaughtering our domestics. We distinguished the shrieks of the dying, and the imprecations of the murderers. What I felt at that time, language is unable to describe.

Jaques heard the trampling of our horses, as we rushed by the barn. He flew to the door with a burning torch in his hand, and readily recognized the fugitives. 'Betrayed! betrayed!' he shouted to his companions. Immediately they left their bloody work, and hastened to regain their horses. 'We are lost!' she exclaimed; the villains gain upon us.'—'On, on,' replied l. 'I hear the trampling of horses coming from the town. We redoubled our exertions, and were soon aware of a numerous band of cavaliers, who came toward us at full speed. They were on the point of passing us.

'Stay, stay,' shrieked Marguerite. 'Save us! for God's sake, save us!' The foremost, who seemed to act as guide, immediately reined in his steed.' 'The Baroness Lindenberg!' cried another of them, eagerly, 'where is she?' He stopped, and on beholding her in my arms, 'God be thanked,' exclaimed he, in raptures, 'she has escaped unhurt.'

I interrupted his joy, by pointing out the brigand, who continued to approach. No sooner had I mentioned them, than the greatest part of the company, which appeared to be chiefly composed of soldiers, hastened forward to meet them. The villains perceiving their danger, they turned the heads of their horses, and fled into the wood, whither they were followed by our preservers. In the meanwhile, the stranger, whom I guessed to be the baron Lindenberg, after thanking me for my care of his lady, proposed our returning with all speed to the town. The baroness was placed before him. Marguerite and her son remounted their horses. The baron's domestics followed; and we soon arrived at the mn where he had taken his apartments.

Immediately upon our arrival, the baroness was put to bea. A physician was sent for, and she was committed to the care of the hostess. The baron then addressed himself to me, and entreated me to recount the particulars of this adventure. I complied with his request instantly; for, in pain respecting Stephano's fate, whom I had been compelled to abandon to the cruelty of the banditti, I found it impossi ble to repose till I had some news of him. I received but too soon the news that my trusty servant had perished. The soldiers who had pursued the robbers, had over taken them. Guilt and true courage are incompatible, they had thrown themselves at the feet of the pursuers, surrendered themselves without striking a blow, had discovered their retreat, made known their signals by which the rest of the gang might be seized, and, in short, had betrayed every mark of cowardice and baseness. By this means the whole of the band, consisting of near sixty persons, had been made prisoners, bound, and conveyed to Strasburgh. The soldiers had also found in the house of Baptiste, a child not above four years old, which they brought away with them. We were busying ourselves with conjectures respecting the birth of this littl unfortunate, when Marguerite rushed into the room with the baby in her arms. She fell at the feet of the officer who was making the report, and blessed him a thousand times for the preservation of her child.

The baron then desired Marguerite to inform him what were her present plans. I joined him in declaring my readiness to show my gratitude to her for the preservation of my life. 'Disgusted with a world,' she replied, 'in which I have met with nothing but misfortunes, my only wish is to retire into a convent. But first I must provide for my children. I find that my mother is no more—probably driven to an untimely grave by my desertion. My father is still living. He is not a hard man. Perhaps, gentlemen, in spite of my ingratitude and imprudence, perhaps your intercessions may induce him to forgive me, and to undertake the charge of his unfortunate grandsons. If you obtain this boon for me, you will repay my services a thousand fold.

Both the baron and myself assured her, that we would

spare no pains to obtain her pardon; and that even should her father be inflexible, she need be under no apprehensions respecting the fate of her children. I engaged myself to provide for Theodore, and the baron promised to take the youngest under his protection.

The baroness, on recovering, and being informed from what dangers I had rescued her, set no bounds to the expressions of her gratitude. She was joined so warmly by her husband in pressing me to accompany them to their castle in Bavaria, that I found it impossible to resist their entreaties. During a week which we passed at Strasburgh, the interests of Marguerite were not forgotten. In our application to her father we succeeded as amply as we could wish. The good old man received her and her children with open arms, and insisted upon their establishing themselves in his house without delay. But no persuasions could induce Theodore to give up the plan which I had first marked out for him. He had attached himself most sincerely to me, during my stay at Strasburgh; and when I was on the point of leaving it, he besought me with tears to take him into my service.

I was unwilling to charge myself with a lad scarcely turn ed of thirteen, who I knew could only be a burthen to me; however, I could not resist the entreaties of this affectionate youth. With some difficulty he persuaded his relations to let him follow me; and he was dubbed with the title of my page. Having passed a week at Strasburgh, we set out for Bavaria, in company with the baron and his lady.

My journey was uncommonly agreeable. I found the baron a man of some sense, but little knowledge of the world. He had passed great part of his life without stirring beyond the precincts of his domains, and, consequently, his manners were far from being the most polished; but he was hearty, good-humoured, and friendly. His ruling passion was hunting, which he had brought himself to consider as a serious occupation. I happened to be a tolerable sportsman. Soon after my arrival at Lindenberg, I gave some proofs of my dexterity. The baron immediately marked me down for a man of genius, and vowed to me an eternal friendship. That friendship was become to me by no means indifferent. At the castle of Lindenberg I beheld; for the first time, your sis-

ter, the lovely Agnes. For me, whose heart was unoccupied, and who grieved at the void, to see her, and to love her were the same. I found in Agnes all that was requisite to secure my affection.—She was then scarcely sixteen; her person, light and elegant, was already formed, she possessed several talents in perfection, particularly those of music and drawing; and her character was gay, open, and good-humoured.—From the moment I beheld her, I felt the most lively interest in her fate. I made many inquiries respecting her of the baroness. 'She is my neice,' replied the lady; 'Agnes is the daughter of my second brother, Don Gaston. She has been destined to the convent from her cradle, and will soon make her profession at Madrid.'

But a secret instinct made the young recluse sensible that she was not born for solitude. In all the freedom of youth and gaiety, while she was in the convent in which she was educated, she scrupled not to treat as ridiculous, many ceremonies which the nuns regarded with awe; and she was never more happy than when her lively imagination inspired her with some scheme to plague the stiff old lady abbess. She looked with disgust upon the prospect before her. However, no alternative was offered her; and she submitted to the decree of her parents, though not without secret repining.

I immediately determined upon rescuing this lovely girl from a fate so contrary to her inclinations, and ill-suited to her merit. I endeavoured to ingratiate myself into her favour. I boasted of my friendship and intimacy with you. She listened to me with avidity; she seemed to devour my words while I spoke in your praise, and her eyes thanked me for my affection to her brother. My constant and unwearied attention, at length, gained upon her heart, and with difficulty I obliged her to confess that she loved me.

Authorized by the confession of her regard, I redoubled my exertions to conciliate the favour of her relatives.—My principal battery was directed against the baroness. It was easy to discover, that her word was the law of the castle; her husband paid her the most absolute submission, and considered her a superior being. She was about forty. In her youth she had been a beauty; but her charms had been

upon that large scale which can but ill sustain the shock of years; however, she still possessed some of them. Her passions were violent; she spared no pains to gratify them, and pursued with unremitting vengeance those who opposed themselves to her wishes—the warmest of friends, the most inveterate of enemies.—Such a character was the Baroness Lindenberg.

I laboured incessantly to please her; unluckily, I succeeded but too well.—She seemed gratified by my attention, and treated me with a distinction accorded by her to no one else. One of my daily occupations was reading to her for several hours. Those hours I should much rather have passed with Agnes; but as I was conscience that complaisance for her aunt would advance our union, I submitted with a good grace to the penance imposed upon me. However, the increasing pleasure which the baroness appeared to take in my society, encouraged me to persevere; and lately, she showed for me a partiality so marked, that Agnes advised me to seize the first opportunity of declaring our mutual passion to her aunt.

One evening I was alone with Donna Rodolpha, in her own apartment. As our readings generally treated of love, Agnes was not permitted to assist at them. I was just congratulating myself on having finished "The Loves of Tristan and the Queen Iseult."- 'Ah, the unfortunate!' cried the baroness: 'how say you, signor, do you think it possible for a man to feel an attachment so disinterested and sincere?'- 'I cannot doubt it,' replied I; my own heart furnishes me with the certainty. 'Ah! Donna Rodolpha, might I but hope for your approbation of my love! might I but confess the name of my mistress, without incurring your resentment! She interrupted me. 'Suppose I were to spare you that confession! Suppose I were to acknowledge that the object of your desire is not unknown to me? Suppose I were to say, that she returns your affection, and laments not less sincerely than yourself the unhappy vows which separate her from you!' 'Ah,' said I, pressing her hand to my lips, 'you have discovered my secret. What is your decision? must I despair, or may I reckon upon your fa your?

'How can I refuse you,' replied she. 'Ah! Don Ai

phonso, I have long perceived to whom your attentions were directed, but till now I perceived not the impression which they made upon my heart. Pride, fear, and honour; respect for myself, and my engagements to the baron, all are vanished. I sacrifice them to my love for you; and it seems to me that I pay too mean a price for your possession.'

She paused for an answer. Judge, my Lorenzo, what must have been my confusion at this discovery. I at once saw all the magnitude of this obstacle, which I myself had raised to my happiness. The baroness had placed those at tentions to her own account, which I had merely paid her for the sake of Agnes; and the strength of her expressions, the looks which accompanied them, and my knowledge of her revengeful disposition, made me tremble for myself and my beloved.

'Forgive me, signora, if what necessity forces from me should seem harsh and ungrateful. Honour obliges me to inform you, that you have mistook for the solicitude of love what was only the attention of friendship. The latter sentiment is that which I wished to excite in your bosom. To entertain a warmer respect for you forbids me, and gratitude for the baron's generous treatment. Recollect yourself noble lady. Recollect what is owed by you to honour, by me to the baron; and replace by esteem and friendship those sentiments I can never return.'

The baroness turned pale at this positive and unexpected declaration. At length, recovering from her surprise, consternation gave place to rage, and the blood burst back into her cheeks with violence.

'Villain!' she cried, 'monster of deceit! Thus is the avowal of my love received. And who is this happy rival?' said she, in a menacing tone. 'I will know her name; and when I know it——! She is some one in my power. You intreated my favour and protection.—Let me but find her, let me but know who dares to rob me of your heart, and she shall suffer every torment which jealousy and disappointment can inflict! Hope not to conceal her from my vengeance. Spies shall be set over you; every step, every look shall be watched; your eyes will discover my rival. I shall

know her; and when she is found, tremble, Alphonso, for her and for yourself!'

As she uttered these last words, her fury mounted to such a pitch as to stop her powers of respiration. She panted, groaned, and at length fainted away. As she was falling, I caught her in my arms, and placed her upon a sofa. Then hastening to the door, I summoned her women to her assistance. I committed her to their care, and took the opportunity of escaping.

Agitated beyond expression, I bent my steps towards the garden; and as I passed by a parlour, whose windows looked into it, I observed Agnes seated at a table. She was occupied in drawing. I entered, undetermined whether I should acquaint her with the declaration of the baroness. 'Oh! is it only you?' said she, raising her head. 'You are no stranger, and I shall continue my amusement. Take a chair, and seat yourself by.' I obeyed, and placing myself near the table, I took up one of the drawings which struck me by its singularity. It represented the great hall of the castle of Lindenberg. A door conducting to a narrow stair-case stood half open. In the fore ground appeared a group. of figures in the most grotesque attitudes, staring at a female of more than human stature, clothed in the habit of some re-'igious order. Her face was veiled; on her arm hung a chaplet of beads; her dress was in several places stained with blood, which trickled from a wound on her bosom. In one hand she held a lamp, in the other a large knife, and seemed advancing toward the iron gates of the hall.

'What can this mean Agnes? Is this some invention of your own?' said I. 'Oh, no,' she replied; 'can you possibly have lived at Lindenberg for three whole months without hearing of the Bleeding Nun!'—'You are the first who ever mentioned her to me. Pray, who may the lady be?'—'That is more than I can pretend to tell you. All my knowledge of her history comes from an old tradition in the family, which has been handed down from father to son, and is firmly credited throughout the baron's domains. According to the tradition, about a century ago, she was first seen, and from that time she has not ceased to terrify our domestics out of their lives. She occasionally ventured into the old galle-

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ries, paced up and down the spacious hall; or sometimes stopping at the doors of the chambers, she wept and wailed there to the universal terror of the inhabitants. In these nocturnal excursions she was seen by different people, who all describe her appearance, as you behold it here traced.'

The singularity of this story insensibly engaged my attention. 'Did she never speak to those who met her?' said I, Not she. The specimens indeed which she gave nightly of her talents for conversation were by no means inviting. Sometimes the castle rung with oaths and execrations; a moment after, she repeated her paternoster; in short, she seemed a mighty capricious being; but whether she prayed or cursed, whether she was impious or devout, she always contrived to terrify her auditors out of their senses. The castle became scarcely habitable; and its lord was so frightened by these midnight revels, that one morning he was found dead in his bed. For some time after no news was heard of her. But at the end of five years she ventured to peep abroad again. However, she was now grown much more tractable, and well-behaved. She walked about in silence, and never made her appearance above once in five years. This custom, if you will believe the baron, she still continues. He is fully persuaded, that on the fifth of May of every fifth year, as soon as the clock strikes one, the door of the haunted chamber opens. This room has been shut up for near a century. Then out walks the ghostly Nun with her lamp and dagger: she descends the stair-case of the eastern tower, and crosses the great hall. On that night the porter always leaves the gates of the castle open, out of respect for her ghostship.

'And do you believe this, Agnes?'—'No, Alphonso, how ever, I dare not avow my incredulity to the baroness; she entertains not a doubt of the truth of this history.—As to dame Cunegonda, my governess, she protests that fifteen years ago, she saw the spectre with her own eyes. From her account I drew this sketch; and you may be certain tha: Cunegonda was not omitted. There she is! I shall never forget what a passion she was in, and how ugly she looked while she scolded me for having made her picture so like nerself.'

'This figure is admirable, my dear Agnes!'—'Stay a moment,' she replied. 'I will show you another figure.' She rose, went to a cabinet, and unlocking a drawer, took out a small case which she opened, and presented to me. 'Do you know the resemblance?' said she, smiling. It was her own. Transported at the gift, I pressed the portrait to my ips. I threw myself at her feet, and declared my gratitude in the most affectionate terms. Suddenly she uttered a loud shriek, disengaged the hand which I held, and flew from the room by a door which opened into the garden. Amazed at this abrupt departure, I rose hastily from my knees, and beheld with confusion the baroness standing near me, glowing with jealousy, and almost choked with rage.

'Mv suspicions then were just,' said she; 'the coquetry of my neice has triumphed, and 'tis to her that I am sacrificed. In one respect however, I am fortunate. I shall not be the only one who laments a disappointed passion. You, too, shall know what it is to love without hope. To-morrow morning we meet for the last time. Farewell, signor.' Having said this, she darted upon me a look of pride, contempt and malice; and quitted the apartment. I also retired to mine, and consumed the night in planning the means of rescuing Agnes. After this declaration, it was impossible for me to make a longer stay at the castle; accordingly, I announced my immediate departure. The baron declared that it gave him sincere pain; and he expressed himself in my favour so warmly, that I endeavoured to win him over to my interest Scarcely had I mentioned the name of Agnes, when he stopped me short, and said that it was totally out of his power to interfere in the business; and I was obliged to depart without seeing Agnes.

Scarcely had we proceeded half a mile from the castle, when Tdeodore rode up to the chaise door. 'Take courage, signor!' said he, and then presented a small note, addressed to me. I opened it with impatience. It contained the following words:—

'Conceal yourself for the next fortnight in some neighbouring village. My aunt will believe you have quitted Lindenberg, and I shall be restored to liberty. I will be in the west pavilion at twelve o'clock on the night of thirtieth

Fail not to be there, and we shall have an opportunity of concerting our future plans, Adieu.

AGNES.

On perusing these lines, my transports exceeded all bounds; neither did I set any to the expressions of gratitude which I now heaped upon Theodore. I obeyed the instructions of Agnes. I proceeded to Munich. There I left my chaise under the care of Lucas, my French servant, and then returned on horseback to a small village, four miles distant from the castle of Lindenberg.

The long wished for night arrived. It was calm, and the moon at the full. As soon as the clock struck eleven, I hastened to my appointment. Theodore provided a ladder, and I ascended the garden wall without difficulty. I posted myself in the west pavilion, and waited impatiently for the approach of Agnes. Every breeze that whispered, every leaf that fell, I believed to be her footstep, and hastened to meet her. The castle bell at length told twelve, and I heard the light foot of my mistress approaching with caution. I flew to receive her, and conducted her to a seat; 'We have no time to lose, Alphonso,' said she, 'an express is arrived from my father. I must depart immediately for Madrid; 'tis with difficulty that I have obtained a week's delay. The superstition of my parents, supported by the representations of my cruel aunt, leaves me no hope of softening them to compassion. In this dilemma I have resolved to commit myself to your honour. God grant that you may never give me cause to repent my resolution! Now listen to the plan by which I hope to effect my escape:—We are now at the thirtieth of April; and on the fifth day from this the visionary nun is expected to appear. In my last visit to the convent, I provided myself with a dress proper for the character. Provide a carriage, and be at a little distance from the great gate of the castle. As soon as the clock strikes one, I shall quit my chamber, dressed in the same apparel as the ghost is supposed to wear. Whoever meets me will be too much terrified to oppose my escape; I shall easily reach the door, and throw myself under your protection. Thus far success is certain. But, oh! Alphonso, should you deceive me!should you despise my imprudence, and reward it with ingratitude, the world will not hold a more wretched being

than myself. I feel all the dangers to which I shall be exposed; I feel that I am giving you a right to treat me with levity; but I rely upon your love, upon your honour. On yourself alone rests all my hope; and if your own heart does not plead in my behalf, I am undone for ever.

The tone in which she pronounced these words was so touching, that in spite of my joy at receiving her promise to follow me, I could not help being affected. I protested, in the most solemn terms, that her virtue and innocence should be safe in my keeping; and that, till the church had made her my lawful wife, her honour should be held by me as sa cred as a sister's.

The fifth of May arrived, a period never to be forgotten. Before the clock struck twelve, I betook myself to the scene of action. Theodore followed. I concealed the carriage in a spacious cavern of the hill, on whose brow the castle was situated. It was of considerable depth, and was known by the name of Lindenberg Hole. The night was calm and beautiful; the moon shone upon the ancient towers of the castle, and shed upon their summits a silver light. The castle bell announced the hour of midnight; the lights gradually disappeared, and at length the whole building was lost in darkness.

I approached the castle, and ventured to walk round it. A few rays of light still glimmered in the chamber of Agnes. I observed them with joy. I was still gazing on them, when I perceived a figure draw near the window; and the curtain was carefully closed, to conceal the lamp which burned there. Convinced, by this observation, that Agnes had not abandoned our plan, I returned with a light heart and bounding step to my former station. The half hour struck; the three quarters struck; my bosom beat high with hope and expectation. At length the wished-for sound was heard. The bell tolled one, and the mansion echoed with the noise, roud and solemn. I looked up to the casement of the haunted chamber. Scarcely had five minutes elapsed, when the expected ghost passed by the staircase windows. I traced the light through the hall: it reached the portal, and I beheld Agnes pass through the folding gates. She was habited exactly as she had described the spectre; a chaplet of beads hung upon her arm; her head was enveloped in a long white veil; her nun's dress was stained with blood; and she had taken care to provide herself with a lamp and dagger. She advanced towards the spot where I stood. I flew to meet her, and clasped her in my arms.

'Agnes,' said I, while I pressed her to my bosom;

'Agnes, Agnes, thou art mine;
Agnes, Agnes, I am thine,
In my veins while blood shall roll,
Thou art mine,
I am thine,
Thine my body, thine my soul.'

Terrified and breathless, she was unable to speak. She dropped her lamp and dagger, and sunk upon my bosom in silence. I raised her in my arms, and conveyed her to the carriage. I also charged Theodore with a letter to the baroness, explaining the whole affair, and my real name; and entreating her good offices in reconciling Don Gaston to my union with his daughter.

I stepped into the carriage, where Agnes was already seated. Theodore closed the door, and the postillions drove away. At first I was delighted with the rapidity of our progress; but as soon as we were in no danger of pursuit, I called to the drivers and bade them moderate their pace. They strove in vain to obey me; the horses refused to answer the rein, and they continued to rush on with astonishing swiftness. Uttering a loud shriek, the drivers were hurled upon the ground. Immediately thick clouds obscured the sky; the winds howled around us, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared tremendously. Terrified by the jar of contending elements, the horses seemed every moment to increase their speed, when a loud crash announced that a stop was put to our progress in a most disagreeable manner. The carriage was shattered to pieces. In falling, I struck my cemple against a flint, and I lay without animation on the ground. I probably remained for some time in this situavon, since when I opened my eyes, it was broad day-light Several peasants were standing round me, disputing whether 'uy recovery was possible. I spoke German tolerably well, as soon as I could speak, I enquired after Agnes. What was my surprise and distress, when assured by the peasants,

that nobody had been seen, answering the description which I gave of her! I besought the peasants to disperse themselves in search of her, and promised immense rewards to whoever brought me any intelligence. As for myself, it was impossible for me to join in the pursuit. I had broken one of my ribs in the fall; my arm was dislocated; and my left leg was bruised terribly.

The peasants complied with my request; after they had conveyed me to the nearest inn, where I was immediately put to bed. A surgeon was sent for, who set my arm with success; he then examined my other hurts, and told me that I need be under no apprehension of them, but ordered me to keep myself quiet, and be prepared for a tedious cure.

One after another the peasants returned, and informed me that no traces had been discovered of my unfortunate mistress. Uneasiness now became despair.

The day passed away; and still no news of Agnes. The anxiety of fear now gave place to despondency. I ceased to rave about her, and was plunged in the depth of melancholy reflection. Repose I woed in vain; the agitation of my bosom chased away sleep. Restless in my mind, in spite of the fatigue of my body, I continued to toss from side to side, till the clock in a neighbouring steeple struck one. I shuddered without knowing why. Suddenly I heard slow and heavy steps ascending the staircase. A single rushlight, which glimmered upon the hearth, shed a faint gleam through the apartment, which was hung with tapestry. The door was thrown open with violence; a figure entered, and drew near my bed with solemn measured steps. With trembling apprehension I examined this midnight visitor. It was the Bleeding Nun; it was my lost companion. She lifted up her veil slowly. What a sight presented itself to my startled eyes. I beheld before me an animated corpse!

I gazed upon the spectre with horror too great to be described. My blood was frozen in my veins. I would have called for aid, but the sound expired ere it could pass my lips. My nerves were bound up in impotence, and I remained in the same attitude inanimate as a statute. The

visionary nun looked upon me for some minutes in silence; there was something petrifying in her regard. At length, in a hollow sepulchral voice, she pronounced the following words:—

'Raymond, Raymond, thou art mine:
Raymond, Raymond, I am thine,
In thy veins while blood shall roll,
I am thine,
Thou art mine,
Mine thy body, mine thy soul.

Breathless with fear, I listened while she repeated my own expressions. The apparition seated herself opposite to me at the foot of my bed, and was silent. In this attitude she remained for a whole long hour without speaking or moving; nor was I able to do either. At length the clock struck two. The apparition then rose from her seat and grasped my hand with her icy fingers, which hung lifeless upon the coverlet, and pressing her cold lips to mine, again repeated.

'Raymond, Raymond, thou art mine;' &c.

She dropped my hand, and quitted the chamber with slow steps. Till that movement the faculties of my body had been all suspended; those of my mind had alone been waking. The charm now ceased to operate; the blood that had been frozen in my veins, rushed back to my heart with violence; I uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless upon my pidow.

The morning came, but Agnes and the Bleeding Nun still presented themselves by turns to my fancy, and combined to harrass and torment me. I awoke fatigued and unrefreshed. My fever seemed rather augmented than diminished; the agitation of my mind impeded my fractured bones from knitting. I had frequent fainting fits; and during the whole day the Physician never quitted me.

As the night drew near, I dreaded its arrival; yet I strove to persuade myself that the ghost would appear no more; and at all events I desired that a servant might set up in my chamber.

By the aid of a sleeping-draught, I sunk into a tranqui.

slumber, and had already slept some hours, when the neighbouring clock roused me by striking one. I started up in my bed, and perceived the servant fast asleep in the arm chair. I shook him forcibly by the arm, and strove in vain to wake him; I now heard the heavy steps ascending the staircase; the door was thrown open, again the Bleeding Nun stood before me, and once more I heard those fatal words repeated:—

'Raymond, Raymond, thou art mine;' &c.

The scene which had shocked me so sensibly on the former night, was again presented. The spectre again pressed her lips to mine, again touched me with her rotting fingers, and, as on her first appearance, quitted the chamber as soon as the clock struck two. Every night was this repeated. The greatest horror and constant agitation of my mind, naturally retarded the re-establishment of my health. Several months elapsed before I was able to sit up in my bed; and when at length, I was removed to a sofa, I was so faint, spiritless, and emaciated, that I could not cross the room without assistance.

You may be surprised that during this time I made no enquiries after your sister. Theodore, who with difficulty had discovered my abode, had quietted my apprehensions for her safety. At the same time he convinced me, that all attempts to release her from captivity must be fruitless, till I should be in a condition to return to Spain. The particulars of her adventure, which I shall now retate to you, were partly communicated to me by Theodore, and partly by Agnes herself.

On the fatal night when the elopement was to have taken place, accident had prevented her quitting her chamber at the appointed time. At length she ventured into the room, descended the staircase leading into the hall, found the gates open as she expected, and left the castle unobserved. What was her surprise at not finding me ready to receive her! She examined the cavern, ranged through every ally of the neighbouring wood, and passed two full hours in this fruitless search. She could discover no trace either of me or of the carriage. Alarmed

and disappointed, her only resource was to return to the castle before the baroness missed her; this she did; and having thrown off the spectre's trappings, retired to bed, endeavouring in vain to account for my disappearing. In the mean while, Theodore, having seen my carriage drive off with the false Agnes, returned joyfully to the village, and next morning returned to the castle. There they found the baron, his lady, and Don Gaston, disputing together upon the existence of spectres. They were still discussing the subject when Theodore appeared who cleared up the mystery. On hearing his deposition, it was agreed unanimously, that the Agnes whom Theodore had seen step into my carriage, must have been the Bleeding Nun, and that the supposed ghost could be no other than Don Gaston's daughter.

The first surprise which this discovery-occasioned being over, the baroness resolved to make it of use in persuading her niece to take the veil. Fearing lest so advantageous an establishment for his daughter should induce Don Gaston to renounce his resolution, she suppressed my letter, and continued to represent me as a needy, unknown adventurer. Don Gaston having approved his sister's design, Agnes was summoned to appear before them. She was taxed with having meditated an elopement, obliged to make full confession, and was amazed at the gentleness with which it was received. But what was her affliction, when informed that the failure of her project must be attributed to me! and that I desired the baroness to inform her that our connexion was at an end; and that it by no means suited my circumstances to marry a woman without fortune or expectations.

These seeming proofs of my perfidy, aided by the artful insinuations of her aunt, and her father's threats and anger, entirely conquered your sister's repugnance to a convent.—Incensed at my behaviour, and disgusted with the world in general, she consented to receive the veil. She passed another month at the castle of Lindenberg, during which my non-appearance confirmed her in her resolution, and then accompanied her father into Spain.

After being nightly disturbed for a considerable time, I fortunately discovered a celebrated exorciser, who sat up with me to allay the spirit. As usual, after the clock struck one,

I heard the spectre's footsteps upon the staircase. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, and the exorciser then uttered some words, to me unintelligible. He then addressed the Bleeding Nun as follows: 'Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit? To this she replied: 'Fain would I repose in my grave; but know that my bones lie still unburied; they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg Hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul.—Never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror, unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposite them in the family vault of the Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble the world no more.' To this I nodded assent, the apparition bowed her head and melted into air. The exorciser then addressed me thus:— Don Raymond, you have heard the conditions on which repose is promised you; be it your business to fulfil them to the letter.'

From this period, I recovered my health rapidly. The Bleeding Nun appeared no more; and I was soon able to set out for Lindenberg. On my way there one evening, the night was dark, and unaccompanied I was plunged in melancholy reflection, I perceived not that three men had followed me, till on turning the corner, they all attacked me at once. I defended myself for some time, and laid one of them at my feet. At this time, a cavalier came up sword in hand, and the assassins fled. What was my surprise, when an explanation succeeded, to find that my deliverer was your father Don Gaston! From him it was I learned that Agnes was professed, and had taken the sisterhood of St. Clare.

This information delivered my mind from a mountain of suspense, and at once made me resolve to obtain admittance in disguise to the convent. To obtain this end, I set Theodore to work, and he attacked the gardener.

By bribes and promises the plan was soon settled. I disguised myself, and was admitted as his assistant. In this character I was soon successful; on the fourth day, she entered the garden, and seated herself on one of the seats. Seeing no one near, I approached her. She recognised me, and rising, attempted to retire; but I seized her hand, and entreated to be heard. Persuaded of my falsehood, she refused. My prayers at length prevailed. I related to her the events of the fifth of May. She seemed affected at my sufferings; and when I had concluded, blamed herself for the steps she had taken. 'But it is now too late,' said she; 'the die is cast; my vows are pronounced, and I am dedicated to the service of heaven. We must part; nor can we, on this side the grave, ever meet again.'

As I had succeeded in convincing her of my truth, I strove to overrule these ill-grounded suspicions; and represented to her how easy it would be to obtain for her a dispensation of her vows from the Pope. I believe I had almost obtained her consent, when the vesper-bell summoning the nuns, she left me, but not till she had promised to see me again on the following morning.

Our meetings continued in this manner for several weeks, and it is with shame I acknowledge, that in one of our interviews, in an ungarded moment, the honour of Agnes was sacrificed to my passion. Scarcely had we fallen into our error, ere she became sensible of her imprudence. She started from my arms with horror, and exclaimed, 'monster of deceit! I trusted to your honour and I have been deceived! you, whom I adored have covered me with infamy! 'Tis you have seduced me from my God.—Go, nor ever see me more!' Saying this, she darted from me, and was out of sight ere I had recovered from the stupor into which her reproaches had thrown me.

Fruitless were the attempts I made to see her; my supplitions for two months were unavailing; she persisted in her refusals, and I was thinking of returning home, in an agony of mind not to be described, when I received a letter from her, I eagerly tore it open and read as follows.

'Into what an abyss of misery have you plunged me. Raymond, I had resolved to see you no more, to hate you, or at least to forget you; but a being for whom I already feel a mother's tenderness, solicits me to pardon my seducer, and to apply to his love for protection. Yes, your child lives in my

bosom! I tremble for my fate. Should I be discovered I am lost. Fly to save me, to save your unborn infant. Procure a dispensation of my vows, and demand me of the prioress. Oh! Raymond, little did I think you would make me feel these agonies! But haste, save me, or a death the most terrible awaits your once loved

AGNES.'

It was an answer to this letter you saw me place under the pedestal of the saint. I will now conclude my story. Though I have nothing to urge as an excuse for my conduct, yet as my intentions always were, and still are honourable, I trust you will aid me in repairing my fault to your sister, and in securing a lawful title to her heart and hand."

Raymond,' said Lorenzo, taking his hand, 'strict honour would oblige me to wash off in your blood the stain thrown upon my family; but the circumstances of your case forbid me to consider you as an enemy. What has passed between you cannot be recalled, but may yet be repaired by uniting you to my sister. You have been, you still continue to be, my dearest, and indeed my only friend. I feel for Agnes the truest affection; and there is no one on whom I would bestow her more willingly than yourself. Pursue then your design and my aid shall not be wanting.'

In pursuance of the plan laid down, Lorenzo on the morrow, went to the convent, and asked to see his sister. The prioress appeared at the grate with a melancholy countenance; she informed him, that for several days past, Agnes had appeared much agitated, that she pressed her to reveal the cause; she had obstinately refused, and that she was now so ill as to be confined to her bed. Lorenzo did not believe a word of this; but was obliged to depart; next day he was again there, but met with no better success. 'She was worse.' At length after a few days, he was informed she was dead; 'and,' continued the prioress, 'thanks to the Virgin for it, for, signor she expired in giving birth to a still born child!

Lorenzo was thunderstruck at the intelligence of her death. He hastened to inform Raymond; but the Marquis was not to be deceived. He soon convinced Lorenzo that it was all plan; that she was vet alive; but he trembled for her, be-

cause he thought she was discovered. Time was precious. The two friends proceeded to Rome, but two months elapsed before they procured the dispensation. They hastened back to Madrid, and, accompanied by the officers of the Inquisition, appeared at the convent, and demanded that the body of Agnes should be delivered up to them. This mandate the lady abbess knew she dare not refuse; but seized with consternation, on finding that all would be discovered, she fell on her knees, and after entreating for pardon, related the following dreadful tale:—

'From the first moment Agnes de Medina was introduced to the convent, I observed a repugnance to our mode of life which, in spite of her endeavours would break forth. first I took no notice of it, but only strove to inspire her with a love for religious retirement. In this, after some time, I thought I had succeeded; she grew more cheerful, less reserved, and seemed to think less of the austerity of our rules. In this manner two years passed away; at the end of that time Agnes relapsed into a second fit of despondency; neither persuasions, threats, nor the severest discipline, couldmake her tell the cause of her uneasiness; day after day elapsed, and she grew worse and worse; she took to her bed; I attended her, and supplied her with every thing I thought she wanted. But judge of my astonishment when I discovered the cause of her illness to be pregnancy! Surprise and indignation kept me mute for some time; but when I recovered I loaded her with every reproach I could utter. So flagrant an injustice could not pass unnoticed. I summoned twelve of the oldest nuns, and informed them of my intention to revive an old law of our convent, which orders that a nun convicted of incontinence, should be chained to the ground, in a damp and dark cell under ground; and be allowed but one small loaf and a pitcher of water for three day's support; the scanty sustenance being insufficient to support life for a long period, the criminal suffers a lingering, painful, and dreadful death. This was the punishment I denounced against Agnes; but nine out of the twelve nuns opposed it so strongly, that I was obliged to seem to give it up. However, it was only in appearance; for what I could not do openly, I was determined to do privately. Assisted by the three nuns who did not oppose the punishment I proposed, I prepared a draught of a stupifying nature. With a

cup full of this in my hand, at midnight, we repaired to the cell of Agnes, and after I had again reproached her for her error in the bitterest terms passion could suggest, I bade her drink the contents of the cup. Thinking it to be poison, and trembling to find herself upon the brink of eternity, the unhappy girl besought me to pity her—to suffer her to live—though but for a day; I will hasten to conclude my dreadful tale. I was unmoved; and at length, finding mercy was denied her, she took the cup, and drank it up. In a few minutes, after praying fervently to heaven for mercy, she fell back, and sunk into insensibility. After we had laid her out and placed her into a coffin, we summoned the rest of the nuns, and showed them the dead body of Agnes, informing them at the same time that she had expired in the night. The tale was believed, and they soon after left the cell.

The draught she had swallowed was too powerful for he to awake till midnight of the following day; and to finish my scheme, I had her buried in the vault of the chapel, as soon as the night was commenced. About two hours after, I with three nuns, went down into the vault, removed the lid from the coffin, and taking her out, conveyed her to the cell doomed by me as the place of her punishment. I placed the chain round her body, put a pitcher of water, and a loaf of bread, by her side, and left her. In four days time, I visited her again, and found her bewailing her unhappy fate. I put the bread and water by her side without speaking. Since that time, I have seen her but occasionally; the last time I visited the cell, she was reduced to a mere skeleton. If you wish to save her life, you must be quick; or I fear she will have breathed her last.

For some time, Lorenzo and Don Raymond, were too much affected to reply; but soon recollecting themselves, they gave the abbess in charge to the officers of the inquisition, and then proceeded in search of Agnes.

The nun who served as a guide first conducted them to a statue of St. Francis, which they removed from its pedestal, and descended a flight of stone steps; when they got to the bottom, an abyss so dark and profound presented itself to their view, that the rays of the lamp could scarcely penetrate the thick gloom. They however proceeded onward, and

reached the bottom unhurt. Pausing a moment to determine which way to proceed, they heard a heavy groan, and shortly after another. They followed the sound, and soon entered a loathsome dungeon, where, on bed of straw, lay a creature so wretched, so loathsome, so emaciated, that she seemed scarcely human.—She was half naked, and her long matted hair fell in disorder over her face, and almost concealed it. One wasted arm hung lifeless by her side, and the other enclosed a something which she pressed to her bosom. She bent over it and kissed it; they drew back and shuddered with disgust. 'Ah!' exclaimed she, 'it was once so sweet, so lovely, so like him!—but now—Oh! God! are they thy servants who caused his death?—no; they are fiends.— But no matter-'twill soon be over. I shall soon be as Two days, and no food! am I thus left to perish? Till now 1 knew not hunger.—Hark! no one comes; they will come no more!' She was silent, she shivered, and drew the rug over her shoulders.

They stopped; they were petrified with horror. At length they approached. At the sound of their footsteps she started, and staring at Lorenzo and Raymond, exclaimed, 'Almighty God! is it possible? Yes, it is, it is!'——Her feelings overpowered her; she fainted.

The two friends raised her from the ground, and tearing the staple, which confined her by the waist, from the wall, bent their steps from this abode of wretchedness and sorrow. They gained the top in safety, and conveyed their burden to the parlour of the convent, where she was put to bed. Medical aid was instantly procured; but the sufferings of the fair mourner had so wasted her frame, that her life was for some time despaired of; youth, however, favoured by a good constitution, at length triumphed over the disease, and ere two months had elapsed she was sufficiently recovered to be removed to the house of her faithful and constant Raymond.

The next day, Lorenzo, Raymond, and a few other friends being present, Agnes explained several particulars of her history, of which they were unacquainted.

'My supposed death,' said she, 'was attended with the greatest agonies. Those moments which I believed my last,

were embittered by the abbess's execrations and assurances of eternal perdition; and as my eyes closed, I heard her rage exhale itself in curses of my offence. The horror of such a situation was more dreadful than I can describe. When animation again recalled me to life, what was my horror at beholding my tormentor before me! Driven to despair, I forgot her cruelty, and threw myself upon my knees before her, and besaught her to pity me, if not for myself, at least for the sake of the unborn babe; but this only seemed to exasperate her the more. 'What!' said she, 'dare you plead for the offspring of your shame? Abandoned wretch! speak for it no more.' So saying, she darted at me a most malignant glance and left the cell.

My vental anguish, and the dreadful scenes in which I had been an actress, advanced the period of my labour. In solitude and misery, abandoned by all, was I delivered of my wretched burthen. It came alive into the world; but 1 knew not by what means to preserve its existence. I could anly bathe it with tears, warm it in my bosem, and offer up prayers for its safety. I was soon deprived of this mournful employment. The want of proper attendance, and the bitter cold of the dungeon, terminated my sweet babe's short and painful existence. It expired in a few hours after its birth, and I witnessed its death with agonies which beggar all description. I rent my winding-sheet, and wrapped in it my lovely child. I placed it on my bosom, its soft arm folded round my neck, and its pale cold cheek resting upon mine. Thus did its lifeless limbs repose, while I covered it with my kisses, talked to it, wept, and mourned over it, without in termission day or night.

Day after day passed in this manner, and at length I became a mere skeleton; my eyes failed me, and my limbs began to stiffen. Death would soon have put an end to my sufferings; but my guardian angels, my brother and my Raymond, saved my life, and to them it is that I owe my existence—my all! She ceased, and once more received their congratulations on her happy preservation.

The abbess of St. Clare was, in consequence of an appeal made by Lorenzo, cited before the Holy Inquisition; and being convicted of cruelty in exceeding the bounds of

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her authority, by conspiring against the life of the unfortunate Agnes, she was condemned to expiate her crime by the forfeiture of her life.

The religious engagements of Agnes having been dissolved by the Pope's bull, the marriage of Raymond and Agnes was soon after celebrated with all possible splendour, and the happy couple set out for Raymond's castle in Andalusia.

Biest with the completion of their every wish, the remaining years of Raymond and Agnes passed in as perfect happiness as is allowed to mortals; and if at any time they felt the casual pang of affliction, they thought but lightly of it, and it passed over as the wind o'er the surface of the water; they had both drank deeply of the cup of bifferness; now, therefore, they knew how to prize and to enjoy the sweets of life.

BAUL AND VIRGINIA.

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About the year 1735, a young man of the name of Monsieur De la Tour, a native of Normandy, after having in vain tried to gain employment to support an amiable wife and expected infant, in despite of the cruel neglect of his friends, who had forsaken him on account of his marrying against their consent, took up his residence in the valley of Port Louis, in the Isle of France, after having bade a long farewell to his native country. Madame De la Tour was descended from a rich and ancient family in the south part of France, but had forfeited her fortune by an union with him, in opposition to her relations, who withheld their consent because he was not honoured with as noble a pedigree as that which they had to boast of. Unfortunately for him, he landed at the island at the very period of time when the unhealthy season set in, and died soon after of a pestilential fever.

The effects of which he died possessed were rapaciously seized on by strangers; and his wife, whom he had left behind him, found herself, at the very moment when she was forming plans of future happiness, a widow, pregnant, and without any other friend in the world than a female

negro, in a country where she was a stranger.

In the place to which Madame De la Tour had retreated, dwelt a young woman of a good-natured, lively, and tender disposition; her name was Marguerite; she was born in Brittany, of a family of peasants, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and with whom she might have passed her time in rural innocence, if she had not listened to a gentleman, who, under promise of marriage, triumphed over her simplicity, and then left her in a state of pregnancy, without making the smallest provision for the child she was about to bring into the world. Overwhelmed with grief and vexation, the wretched Marguerite resolved to leave the place of her birth for ever, and

retire to some distant colony, where her error might be buried in oblivion, since she had lost the only portion which a poor and honest girl can boast of-her reputation. An old black, whom she had purchased with some borrowed money, assisted her in cultivating the small spot which she had chosen for an asylum; and here it was that Madame De la Tour, assisted by her negress, found her in the action of suckling her child, who was delighted at meeting with a female in a situation nearly the same with her own; and immediately informed her, in a few words, of the principal occurrences of her past life. Marguerite was moved with pity at the recital; and willing rather to merit her considence than her esteem, made a brief narration of her own misfortunes, even without concealing the error which she had been guilty of; and then, after shedding a flood of tears, made her an offer of her hut and friendship. Madame De la Tour, moved with this kind reception, took her in her arms, and exclaimed, "Surely heaven at length has put a period to my woes, since it has inspired you with more goodness towards me than I ever received at the hands of my relations." emotions of these new friends were no sooner subsided, than Marguerite called in La Varole, an elderly peasant, who resided in an adjacent hut, and whom she always consulted in cases of emergency. He was no sooner seated, than she gave him a brief abstract of her friend's misfortunes; upon which the venerable peasant, perceiving Madame De la Tour to be pregnant, advised the two friends, for the interest of their children, and to prevent the intrusion of other settlers, to divide equally the property of the wild sequestered valley between them, which contained about twenty acres. This proposal was readily agreed to, and the dividing it immediately undertaken by the worthy peasant, who marked out two equal portions of land, the one extending from the summit of the mountain to a white cliff, the other comprised all the foot of the mountain, and extended along the banks of the river to a rising eminence.

La Varole had no sooner made this division, than he persuaded the two friends to draw lots for the same; when the higher station fell to Madame de la Tour, and the lower one to Marguerite, upon which the ladies declared themselves perfectly contented, each with her re

spective lot, at the same time requesting that he would place their habitation as close to each other as possible, in order that they might enjoy the sweet and soothing intercourse of friendship without interruption. To this La Varole readily assented; and in a few days, with the assistance of Domingo, built a small but neat cottage ad-

joining to that of Marguerite.

The new cottage was but just finished, when Madame De la Tour was delivered of a fine girl. And when the smiling infant was enrolled a member of the Christain religion, she gave her the name of Virginia. The two cottages, by the time of Madame De la Tour's recovery. began to be tolerably comfortable, partly through the attention of their worthy friend La Varole, but still more so by the assiduity and industry of the two slaves. Marguerite's, whom they called Domingo, was an Ilof black, still strong and hearty, though far advanced in years, and possessed of great experience and good natural sense. He understood the cultivation of the ground, both sterile and fruitful, perfectly well, and adapted the several seeds to their different soils with the greatest nicety, particularly sowing small millet and Indian corn where the ground was of an inferior quality, and a little wheat where it was good, not forgetting among the rest, to sow a few tobacco-plants, wherewith, when they were come to perfection, he might sooth his own cares and those of his worthy mistresses. He also, when occasion required, cut fire-wood in the mountains. He was particularly attached to Marguerite, and very little less to Madame De la Tour, whose female slave he married a short time after the birth of Virginia. He loved his wife tenderly, whose name was Mary. She was born at Madagascar, and had brought with her from thence several mechanical arts, particularly the useful one of making baskets, and a kind of stuff called pagnes, with the long grass that grew in the adjacent forest; and to all these useful acquisitions she added the pleasing one of cleanliness. She had the care of dressing their victuals, breeding and feeding their small stock of poultry, and of going sometimes to Port Louis to dispose of the superfluity of the two plantations, which was inconsiderable. These two slaves, together with a couple of goats, brought up with the children, and a large dog, who watched out of doors in the night, formed the whole of the domestic department of the two little farms.

As for the two friends, they spun cotton from morn og to night; which employment just served to procure for themselves and their families the common necessaries of life: but in other respects they were so ill provided, that they never wore shoes except on a Sunday, when they went early in the morning to the church of Pamplemousses.

Nothing could exceed the attachment of the infants even in their cradle; and the first names they learned to give each other, upon their coming to the use of speech, was that of brother and sister. As soon as they grew up, the management of the household affairs devolved on Virginia, while Paul, who was never idle, either worked in the garden with Domingo, or followed him with a little hatchet to the woods; where, if in the course of his rambles, he espied any flower or fruit more curious than common, he immediately gathered and bore it in triumph to his beloved sister, whose culinary endeavours in preparing the frugal repast, which was always ready at his return from his

daily toils, met with his warmest approbation.

In this simple and artless manner passed the infantine years of Paul and Virginia. Already they partook of the household cares with their parents. Virginia arising at the dawn of day, hastened to draw water from an adjacent spring: which done, she prepared the breakfast; soon after which, when the sun illuminated the points of the mountain with his golden rays, Marguerite would repair with her son to Madame De la Tour's habitation, where this little family offered up their morning orisons to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. This dutiful ceremony always preceded their first repast, which they often partook of before the door of the cottage, seated on the mossy ground, under the shade of a plaintain tree, whose solid fruit furnished their table with food ready prepared to their hands, while its long and glossy leaves answered with them the purposes of table linen.

This plain but wholesome manner of living, gave additional growth and vigour to the persons of these amiable children, while their placid countenances expressed the purity and peace that was within their breasts; and thus by the time Virginia had attained her twelfth year, her figure was neatly formed; her light hair overshaded her forehead abundantly, while her blue eyes and coral lips gave a most tender expression to the tout ensemble of her

person. Her eyes sparkled with an indescribable vivacity, when she spoke; and when silent, they had a cast upward, which gave them an expression of sensibility, or rather that of tender metancholy. The figure of Paul already began to display the graces of manhood. He was considerably taller than his foster sister, his complexion more brown, his nose more aquiline; and his eyes, which were black, would have been too piercing, had it not been for the long eye-lashes which shaded, and at the same time

gave them an inexpressible degree of softness.

In the mean time, Madame de la Tour, who watched over the opening graces of her daughter with a mother's eye, felt maternal anxiety increase with her tenderness, and would often exclaim to Marguerite, "Oh, heavens! if I should die, what would become of Virginia, destitute as she is of fortune or estate?" This reflection naturally reminded her of an aunt whom she had in France, who was a woman of quality, rich, old, and a great bigot. This aunt had behaved exceedingly cruel on account of her marriage, and therefore she held no correspondence with her; but now she resolved to stifle her resentment for the sake of her daughter, and accordingly wrote to her, informing her of the sudden death of her husband, the birth of Virginia, and her apprehension of leaving the latter unprovided for. No answer, however, came, until the period of three years was nearly expired; when she was informed that the governor of the island had a letter for her from her aunt. She tlew immediately to Port Louis, regardless of the homely figure she cut; so much was her mind absorbed with the fond expectations which maternal hope and joy had formed to her enraptured fancy. On her arrival at the castle, upon her name being announced, she was introduced to the governor, who gave her the letter from her aunt · in which the latter tauntingly informed her she deserved all she had met with, for having married an adventurer; that the sudden death of her husband was a punishment inflicted on her by heaven for her disobedience; till at length, having vented all her abuse upon her unfortunate niece, she finished with an high coloured eulogium on her condescension; adding, in the postcript, that she had recommended her niece to the governor. This was indeed very true; but she had done it in such a manner as rather injured than promoted her in

the favour of the latter. Through this duplicity of the aunt, Madam De la Tour was received with the coolest indifference by the governor, who, at the same time as he promised to see what could be done for Virginia, strongly reprimanded her for having fled in the face of so respectable a relation as her aunt.

She returned home, her heart wounded with grief, and full of bitterness. Upon her arrival, she threw herself into a chair; and flinging her aunt's letter upon the table, exclaimed to her friend, "Behold the reward of twelve years' patience!" when the excess of emotion deprived her of the power of utterance. At this sight Virginia burst into tears, pressing alternately the hands of her mother and Marguerite to her lips and heart; while Paul, his eyes inflamed with rage, sobbed, clenched his hands, and stamped, not knowing whom he might blame for the scene of misery before him. By such tender marks of friendship, her sorrow was at length dissipated. She clasped Paul and Virginia in her arms, exclaimed at the same time. "My dear children! you, you are the cause of all my affliction; and yet you are the source of all my felicity." The infant minds of Paul and Virginia did not comprehend this reflection; but when they saw her returning to a state of calmness, they smiled, and continued their caresses. Thus tranquillity was once more restored, in despite. of what had passed, as a transient storm serves to give verdure to the face of nature.

Paul at twelve years of age was more robust than the generality of Europeans at fifteen, and his chief delight was in embellishing the plantations, which Domingo had only cultivated. Disposing the trees in such a manner that the whole could be commanded at one view, he planted in the middle of the hollow such plants as were of low growth; behind these grew the shrubs; then trees of the common height; and above all these, rose majestically the venerable lofty pines that closed the prospect; the whole presenting to view a verdant amphiineatre, spread with a diversity of fruits and flowers, a variety of vegetables, and fields well stored with rice and corn; while in blending these various productions to his own fancy he followed the designs of nature. Every plant grew in its proper soil, and every spot seemed ornamented by her hand. The waters which descended from

the summits of the rocks formed, in some parts of the valley, either liquid fountains or large mirrors of chrystal. in whose clear bosoms the trees in blossom, the bending rocks, and the azure heavens, were pourtrayed with redoubled splendour; in short the whole was so well contrived, that notwithstanding the extreme irregularity of the ground, most of the plantations were easy of access. On the point of a neighbouring rock, which projected from the mountain, one might obtain a clear view of the inclosure, and of the distant ocean, together with (at times) the pleasing sight of a vessel coming from Europe. On this rock the two families used to assemble on an eve ning, where they enjoyed in silence the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the murmurs of the fountains, and the last blended harmonies of light and shade. That rock which we just mentioned, and from whence the approach of La Varole could be discerned for several yards distance, was called the Discovery of

Paul and Virginia, amid their rural sports, had planted a bamboo on that spot; and as soon as they perceived him coming, would hoist up a little white flag as a signal of his approach, taking the hint from seeing the natives hoist a flag upon the neighbouring mountain on the appearance of

a vessel at sea.

But of all these charming retreats, none could be more agreeable than the one, which they called the Repose of Virginia; at the foot of the rock called the Discovery of Friendship, there was an hollow, or nook, from whence issued a fountain forming in its source a small spot of marshy ground, in the midst of a fine field of rich grass. When Marguerite was delivered of Paul, La Varole made her a present of an Indian cocoa, which she planted on the border of the last-mentioned place, in order that the tree which it should happen to produce might serve as a mark of the epoch of the birth of her son; which mode of calculation was also adopted by Madame De la Tour, who planted another at the birth of Virginia. These two trees formed all the records of the family, while the one was called "the tree of Paul," and the other "the tree of Virginia." They grew in the same proportion as the two young people whose names they bore, of an unequal height, till, at the expiration of twelve years, they

had raised their heads considerably above the cottages. Already their tender stalks began to entwine among each other; the young branches of these cocoas hung pendant over the basin of the fountain. With the exception of this small plantation, the nook of the rock had been left undecorated by any other hand than that of nature Virginia loved to repose herself on the borders of this fountain, decorated with a degree of magnificence at once both wild and sublime. Often would she seat herself under the cocoa trees, where she sometimes led her goats to graze; and as she prepared cheeses from

their milk, was delighted to see them browse.

Paul no sooner observed Virginia to be fond of this spot, than he brought thither from the neighbouring forest a great variety of birds' nests; the result of which was, that the old birds followed their young ones, and soon established themselves in this new colony, to which they were in some measure induced by the kind usage of Virginia, who, from time to time, threw among them a few grains of rice, maize, and millet. Accordingly, as soon as she appeared, the whistling blackbird, the amadavid bird, so remarkable for the peculiar softness of its note; and the cardinals, whose plumage is the colour of flame, forsook their bushes: while the paroquét, green as an emerald, descended from the adjacent fan palms, and the partridge ran along the grass. Thus they all advanced undauntedly toward her, like a brood of chickens; and while they were enjoying themselves over the scattered grains which had fallen from the hands of benevolence: Paul and Virginia used to observe with inexpressible delight their sports, their repasts, and their loves.

Thus passed the early days of these amiable children in innocence, and in the exercise of benevolence toward the whole living part of the creation, contentment was the beloved inmate of their cottages; and as they often sat under the shade of the rocks, it gave an additional zest to their rural repasts, which cost no animal its life, while gourds filled with milk, fresh eggs, rice, cakes neatly laid upon plaintain-leaves, baskets replete with mangoes, oranges, pomegranates, and bread-fruit, furnished the most delicious juices. In the rainy seasons, the two families assembled together in one of the huts, where they employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboos.

Rakes, spades, and hatchets, were ranged along the walls of their hut in the neatest order; and near those instruments of agriculture were placed the productions of their labours, namely, sacks of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantain. Some small degree of luxury is most commonly the concomitant of plenty. Virginia, instructed by her mother and Marguerite, made sherbert and cordials from the juice of the sugar cane, the orange, and the ciron. At night they supped by the light of a lamp; after which, Madame de la Tour, or Marguerite, recounted some tale or history, while their children listened with eager sensibility; after which, they would retire to rest,

impatient to meet again the next morning.

Paul, accompanied by his beloved Virginia, would frequently wander up and down the plantations, and sometimes they would prolong their walk along the sloping part of the mountain, until they came to the dwelling of La Varole, where they often found a dinner prepared against their arrival, on the banks of a little river which glided by his cottage. Upon these occasions, that venerable peasant would produce a bottle or two of old wine, in order to heighten the gaiety of their Indian repast by the cordial productions of Europe. These repasts were frequently succeeded by the songs of Virginia, chiefly treating on the pleasures of a rural life. Sometimes she performed a pantomine with Paul, after the manner of the Blacks. Virginia, choosing the subject from some of the most interesting histories which she had heard her mother read, represented the most striking passages with the most elegant simplicity. At the sound of Domingo's tamtam, she sometimes appeared on the grass-plat, bearing a pitcher on her head, and advancing with a timid step to draw water. Domingo and Mary, personating the shepherds of Median, forbade her to approach, and sternly repulsed her; upon which Paul would fly to her, and beat away the shepherds; then fill Virginia's pitcher; and placing it upon her head, bind her brows at the same time with a crown of the Madagascar periwinkle, which served to heighten the delicacy of her skin. Upon these occasions La Varole, joining their sports, would represent the part of Raguel, and bestow on Paul his daughter Zephorah in marriage.

Paul and Virginia had neither clock, almanac, nor

books of chronology, history, or philosophy. Ti riods of their lives were regulated by those of n ware; they knew the hour of the day only by the shadow of the trees; the seasons, by the times those trees bore flowers or fruits; and the years, by the number of harvests; while these pleasing images gave an inexpressible charm to their conversation. "It is time to dine," said Virginia to the family; "the shadows of the plaintaintrees are at their roots." Another time she would say, "I know night is near at hand, for the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" some of the youthful neighbours would inquire; to which Virginia replied, "At the time of the sugar-cane;" to which they answered, "it will then be the sweeter, and much more agreeable." When any one questioned her concerning the age of herself and Paul, she would reply, "My brother is of the same age as the great cocoa-cree of the fountain, and I number my years with those of the lit. tle one; the mangoes have borne fruit twelve times and the orange trees four-and-twenty times, since I made

my appearance in the world."

Frequently when they were alone, Paul would, on his return from labour, address himself to his beloved Virginia as follows:--" When I am fatigued with the toils of the day, the sight of you instantly refreshes me. If when on the top of the mountain, I perceive you in the valley below, methinks I behold a blushing rose in the midst of the orchard. Tell me my dear sister, by what charm you have enchanted me. Surely it cannot be your wisdom, since our mothers have more than either of us; nor by your caresses, since they embrace me much oftener than you do; it must certainly then be through your goodness. Here, my beloved, eat this honey-comb, which I have taken from the top of a rock." To this she replied, "O! my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning at the top of the mountain give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother and your's most tenderly; but when they call you their son, I love them almost to adoration. You ask, why you love me. Look at the birds trained up in the same nests; they love like me, and for the same reason, because they are always together. Hark how they call and answer one another from tree to tree; so when echo bears to my ears the airs which you

play on your flute at the summit of the mountain, I repeat the words in the bottom of the valley. I pray every day for my mother, for thine, for thee, and for our poor servants; but when I pronounce thy name, my devotion seems to receive new strength, and I fervently implore the Divine Author of our being to protect you from every danger. "Why will you go so far," continued the lovely maid, looking with the utmost tenderness in his face. "Why will you climb so high in search of fruit-trees and flowers for me? How much you are fatigued! Thou art in a most violent perspiration." She would then in the kindest manner, wipe the damp off his brow with her little white handkerchief.

About this time, one of those summers which frequently desolates such countries as are situated between the tropics, spread its destructive horrors over the island. It was the end of December, when the sun having entered Capricorn, darts for the space of three weeks, its vertical fires over the Isle of France. The south wind, which blows there nearly the whole year, now blew no longer; while the sun's scorching rays penetrated into the very bowels of the earth. The drooping cattle on the sides of the hills stretched out their necks towards heaven; and panting for air, made the valley reveberate with their melancholy lowings. The air resounded with the buz of insects, who sought to allay their thirst with the blood of men and beasts. On one of those sultry evenings Virginia arose, restless and uneasy, walked about a few paces, and then went to bed again; but in no attitude could she find either slumber or repose. Worn out with fatigue she again left her bed, and bent her way by the light of the moon toward her favourite fountain, which, in spite of the drought, still flowed like silver threads down the brown sides of the rock. Exhausted with the heat, she eagerly precipitated herself into the basin; when its coolness re-animated her spirits; but more especially the recollection that in that bath her mother and Marguerite had amused themselves with bathing her and Paul together in their infancy. These pleasing thoughts were however soon dissipated, when she reflected on the hour of the night, and the profound solitude which reigned around. Her imagination grew disordered, and she fled from those dangerous shades to her mother, in order to find an asylum

In the mean time, the intense heat drew from the ocean vapours, which covered the island like a vast parasol, and gathered round the summits of the mountains, while long flakes of fire darted forth every now and then from their foggy peaks. Immediately, the most tremendous thunder made the heavens resound, while it shook the woods, the plains, and the vallies, to their very centre. The rains poured from the skies like a second flood, and ran in foaming torrents down the mountain, at whose foot was built the cottages of the the two friends; in consequence of which, the valley beneath instantly became a little sea; the plot of ground on which the two houses were situated was an island; and also the entrance of the valley, a sluice, through which the roaring waters rushed precipitately, carrying before them vast quantities of earth, trees, and

pieces of rocks.

Alarmed at this convulsion of the elements, the two affrighted families humbled themselves in prayer before their Creator, in the dwelling of Madame De la Tour, whose roof cracked horribly when attacked by the winds which blew with the utmost violence, while the flashes of lightning were so vivid and frequent as to render every object from without (although the doors and windows were well fastened) discernable through the joints and crevices of the shutters. The intrepid Paul, followed by Domingo, went from one cottage to the other, regardless of the fury of the tempest, in one place supporting a partition with a buttress, and in another driving a stake where it was most wanted, returning only occasionally in order to console his beloved Virginia with the hopes of the storm being nearly exhausted, which however did not take place until the evening, when the rain ceased, the trade-winds of the south resumed their ordinary course, the tempestuous clouds were thrown to the north-east, and the setting sun made his appearance once more in the northern hemisphere.

The first wish of Virginia, after she recovered from her terror, was to pay a visit to the spot called her repose, when Paul advanced toward her with a timid air, and offered the assistance of his arm, which she accepted with a smile, and they left the cottage together. The air was fresh and clear, and white vapours arose from the tops of the mountains, furrowed here and there by the foam of the

torrents that had so lately poured down their sides. As for the garden, the whole of it was reversed, the roots of the fruit-trees being for the most part laid bare, while prodigious heaps of sand covered the meadows, and completely filled the bath of Virginia; but the two cocoa-trees remained unhurt, though they were no longer surrounded either by turf arbours, or the feathered race, except the amadavid birds, who sat on the adjacent rocks lamenting, in mournful notes, the loss of their young. The sight of this general desolation, excited in the tender bosom of Virginia the strongest emotions of pity, and she exclaimed to Paul, "Alas! you brought birds here, and the hurricane has destroyed them. You planted this garden, and the late storm has rendered it desolate. From this we may learn, that every thing on earth, my dear brother, perishes, and

that heaven alone is unchangeable."

At this juncture, a vessel arrived from France, which brought a letter to Madame de la Tour from her aunt. The fear of approaching death had struck the latter so forcibly (during a severe fit of illness, which had left her in a state of weakness, rendered incurable by old age,) that she began to repent of her rigourous behaviour to the family of her disceased nephew, and accordingly desired her niece to return to France, or that in case her health would not admit of so long a journey, she strongly enjoined her to send Virginia, on whom she could bestow an education suitable to the station she was to fill; and when of age, see her splendidly married; and finally, upon her decease, leave her the inheritance of her entire fortune. The contents of this letter spread an universal alarm among the family. Domingo and Mary wept at the thought of losing their mistresses; while Paul, petrified with astonishment, seemed as if his heart was bursting with indignation; and Virginia, with her eyes fixed upon her mother, was unable to utter a syllable. "Is it possible you can resolve to leave us?" cried Marguerite, with emotion, to Madame De la Tour. "Ah! no, my dear friend," re plied the latter; "no, my beloved children! I will never leave you. With you I have lived, and in the same dear society I will die. In your affection alone have I found happiness; and if my health is rather impared, my former troubles are the occasion of it. I have been deeply wounded in the heart by the cruelty of my relations, and the death of my husband; but I have since experienced more consolation and felicity with you, under this humble roof, than it was in the power of all the riches of my family to procure me in my native country.' At this conciliating discourse every eye was moistened with the tears of delight; and Paul, pressing Madame De la Tour in his arms, exclaimed, "No, thou best of friends! I will never leave the mother of my dear Virginia, I will not go to the Indies. We will all work for you my dear mother, and you shall never know what it is to want while you remain with us."

The next day at sun-rise, while they were offering up, as was customary with them, their morning prayers to the divine Ruler of the earth, Domingo came running to inform them that a gentleman on horseback, attended by two slaves, was coming towards the plantation. This person arrived soon after, and proved to be Monsieur De La Bourdonaye, the governor. He entered the cottage, where he found the family at breakfast, and then address sing himself to Madame De La Tour, observed, that although affairs of state drew his thoughts too much from the affairs of individuals, yet she had many claims to his good offices. "You have, madame," continued he, "an aunt at Paris, who is a woman of quality, and immensely rich. She expects you with the utmost impatience, as I find she intends to leave you her whole fortune upon her decease." To this she replied, "the ill state of health under which she laboured, would not permit her to take so long a voyage." "At least," replied the governor. "you cannot wish, without the greatest injustice, to deprive your daughter, who is so young and handsome, of an estate at once so noble and extensive. I will not conceal from you, that your aunt has given me authority to force you to return, if it should be necessary, having sent official letters to me for that purpose; but wishing only to exert my power in the promotion of the people's happiness whom I govern, I expect that a person of your superior sense of your superior sense and experience will submit to the voluntary sacrifice of a few years, since on that your daughter's future establishment in the world, and the future happiness of the latter part of your life depends." Having said this he laid a large bag of piastres, which had been carried by one of the slaves, on the table,

at the same time informing Madame De la Tour that her aunt had sent them to defray the expences that might be incurred in the necessary preparations for Virginia's departure; concluding this piece of information with a gentle rebuke for not having had recourse to him in her troubles; at the same time praising in the warmest terms, the noble fortitude with which she had endured her misfortunes.

Monsieur Bourdonaye, upon being asked by Madame De La Tour to partake of their humble repast, accepted of the invitation, and placed himself next to the latter lady at table; where he breakfasted, after the Creolian fashion. upon coffee mixed with rice boiled in water. He was delighted with the order and cleanliness that were so conspicuous in every part of the cottage; the strict union which seemed to bind these two interesting families together; and, above all, the zeal and attention with which their desires were studied by their old domestics. After breakfast, he took Madame De la Tour aside, to tell her that an opportunity then offered of sending Virginia to France, in a ship which would sail from thence in a few days for that country, adding, that he would recommend her to a female relation of his, who would also be a passenger in the same ship. "Take my advice, madame," continued he, accept the offer, and think not for a moment of giving up a fortune so immense, rather than be separated from your daughter a few years. Besides your aunt's state of health is such, that I am credibly informed by her friends, she cannot live many years longer. Remember that fortune does not offer her bounty every day; therefore think seriously, and consult your friends." Madame De la Tour promised to do, observing, however, that the final decision rested upon gaining Virginia's approbation, as she prized her happiness too much to force her to any thing against her inclination, which she was certain would never dictate any thing repugnant to the laws of virtue. Monsieur Bourdonaye then returned with Madame De la Tour to the company; and, after taking leave, mounted his horse, and departed for Port Louis.

Madame De la Tour was by no means sorry that an opportunity presented itself of separating Paul and Virginia for a few years, and at the same time of providing so amply for their future welfare; and the first opportunity took her daughter aside, and told her what had passed be

tween her and the governor; but being resolved to leave Virginia entirely to her own inclination, she said, "My dear child, I will not lay any restraint upon your inclination. Reflect at leisure; but be careful and do nothing rashly, and consider that the happiness and fortune of your

beloved Paul's life depends upon you."

Toward evening, as they were sitting together by themselves, their confessor entered the room. He was an ecclesiastic missionary in the island, and came in obedience to the governor's command. "Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed "my children you are now blessed with riches; now you will be able to give way to the charitable suggestions of your hearts, and afford relief to the miseries of the distressed. Your health, dear madam," continued he, addressing himself to Madame De la Tour, "prevents your acceptance of so advantageous an offer; but you, young lady," said he to Virginia, "have no excuse. The sacrifice, I acknowledge, is great; but it is the will of Providence, and your voyage will have a happy conclusion." The artful priest had no sooner finished his treacherous exhortation, than Virginia with downcast looks answered him trembling, "If it is the will of God, I will not for a moment oppose it; but," continued she

weeping, "submit with resignation."

The priest then took his leave, and returned to the castle, to acquaint the governor of all that had passed, while Madame De la Tour sent Domingo for La Varole, with whom on his arrival, she consulted about Virginia's departure; who gave it as his opinion that she ought not to go, considering it as a fixed principle, that the advantages of nature are far preferable to those of fortune, and that we should never seek for that at a distance which may be found in our bosoms: but Madame De la Tour, although she had sent for him to ask his advice, had in reality made up her mind from the moment she heard the decision of her confessor. Even Marguerite, who, regardless of the advantages her son might have derived from the possession of Virginia's fortune, had hitherto opposed the idea of her voyage, now ceased to make the smallest objection; while Paul, alarmed at the secret conversations of Virginia and her mother, abandoned himself to melancholy, frequently exclaiming, that they were secretly plotting something against his peace, or they would not exclude him from their company Oppressed with grief, he left the

cottage, and wandered to the dwelling of La Varole, whom he no sooner saw then he exclaimed, "Oh! my friend, Virginia is going; already they are making preparations for her departure! Come then with me, I conjure you, and exert the influence you have over our mothers to persuade them to detain her." La Varole, unwilling to add to the despair which he saw him in, promised to comply with his request, although he was convinced that his endayours would be useless.

The melancholy of Paul, which increased every day, excited in the maternal bosom of Marguerite the deepest affliction; and taking him aside one day, she said, "Why will you suffer vain hopes to delude you, which perhaps in the end may prove abortive? It is time that you should become acquainted with the secret of your life and mine. Virginia is descended, by her mother's side, from a rich and ancient family; while thou art the son of a poor peasant; and you have no other relation in the world but myself." Overcome with emotion, Paul pressing her in his arms, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear mother, since I have no relation but yourself, I shall love you still more. What a secret have you revealed to me! I now see clearly the reason why Virginia has avoided me for these two months. The disparity of our fortunes has induced her to agree to leave her friends and the island, in order to erase, by a short absence, the remembrance of one who has been dear to her; and I now perceive that this new accession of fortune on her part has induced her to despise me!

At length the supper hour arrived, and the two families placed themselves at the table; when each one being agitated with different sensations, they ate but little and talked still less. Virginia rose first from table and went out as if for a walk; and Paul following her soon after induced the two friends, and La Varole also, to follow them, in order to overhear what passed between them. It was one of these beautiful nights which is so common between the tropics, and which the pencil of the greatest artist would be unable to delineate; the moon appeared in the centre, surrounded by clouds, forming the most beautiful drapery, and spread her silver light insensibly over the lofty mountains of the island. The stars, in appearance like so many diamonds, glittering in the heavens, while their trembling and lucid orbs were reflected on the tranquil bosom of the deep. Virginia's eyes wandered over

the vast expanse, rendered distinguishable from the bay of the island by the red fires of the fishermen. Farther on, at the entrance of the harbour, she saw a light, and a shadow which proceeded from the watch-light, also the body of the vessel she was to sail in for Europe; and which, being ready to sail, lay at anchor waiting for a favourable wind. The sight of this vessel affected her, and she turned her head aside, in order to conceal her tears from Paul, who at that moment came up and seated himself by her.

The lovers were in this situation, when their two mother's, and La Varole, arrived at the same spot, who seated themselves beneath some plantain-trees at a small distance, from whence they might, through the stillness of the night, overhear the subject of their discourse. Paul, breaking silence first, addressed his beloved Virginia in the following terms; "Ah! you are going to leave this island in three days! you are regardless then of the dangers you will have to encounter at sea; an element of which you used to express so much terror."-" Alas!" replied she, "I would stay with you all my life; but my mother commands it otherwise; besides, my confessor tells me it is the will of God I should go, and that this life is only a trial. Oh! my dear brother, it is a trial full of difficulty and vexation." How!" exclaimed he, "can you then find so many reasons for your departure, and not one that may induce you to remain among us? In the new world you will find another on whom you will bestow the endearing name of brother, that will belong to me no longer. You will select that happy person from among those whose birth is worthy of you, and who will be possessed of those gifts of fortune which I have not to offer; but what shore will be dearer to you than the one which gave you birth? Cruel maid!" continued he, his whole frame shaking with the violence of his emotion, "I speak not of myself; who, when I shall no longer behold you in the morning; when on an evening I shall wander alone in our favourite walk, and shall gaze on the cocoa-trees which were planted at our birth, and, heaving a sigh, shall remember with distraction the days in which I was blest with your society, and which were consecrated to mutual friendship. Ah! Virginia, since a new destiny attracts you, let me embark in the same vessel with you. I will reanimate your spirits in the midst of tempests far more terrible than those which used to alarm you on shore Your head shall recline on

my bosom; and in France, whither you are going in search of fortune and grandeur, I will attend you as your slave; and when I shall see your happiness completed, I will finish the sacrifice by dying at your feet." Here the violence of his emotion stifled his voice; and Virginia, as well as she was able for the sobs which every now and then interrupted her speech, made the following reply; "It is for you I go to ease you from the labour I have seen you bend under to support two families. Oh! Paul, thou art dearer to me than a brother; it is for your sake alone, that I wish to become rich. Alas! what has it cost me to avoid you? Help me then," continued she, "to tear myself from what is more valuable to me than my own existence, 'till heaven shall deign to smile upon our union; but I will go or stay, die or live, as you think right. Brought up in the school of virtue, I could have resisted your carasses, but am quite unable to withstand your affliction." She had no sooner said these words, then he seized her in his arms; and pressing her to his bosom, cried, in a tone of frantic despair, "I will go with you, nothing shall divide us."

Alarmed at this behaviour, Madame De la Tour and the rest ran towards him, the former exclaiming, "My son! my son! if you go, what will become of us!" The sound of her voice awakened him from his reverie, and he tremblingly repeated, "My son! you my mother? Impossible! You who would tear a beloved brother from a beloved sister? If she goes, I will follow. You say, the governor will hinder me; but he cannot prevent my throwing myself into the sea, from following her by swimming; the sea cannot be worse to me than the land: and since you forbid my living with her, at least the vessel that bears her from the island shall pass over my remains." At this moment La Varole seized him in his arms, despair having deprived the afflicted youth of his senses; his eyes flashed fire, while big drops of sweat hung on his manly brow; his kness trembled, and his heart beat voilently against his troubled breast. Affrighted at his situation, Virginia said to him, "Oh! my dear Paul! I call to witness the pleasures of our early days, and every thing that is dear to our remembrance, that if I go, I will return one day to be your's. I call you all to be witnesses of this; and I swear, by that power who hears and sees all our actions, never to be the wife of another.

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As an icy rock on the summit of the Appenines is dissolved and softened by the sun, so were the impetuous passions of Paul subdued by the voice of the beloved of his affections. He bent his head, and a flood of tears fell from nis eyes; while his mother, mingling her tears with his, held him in her arms without being able to speak. Madame De la Tour, half distracted, said to La Varole, "I can bear this no longer. My heart is broke. This illfated voyage shall not take place. Take my son home with you. It is now the third day since any one here has slept." To this he readily assented; and addressing himself to Paul, said, "My dear friend, your sister will remain here. We will speak to the governor to-morrow; 'till then come and pass the night with me; the rest of your friends need repose for it is now midnight." Becoming more calm by this assurance, he suffered himself to be led away in silence; and, after a night of great agitation, arose soon after break of day, in order to return home.

The first object which attracted his attention on his way thither, was the female negro of Madame De la Tour; who, being amounted on the Rock of Discovery, seemed looking earnestly toward the sea. Alarmed at this circumstance, he hailed her from a distance, and eagerly in-

quired where her young mistress was.

At the sound of his voice Mary turned round, and began to weep; which Paul no sooner saw, than, guessing the cause, he immediately ran to the harbour; where he soon learned the dreadful intelligence that his beloved had embarked at day-break, when the vessel set sail, and was then no longer to be discerned. Enraged at this information, he crossed the plantation without speaking a word to any one, and ran on until he had gained a cluster of rocks which appeared to raise their heads almost perpendicular to the heavens. The clouds, which continually surrounded the top of the rocks, gave birth to several springs, which fell from the profound height into the bottom of the valley situated at the back of the mountain; but owing to he extremity of the height, the noise of their fall was not heard in the least by the spectators, when they had attained its lofty summit. From thence he might also have a full view of the open sea; and from hence Paul gazed on the vessel that had borne away Virginia, which, being at that time nearly ten leagues out at sea, appeared like a black spot on the extremity of the ocean. In this situa

tion, he remained with his eyes cast upon the object the best part of the day; which, although it had disappeared some time, he still fancied he beheld before him; till, at length, returning reason convincing him of his error, he seated himself on the point of the rock, whose projection is ever beaten by the wind.

On that spot he was found by La Varole, with his head reclined on the rock, and his eyes fixed on the ground, the latter having, on missing him when he arose, set out in pursuit of him; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he prevailed on him to descend the mountain and return

to his disconsolate parent.

As soon as Paul saw Madame De la Tour, he broke out in bitter reproaches against her for having behaved so treacherously to him. Touched with his manner, and willing to undeceive him, she told him, that a favourable wind having sprang up during the night, the governor came about three in the morning, attended by his general officers, and the missionary, with a palanquin, for Virginia; and that, in despite of her own repugnance, her tears, and those of Marguerite, they had forced her away more dead than alive, alleging at the same time, that what they did was for the good of the whole family. "At least," said Paul interrupting her, "you might have permitted me to bid her farewell." Paul saw that his mother and Madame De la Tour were in tears; when with a distracted air, he said, "You must now seek for some other person to wipe away your tears;" and immediately rushed out of the cottage, wandered to and fro over the plantation, La Varole following at a distance, in order to observe his motions, while the former flew eagerly to those spots which had been the most dear to Virginia. Sometimes he would seat himself on the rock where he had conversed with her last; and at the sight of the ocean, which had torn from him all he held most dear in this life would weep bitterly. Fearful that the violent agitation of his mind might be productive of some fatal consequence, this distressed family kept a continued watch over his steps, while his mother and Madame De la Tour entreated him in the tenderest manner, not to augment their sorrow by his despair. At length, Madame De la Tour alleviated his grief in some measure, by bestowing on him such epithets as were best calculated to revive his hopes, calling him her son, the betrothed husband of her Virginia; by which mode of treatment she at length prevailed on him to return home, and take some refreshment. At length perceiving that his anguish augmented that of his mother and Madame De la Tour, and that the wants of the family required continuar labour, he began with Domingo to repair the garden. Soon after, this young man, (until then as indifferent as a Creole in regard to what passed in the world,) desired La Varole to teach him to read and write, in order that he might hold a correspondence with his beloved Virginia.

The long period of two years and a half had nearly elapsed before Madame De la Tour received the least intelligence of her daughter, except what she heard at the govornor's, that she had arrived in safety at her aunt's; when she received by a vessel that stopped in its way to India, a packet, and a letter wrote by the lovely

hand of Virginia. The contents were as follows :-

" My dear and best beloved mother!

"I have sent several letters since my arrival at my aunt's, but as I have never received an answer, conclude that they must have miscarried. However, I hope this will meet with a better fate from the measures which I have taken to forward it. I have shed many tears since our separation. My aunt has placed me as a boarder in a convent near Paris, where I am provided with masters of every description; while her bounty, who refuses me nothing, furnishes me with new dresses for every season of the year, and at the same time has appointed me two waiting women, who are both dressed almost as fine as myself. She has also made me assume the title of countess, and has likewise obliged me (to my infinite regret) to re-linquish the name of De la Tour, for that of Montreville, your maiden name. I no sooner saw myself in this splendid situation, then I requested my aunt to let me send you some assistance; when, to my no small surprise, she replied, that a little would be of no service to you, and that it would be better for you to remain in your present humble station: I endeavoured upon my arrival, as soon as I had learned to write, (which through my eagerness to hear from you, I soon acquired,) to send you some intelligence concerning myself; but as I entrusted my first letters to the care of my women, I have no doubt they were destroyed. However, I transmit this through the hands of a boarder with whom I have formed an acquaintance, and

send herewith her address, in hopes of receiving an answer from you at last. But to go on with my narration. My aunt allows no one to visit me at the grate but herself, and an old nobleman, one of her friends, who she says is much delighted with my person; but, to speak the truth, am not much so with him, nor should I, even if my heart nad been disengaged. I live in the midst of riches and splendour, without a single sous at my own disposal, while my women quarrel for my left-off clothes frequently before I have worn them a day. In short, I am in reality poorer than when I lived with you, for I have nothing to give, and thus finding myself deprived of doing the smallest good, I have had recourse to my needle, which I learned from you, and, through its assistance, send you and my mother Marguerite a few pair of stockings of my own making, a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Mary. I also send you a small bag filled with the seeds of various kinds of fruits and flowers gathered in the garden of the convent during my hours of recreation. I re commend to your goodness and care our old domestics Domingo and Mary, who paid so much attention to me in my infancy. Adieu! dear mother, and believe me to be, your ever affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR."

Paul was very much surprised at not finding any mention made of himself, although she had not forgot the rest; but he was unacquainted with the ways of women, who, however long their letters may be, generally reserve the most tender passages for the last. In a postcript therefore, she recommended particularly to his care some seeds which she had sent him, at the same time requesting that he would sow them on the rock where they had last conversed together, and to name it the Farewell Rock. These seeds she had put into a little purse; which, though it was but of small value, appeared above all price in the eyes of Paul, when he perceived a P and a V entwined together, and knew that the hair which formed the cypher once claimed the fair Virginia for its owner. The whole family listened to this letter with tears; and Madame De la Tour answered it in the name of all, desiring her to remain or return as she thought proper.

In the mean time, envy spread several idle rumours about the island, which occasioned Paul no small uneasi-

ness. The principal one of these proceeded from the persons that had brought the packet, who asserted that she was on the point of marriage, and even went so far as to name the nobleman to whom she was to be united. However, Paul at first treated it as an idle report, until some of the ill-natured neighbours, by their ill-timed pity, induc ed him to give some credence to their cruel information, especially as several ships arrived after that from Europe without bringing the smallest tidings of Virginia. Oppressed with the contending passions that agitated his breast, this unfortunate youth would frequently wander to the dwelling of La Varole, in order to receive such comfort and information as the latter's experience of the world enabled him to bestow. La Varole did all he could to comfort him, and assured him he had no doubts but Virginia would soon return.

On the morning of the 25th of Feb. 1752, at break of day, Paul descried the white flag hoisted on the Mountain of Discovery; and knowing it to be the signal of a vessel's approach, ran to the town to learn if it brought any tidings of Virginia, where he learned that the vessel was the St. Geran, of 700 tons, commanded by Captain Aubin; that it was then four leagues off, and would anchor at Port Louis the next day in the afternoon, if the wind continued favourable. The pilot delivered a packet of letters which the vessel had received from France, among which was one for Madame De la Tour; which Paul (knowing the hand to be Virginia's) eagerly seized; and kissing it, put it in his bosom, and flew to the plantation. In this letter. the lovely girl informed them that she had received a deal of ill-treatment from her aunt; and that on her refusing to marry an old nobleman, whom she endeavoured to force on her against her inclination, she disinherited her, and sent her back at that season of the year, when she knew she must arrive at the Isle of France at the very time of the hurricanes setting in.

As soon as the letter was finished, Madame De la Tour said to I'aul, "Go my son, go and inform our neighbours of my daughter's arrival." Immediately Domingo lighted a torch, and set out with him for the habitation of La Varole; when Paul, opening the door of his cottage, sprang on his neck, and, almost wild with joy, exclaimed, "Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port; the vessel will cast anchor

"L day-break."

The worthy peasant no sooner heard this, than he

arose; and they set out on their way to the port.

As they drew nearer, they thought they heard distant peals of thunder; but upon listening more attentively, they soon discovered it to be the sound of cannon repeated by the echoes. Varole shuddered at the sound, which, together with the gloomy aspect of the heavens, gave him no room to doubt of its being the signal of dis

tress from the very ship they were in quest of.

They continued to advance without daring to communi cate their apprehensions to each other, and about midnight arrived at the point of the island called Golden Dust. The billows dashed against the beach with an horrible noise, covering the rocks and sands with their foam; by the assistance of whose dazzling whiteness, and phosphoric gleams, the two friends could easily discern, through the darkness, the canoes of the fishermen, which they had drawn upon the sands. At a small distance from them at the entrance of the wood, they saw a fire, round which several of the natives were assembled; whither they immediately repaired to dry their clothes, and wait the return of day, when, upon their nearer approach, they found the company busily employed in giving their respective opinions on the fate of the vessel. To their diversity of opinions, Paul and La Varole listened in silence, while they waited with anxiety for the approach of day, which at length made its appearance in the East; but the weather still remaining hazy, they could not discover any object at sea excepting a dark cloud, which one of the company informed them was the Isle of Amber, and that it was distant about a quarter of a league from the shore. About seven in the morning the woods resounded with martial music; and soon after the governor made his appearance on horse-back, attended by a troop of soldiers armed with muskets, and an immense multitude of Islanders and blacks. Immediately on his arrival, he caused the former to range themselves on the beach, and make a general discharge; which they had no sooner done, than a glimmering light appeared on the water, which was succeeded by the report of a cannon. Judging from this that the ship was at no great distance, the whole assembly ran toward the place from whence the light had proceeded, when they could discern through the fog the hull and rigging of a large ves sel. In short they were so near, that in spite of the

roaring of the waves, they could distinctly hear the

boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the mariners.

It was now nine in the morning, when the St. Geran, perceiving that assistance was near, fired her guns every three minutes; which the governor perceiving, caused several large fires to be kindled on the strand at equal distances; he also sent to the village for provisions, planks, cable, and empty barrels. A vast crowd of people soon after arrived, accompanied by their slaves, heavily laden with the required articles.

Soon after this, their ears were assailed on the side of the ocean with the most terrific noises, as if a vast cataract, mingled with thunder, had been rolling down the adjacent rocks; upon which the inhabitants set up a general cry that a hurricane was approaching; and the next moment a furious whirlwind dispersed the fog, and rendered the vessel clearly discernable from the shore, her deck crowded with people, her yards and mainmast laid level with the deck, her flag shivered, with four cables at her head; and another, by which she was held at her stern.

The St. Geran had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the main land, within a chain of breakers, which en circled the island, and which no vessel had ever entered before. She presented her head to the relentless fury of the deep; and as the tremendous waves rushed into the straits, the ship heaved to such a degree, that at the same moment as her keel was in the air, her stern plunged into the water, and totally disappeared, as if it had been devoured by the surges. In this situation it was a moral impos-

sibility for her to retreat.

At length, from the violent efforts of the ship, the cables of her head were torn away; and as she only held by a single anchor, she was immediately dashed upon the rocks at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. At this sight, a cry of horror issued from the spectators; at that moment Paul, almost frantic, rushed toward the sea; which La Varole no sooner perceived, than seizing him by the arm, exclaimed, "Hold, rash youth! would you perish? Whither are you going?" "To save my beloved Virginia, or die with her," replied the youth. Upon which the former, perceiving that despair had rendered him deaf to all entreaty, with the assistance of Domingo fastened a long cord round his waist, to preserve him; and laying hold of one end, they suffered him to precipitate himself into the

sea; when, sometimes swimming, and sometimes walking on the breakers, he made several fruitless attempts to gain the vessel. Often did he entertain hopes of reaching it, which the irregular motion of the sea frequently left dry: but the billows advanced suddenly, and, with redoubled fury buried it beneath mountains of wat r; the waves often throwing the unfortunate youth to some distance on the beach, covered with blood and wounds, who nevertheless renewed his efforts with double alacrity, regardless of the entreaties of his friends, who endeavoured to prevail on him to desist.

At this moment the sides of the vessel began to yawn asunder, and gave way to the impetuosity of the waves; while the wretched crew, in the last agonies of despair, threw themselves into the sea, and seizing upon such things as the waves had washed overboard, endeavoured, but in vain, to gain the shore. However, the attention of the spectators was engrossed by a young lady, who, at that moment, made her appearance in the gallery of the St Geran. It was Virginia; who, having discovered her lover, stretched out her arms to implore his assistance; while the sight of this amiable maid, in such imminent danger, filled the bosoms of all present with unutterable grief.

At this moment, another wave, more tremendous than the former, drove the vessel against a rock, when both

that and the lovely maid disappeared together.

Overwhelmed with grief, La Varole and Domingo bore Paul, in a state of insensibility, away, the blood flowing rapidly from his mouth and ears; and the governor, after recommending him to the care of his surgeon, caused him to be taken to an adjacent cottage, until he should be sufficiently recovered to be removed to the plantation whither La Varole bent his way, with Domingo, turning over in his mind the best method of preparing the two mothers for the melancholy event; but their surprise may easily be imagined, when, on entering the cottage of Madame de la Tour, they found her daughter in a state of insensibility on the bed, and attended by her own mother and Marguerite, the faithful Mary, and an old negro, whom La Varole had never seen before, who all seemed to wait with breathless anxiety her return to life; while La Varole and Domingo, amazed at the sudden turn of fortune, became as it were inanimate and void of motion,

but their attention was soon called off by Virginia showing some signs of life; and in a short time after she opened her azure eyes to the day. The first objects that met her sight were her own mother and the mother of her beloved Paul, who had hung over her with maternal affection, watching with the greatest anxiety for the moment that should restore her to their longing arms; whom she no sooner beheld in this position, than uttering a faint scream of joy, she sunk into her former insensibility. It was some time before they were able to recover her; and even then she was in so weak a condition as to preclude

all conversation for the present.

The two ladies, however, were with difficulty persuaded to quit the chamber, on La Varole's representing that rest was the best remedy for the extraordinary fatigue his lovely friend had undergone; and they retired with him to another apartment; where they were no sooner seated, than La Varole, after congratulating Madame De la Tour on the recovery of her daughter, expressed a wish to become acquainted with the miraculous circumstance that had so unexpectedly restored Virginia to the arms of her friends, at a time when nothing less than final dissolution seemed to hover over her devoted head. Madame De la Tour, moved with the recollection of the dangers she had surmounted, and unable to speak, waved her hand to Marguerite, and from her he was referred to the negro; who, upon seeing their embarrassment, began his narration as follows:—

"In me you behold an inhabitant of Africa, born of the royal blood, and beloved by his parents and the people whom they governed. An adjoining nation making war upon our unsuspecting tribe, proved in the end victorious, and carried best part of the natives, together with myself, into captivity, and afterwards sold us to an owner of a slave ship, who treated us more like brutes than human beings. At length we cast anchor on this island, when myself, and three other of my unfortunate fellow captives, were purchased by the planter of the Black River. Thus torn, in my infancy, from all I held dear, and made the slave of a cruel master, I began to hate my existence, and to look upon all the people of your colour as tyrants and oppressors, and as people devoid of humanity, till, on escaping from the cruelty of my inhuman tyrant, chance threw me in the way of these benevolent cottagers. I need not

trouble you with what passed between the amiable Virginia and my inhuman master, when she undertook a tedious journey in order to procure my pardon, since I make no doubt that you are already acquainted with that circumstance, nor of his mode of treatment after having granted her request; your servant, Domingo, having seen sufficient when he called upon the unfortunate runaways, to give an idea of the hardships I endured. Several years have now elapsed, in which I experienced every day some new species of cruelty, being punished with the utmost rigour for the most trifling crimes. However, my master dying about two years ago, gave an unexpected turn to my fortune, as my young master, on coming to his estate, gave all the old slaves their freedom, in consideration of their past services, together with a small sum of money to help them on their journey to their native places. As for me, I no sooner found that I was my own master, than I resolved to bend my steps to this valley, in order to fix my residence near the habitation of the only good white people I had found in the colony. With this view I sat out the next morning, and arrived at the beach just as Virginia was abandoned to the mercy of the relentless ocean. Recollecting her features at that moment, I plunged into the ocean, and with some difficulty succeeded in finding and bringing her to land, but in a situation that rendered it impossible to decide whether she belonged to the living or the dead. I had no sooner reached the land, than I found that her heart had still a slight palpitation. Elated with this discovery, my strength seemed as it were recruited; and raising her in my arms, I renewed my journey, and at length arrived in safety at the cottage of Madame De la Tour! from whom I received the only reward I wished for---the warm acknowledgments of a grateful heart."

The Indian had but just finished his story, when Mary brought a message from Virginia, who desired the attendance of her friends, as she found herself sufficiently recovered to sustain an interview. The request was cheerfully complied with; and the whole assembly adjourned to her apartment, where a scene ensued at once both tender and interesting. As soon as the first emotions of joy were over, Virginia began to relate her adventures in nearly

the following words:-

"You may remember, my dear madam," addressing herself to her mother, "that I mentioned in the letter I

sent you from the convent, that my aunt saffered no one but an old nobleman and herself to visit me at the grate, whom I too soon found was destined for my future husband. In vain did I endeavour to soften her, by representing what she owed to you, my pre-engagement, and the vows which had been registered in heaven between Paul and myself; till at length my aunt, enraged at my obstinacy, confined me to my chamber, where I experienced the most cruel treatment, being frequently kept fasting the whole day; but," continued she with a smile, "the thoughts of once more beholding my dear Paul, and you, my beloved friends, gave me fortitude in the midst of my trials, and I remained unshaken in my resolution; when my aunt, finding that all her endeavours to win me to her purpose were in vain, first disinherited me, and then sent me home at that precise time when she knew the hurricanes set in. The rest of my adventures you are acquainted with; and the happiness I now enjoy amply repays me for all the perils and hardships I have undergone."

In the mean time, intelligence having reached the cottage where Paul had been left to recover, it no sooner came to his ears than he resolved to set out on his return home. The interview between the two lovers was attended with better effects than their agitated parents at first expected, and in the end proved a principal agent in the reinstatement of their healths; which had no sooner taken place, than the two lovers were united. La Varole, officiating as father, gave Virginia away; while tears of de light run down his furrowed cheeks on beholding his two

favourites at length rendered happy.

Having conducted our readers to this important crisis in the lives of Paul and Virginia, we shall conclude with stating that they lived in the greatest harmony; while the aunt, who had been the instrument of their former sorrows, lived but a few years after; and upon her death bed, repenting of her former conduct, made her will, in which she declared Madame De la Tour to be her sole heir—a circumstance which did not afford them much pleasure, except when they reflected that it would enable them to discharge their obligations to their friends; among whom the grateful Indian, who had saved the life of Virginia was not forgotten; and thus after having weathered the rough sea of calamity, they at length came to a safe anchor in the harbour of happiness.

SELLIN AND ALMENAS

OR, THE

UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

From Lord Byron's Poem of the Bride of Abydos.

In the eastern clime, where the sun ever shines, the flowers ever blossom, and the voice of the nightingale is never mute,—where the cedar yields its shade, the vine its juice, and the citron and the olive their nectareous sweets, and all the fairest fruit and finest shrubs are produced,—where the zephyrs are surcharged with the perfume of the gardens of Gul,* and earth and heaven vie in all the tints and hues of varied beauty, from the Parian marble, the cerulean blue, and the golden beams of the western hemisphere, to the white of the lily, the red of the rose, and the deep purple die of the ocean,—where the soft attractive graces of the fair can captivate,—there is all that can please the eye, delight the ear, and captivate the heart,—sight, sound, and fancy,—it is a scene where all is animated, whether visual or ærial,—and the ravished senses not only see, but breathe enchantment, -yet there, in that earthly paradise, where every breath is divine, the passions of man are strong in the extreme, and alternately change from the most tender love, to the most ferocious hate, and either melt in sorrow, or are goaded to revenge,† as wild in their actions as passions, and often glutting their rage with blood, and transforming their peaceful and happy abodes, to regions of sorrow and wretchedness. In these regions lived the aged Pacha Giaffir; who had re-

^{*} Gul, the rose

With the "children of the sun, Revenge is Virtue," Revenge.

tired to his divan, where he sat, surrounded by many an armed and gallant slave, ready to attend his summons, deeply runinating; and though he was well skilled in disguising his thoughts from the observation of others, yet his unusual pensiveness did not escape notice. He ordered the train to withdraw; and then bid them-" Call the chief of the Haram guard;" when, after the slaves had withdrawn, the Nubian Haroun, and his only son, young Selim, attended. Giaffir said—" Haroun, wo to him who saw my child Almena's face unveiled! When the crowd are passed beyond the outer gate, lead my daughter from her tower; her fate is fixed; yet tell her not my intent." "Pacha! to hear is to obey," the slave replies; and would have instantly gone to the tower, had not young Selim stopped him; and bending in lowly reverence, with downcast eyes, before the Pacha, for no son of the Moslem dares to sit in the presence of his sire, thus addressed him:--

"Father, lest thou should chide my sister, or her sable attendant, know that the fault, if fault it be, was mine. The morning shone so lovely, that sleep forsook my couch; and as it is irksome to behold the finest scenes of nature, without having any one to impart the pleasures of one's thoughts and sensations, I awoke Almena; and, as thou knowest, the Haram is soon unlocked to me, we had flown to the cypress groves, before the guardian slaves were stirring; there we lingered, and too long beguiled the time with Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's verse,* till warned by the tambour's† sound, thy divan was assembling, I flew to greet thee; but there Almena wanders still. Nay, father, be not wroth; none but those who watch the women's tower can penetrate those secret groves."

"Son of a slave!" exclaimed the sire, "thou wert bred from an infidel mother; and it were vain to expect from thee aught that beseems a man. When thine arm should bend the bow, and hurl the dart, and curb the steed, thou must

^{*} Mejnoun and Leila, the Romco and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

[†] Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

pore by the side of some babbling stream, or watch the opening of the rose's bud. Would that you orb, whose matin beams inspire thee with so much admiration, would lend thee something of his fire! Thou who wouldst tamely see the Christian horde shatter this battlement to pieces, nay, view old Stamboi's wall raised to the ground, nor strike one blow for safety against the unholy curs!—Go; let thy enervated arm assume the distaff, not the brand. But, Haroun, go to my daughter.—And hear—take heed of thine own head; for if Almena is oft found wandering, thou shalt answer for it—to you bow-string!"

Selim's feelings were suppressed; no sound escaped his lips that could be heard by old Giaffir; but his looks and words touched him to the quick—" called son of a slave! reproached with cowardice! treated with disdain! Am I to endure all this? Another should have smarted for these opprobrious words. Son of a slave!—and who is then my sire?" He darkly ruminated thus, while the sudden glances of his eye flashed forth in anger, Giaffir gazed at his son, and started; for he discovered the inward workings of his mind; and interpreted the rebellion of his heart.—" Come hither, boy—what, no reply? I mark, and know thee; but there are deeds thou dar'st not do. If thy beard were grown, and thy hand had sufficient skill and power, I should joy to see thee break a lance, perhaps against my own."

These words he spoke in banter, and frowned ferociously on Selim, who proudly raised his head, and returned his glances with a look of defiance that made old Giaffir quail, and shrink with fear; for he felt that he merited more than he durst declare—his just revenge. "I much misdoubt this wayward boy will hereafter work me harm. I never liked him; and—but that his nerveless arm can scarcely cope with the timid fawn, or antelope, in the chase, and could far less venture in the contest between man and man for life and fame—I would not trust his menaces;—no—nor one allied by blood—Blood!—surely he hath not heard me.—No more—I'll watch him closely—I abhor him as much as an Arab," or a recreant Christian.—But, hark!—the voice of Almena

^{*} The Turks abhor the Arabs even more than the Christians.

toy dear offspring, greets mine ear, like Houri's hymn. Oh! sne is even dearer to me than her mother. Welcome, my Peri, ever! thou art as sweet to my longing sight as the desert-fountain to the parched lip of expiring nature; nor can more grateful praise for life be offered at the shrine of Mecca, than I now offered for thine."

As fair as Eve, when first the vily serpent beguiled her from her allegiance, and depraved her nature—as dazzling as that too transcendant vision of sorrow's shadowy creation, the revival of our loves and affections in an after-life in the blest Elysian fields—as soft as the memory of buried love—as pure as the prayer of innocence—was the daughter of that rude old chief.

Oh! how depict the image of heavenly beauty! Who is there that betrays not in his looks is well as words the ecstacy of his heart at the supernal influence of majestic beauty? Such was the impression of Almena, that nameless charms were flung around her, of which she alone appeared unconscious—she moved, and looked, and talked, like a superior being; grace was in her steps, intelligence in her eye, love in her countenance, and the whole harmonised by the gentleness of her nature. Extending her graceful arms, Almena advanced to clasp the neck of Giaffir, who half repented of his purpose, for she was the first object of his affection; and when not sundered by ambition, he could never conceive aught against her fancied welfare.

"Almena, child of gentleness, how tenderly I love the will this be shown, when I sacrifice my own feelings to part with so dear an object, and give thee to a husband, than whom a braver man does not exist. We, of Moslem, think not of descent; but the line of Carasman hath continued first of the bold Timariots, who retain their land by the valour of their arms. It is enough to know that he who comes to pay his court, is kinsman of the Bey Oglou.* Think not of the disparity of years,—for I would not have thee wed a beard-

^{*} Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal land-holder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: Timariots, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service; and serve as spahis, according to the extent of territory; and bring certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

less youth.—Thou shalt have an ample fortune; and our united power will set the death-firman at defiance; and teach the slave what fate he may expect.* Thou art now acquainted with my intent; and knowest the duty that thou owest thy father, and the duties of thy sex; the affection of a wife, thy lord must learn thee."

Almena bowed in silence; but her maiden fears brought the suppressed tear into her eye, and the colour of her cheeks came and fled alternate, as this last sentence was pronounced; and added fresh lustre to her loveliness; so bright was the tear that glistened in her eye, and so sweet the blush that mantled on her cheek.

Her sire scarcely heeded this change of countenance, and paused not to weigh its meaning, but clapped his handst for his horse, laid by his Chibouque,‡ and dexterously mounting for the field, took his way, amid his attendant Mamelukes, Maugrabee,§ and Delis,|| to behold the martial feats of the sabre or the jerreed; while the Kislar and his Moors are only left to watch the Haram.

Selim sat with his head reclined upon his hand; he looked over the blue expanse of waters that glides in rapid course between the irriguous Dardanelles; but his vacant eye saw neither the sea nor the beach, nor the game of his Pacha's band, who were cleaving the folded felt¶ with their scimitar strokes, while riding in full speed, nor the animated and graceful game of the jerreed (or blunt javelins)—nor heeded

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^{*} A single messenger is always the first bearer of the order for a Pacha's death; who, if sufficiently strong to resist, will command the first to be strangled instead: and sometimes five or six in succession on the same errand.

[†] Servants are called by the clapping of hands.

[†] Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber-mouth piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones.

[§] Maugrabee, Moorish mercenaries.

^{||} Delis, bravoes, who always begin the action.

[¶] A twisted fold or felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

their wild and vociferous Ollahs*-no sound issued from his lips--put silent and mute, he was pensively ruminating on the fate of the peerless Almena. At length he raised his eyes, and gazed in sorrow through the lattice-Almena answered by a sigh; and cast her fascinating glance on his, but could not divine his thoughts; her grief was equal, and a gentler passion touched her heart; -but yet, she knew not why, she was prevented by her fears from speaking.—How strange he thus should turn away! we ne'er met thus before; nor will we part so coolly." Thrice she paced the room; and watched his looks, which still were fixed;—then snatched the urn, and flung the perfume of the Persian Atar-gult on the pictured roof and tesselated floor, so that the drops, thus playfu! s directed, fell on his breast; but such was his abstraction that they fell unheeded-" What! sullen yet? Oh! gentle Selim, how have I merited this neglect?" And once more made an effort to attract his notice;—she viewed the fairest flowers of the East, arranged in curious order; and remembering that he was partial to them, no sooner thought of it than she plucked a rose, and in a moment placed herself at Selim's feet.—"I offer thee this rose, with a message from the Bulbult to soothe thy sorrows; to-night he'll sing his sweetest song for thee-and change his note from mournful to enlivening strain, in hopes to chase these gloomy thoughts. What! will you not receive my proffered gift? I shall be miserable. Are you in anger with me? Know you not how much I love you? Oh! my dear Selim, what is the cause of this? Come, repose upon my bosom, and let me lull thy cares, since other means fail to divert thy melancholy. I know the sternness of our sire; but never expected this from thee—I am too well aware of his dislike to thee; but why slight the love I bear thee ?-Ah! am I right? you disapprove of this alliance; perhaps this kinsman Bey of Casman is thy foe, if so, I swear by the shrine of Mecca, if woman's oath may be admitted by that she is never allowed to approach, that, without thy free consent, the Sultan shall not

^{* &}quot;Ollahs." Allah il Allah, the sound is Ollah, a cry much used by the Turks in their sports, and in battle.

[&]quot; Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

t Bolbul, nightingale.

have my hand! I could not bear to part with thee; and divide my best affections. Ah! without me, thou'rt desti tute of a friend, and a guide. Nothing shall sever me from thee—even Azrael,* when the arrow flies from his deadly quiver, that parts us from all earthly ties, shall doom our undivided hearts to dust.

He lived, and breathed, and moved—he raised the maid from off the ground—he was as one awaked from a trance; his eye glistened with thoughts that had long been concealed Like the stream, obscured by the rushes on its bank, which suddenly emerges to view by the light of its water, like the bolt which bursts from the o'ercharged and gloomy atmosphere flashed the fire of that eye. No war-horse at the trumpet's sound, no lion roused by the scent of prey, no tyrant, waked by the assassins blow, starts more convulsively than he, who now heard that vow, and with it a full disclosure of all that had hitherto been repressed, and all that his heart desired. "Now thou'rt for ever mine; we are both bound by the sacred vow that thou hast pronounced; and ne'er will part till death divides us twain. Yes, thou hast acted fondly, wisely; and saved more heads than one. But do not blanch; thou hast higher claims upon me than those of affection, I would not harm the slightest hair that clusters round thy brow for all the treasures that are buried in the caves of Istaker.† This morning, Giaffir heaped reproaches on me, and almost called me coward! Alas! he know me not; now that the son of his slave—(nay, start not—such was the approbious epithet he used)—has a motive for his courage, he may show, though little apt to boast, a heart which neither words nor deeds can daunt. His son indeed! yet, thanks to thy love, perchance I shall be so; but let our plighted vow be kept within our breasts. I know the wretch, who, 'gainst thy will, has dared to claim thee in marriage; there's not a Musselimt who has a meaner soul, or more illgot wealth. Israel cannot show a viler race than that of

^{* &}quot; Asrael," the angel of death.

[†] The treasure of the Preadamite Sultans.

[†] Musselim, a governor, the next in rank to a Pacha: a Waywode is the third; and then comes the Agas

Egripo,* to which this man belongs. But let that pass—to none reveal our oath—time shall unfold the rest.—To me and my partizans leave Osman Bey. I am not what I seem; I've arms, and friends, and shall soon seek revenge."

"Thou art not what thou seemest! O Selim! that art sadly changed since morning. Thou surely knew'st before the extent of my affection, and that it could not be greater. I wish away the night that I again may meet thee; to see and hear thee is my greatest pleasure; and to live and die with thee my only hope; and thus, and thus, to kiss thy lips; for sure they burn; the fever in thy veins inflames my own, and communicates to my blushing cheeks. All that I aspire at is to watch thy health, assuage thy sorrow, frugally partake thy destiny, lighten half thy poverty with my smiles, nor quit thee, till called to peform an office not in my power--close thy dying eyes. But wherefore, Selim, so much need of mystery? I cannot divine the cause; nor what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends.' I meant that Giaffir should have heard the very vow I plighted thee; his anger would be of no avail; but surely he would not endeavour to control me. Can it seem strange, that I should wish to retain my affec tions? What other hath Almena seen from her earliest years? What other can she seek to see than Selim, the companion of her infancy? Say, why must I no more avow these thoughts, cherished from my birth? What change is wrought to make me shun sincerity, that in which I took a pride, and thou till lately? Our laws and creed do not permit us to be seen by strangers; nor will I repine at our prophet's decree. No—it is the source of my happiness; for thou art all to me that I desire. Oh! it would afflict me deeply to be forced to wed a man I never saw; -therefore, why should I not be explicit? Why dost thou urge me to conceal my real sentiments? I know the haughty Pacha has never been well disposed to thee; and is often in an angry mood without a cause; which Allah forbid that e'er he should! But concealment, I know not why, weighs like a sin within my breast, Oh! Selim, if such secrecy be crime, I

^{*} Egripo—the Negropont. The Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

pr'ythee tell me, and leave me no longer in suspense. Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar;* my father has left the sports; and how I tremble to meet him—Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

"Almena, betake thee to thy tower—I will greet Giaffir and fain with him must talk of firmans, imposts, levies, and the state. There's fearful news from the shores of the Danube; our Vizier has nobly fought, and conquered, but has greatly thinned his ranks, for which the Giour may express its obligation! But the Sultan has a more summary method of repaying such a costly triumph. Mark me! at twilight, when the tambour hath summoned the troops to their repose, Selim will come unto thy cell. Then softly from the Haram creep to where we may wander by the ocean undisturbed; our garden battlements are too lofty for any rash intruder to climb, and listen, or interrupt our conference; and if such should dare, I have a sword to punish his presumption, which has been, and may again be used. Then shalt thou learn of Selim more than thou hast heard, or thought of. Trust me, Almena; and fear me not! for thou knowest, I have a key of the Haram."

"Fear thee, my Selim! till now ne'er did word sound like this—" "Delay not; the guard of Haroun has been bribed; to-night, Almena, I will disclose to thee my story, my fears, and my intentions—I am not, love, what I do seem." With a courteous action he quitted her, and she retired to the towe:

The night that was to determine the fate of these two lovers was gloomy and tempestuous; like that on which the young, the beautiful, and valiant Leander, the only hope of Sesto's daughter, was lost while buffeting the waves of Hellespont to reach the idol of his adoration;—when the only object seen on high was her blazing turret torch, through the rising gale, and bursting billow, and clouds aloft, and tides below, and shrieking sea-birds, with fearful

^{* &}quot;Tchocadar"—one of the attenuants wno precedes a man of authority.

signs and sounds, forbade his venturing on the flood, and warned him home, he would not see, nor hear, aught that foreboded danger; his eye could discern nought but that light of love; and had the sky been studded, 'twas the only star it would have hailed; nor could his ear distinguish aught, save that it rung with Helen's voice. Like him young Selim ventured forth, tho' every thing portended danger. winds were high—and Helle's stream rolled darkly heaving to the main; and night's descending shadows vainly hid that field bedew'd with blood, the desert of old Priam's boast -sole relics of his sovereignty-fall, save immortal dreams, that could amuse the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle! The night had closed on the Hellespont; nor yet had risen the moon on Ida's hill; no beacon on the cliff was seen to aid the course of straggling bark, the scattered lights that skirt the bay had one by one gone out; save the lone lamp that glimmered in Almena's tower. There staid the maiden in musing and impatient silence, counting the minutes till her Selim came; the fragrant beads of amper, rubbed by her fairy fingers, were thrown o'er her silker Ottoman;* near these were laid, neglected, her mother's sainted amulet;† whereon the Koarsee text engraved, gave confidence of life eternal; a Koran, richly adorned, and illuminated, lay by her Comboloio; † and many a bright emblazoned verse, preserved from ruthless time by Persian scribes; o'er these her now neglected lute reclined; and round her lamp of fretted gold bloomed flowers in urns of China; all that can delight the eye or sense, the richest work of Iran's loom, the odoriferous tribute of Shirez were collected in that gorgeous chamber-But yet they all neglected were, and had an air of sadness.—At length the hour arrived, and Selim entered with a silent and cautious step, and led her forth. Wrapt in a garb of darkest sable, the exclusive wear of the Moslem nobility, to protect her from the rude inclement blast of heaven; with

^{*} The amber, when rubbed, is susceptible of a perfume which is slight, but disagreeable.

t The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East.

t "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary.

cautious steps, Almena followed her silent guide; pierced through the thicket, and started oft as through the glade she heard the hollow moaning wind, till treading on the smoother pathway, she timidly pursued her way with less of terror, and though the impulse of her feelings would have induced her to retreat, she could not leave her Selim, nor chide him for thus leading her away.

They reached a grotto, formed by nature, and enlarged by art, where oft she used to sound her lute; and oft, in many a youthful reverie, to dream of Paradise, and wonder where a woman's soul would go, of which her prophet did not deign to speak, but Selim was secure of those celestial regions; and as he could not participate in those pure joys without the society of her whom most he loved on earth, she reposed her faith in him; for none she thought could vie with her in his affections, nor Houri be so necessary to his comfort.

Since last she came, the grot assumed a different appearance; the sombre hue of night might disguise the things slie saw—that brazen lamp but dimly shed its ray, of no celestial hue; and in a nook within the cave, stranger objects met her eye; there arms were piled, not such as turbaned Delis wield, but brands of foreign make, and one was stained with gore—perchance the mark of human blood and guilt!—A cup too on the board was placed, which did not seem to hold sherbet. What may this mean? she turned to look at Selim, and was surprised to find that he had thrown by his proud robe, and stript off the high-crowned turban from his brow; and instead, wreathed a shawl of red lightly round his temples; -for the dagger, with precious gem on its hilt, which once glittered in his girdle, two pistols unadorned were fixed; a sabre hung from his belt; the cloak of white that decks the wandering Candiote, was loosely suspended from his shoulder; beneath—his golden plaited garment clung like a cuirass to his body—the greaves, below his knee that twisted with silvery scales were sheathed. But, were it not that his look and tone bespoke superiority, all that a careless observer could notice in him was some Galiongee.*

^{• &}quot;Galiongee"—or Galiongi, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns.

"I said I was not what I seemed; and now have thrown off my disguise; I have a tale to tell that thou hast no conception of; and one that will make others rue. It were in vain to conceal my story, I must not see thee wedded to Osman; but, had I not known from thine own lips, how strong the hold I had in thy affections, I could not have revealed my own dark secret. I shall not speak of love, let time attest its truth; but, Oh! Almena, thou must ne'er be Osman's bride; for I am not thy brother."

"Oh! not my brother!—yet recall those words—am I left alone in the world to mourn the day that gave me birth! Oh! thou wilt not love me now! my sinking heart foreboded evil; but know me what I have ever been, thy sister, and thy friend—Almena still. Perchance thou ledst me here to slay me; if so, and I have given thee cause for vengeance—lo! I offer thee my heart—strike! It is far better to die than live disowned by thee;—for now I know why Giaffir always seemed thy enemy; and I, alas! am Giaffir's daughter, for whom thou wert reviled—Oh! if not thy sister, bid me be thy slave!"

"My slave, Almena!—nay, I am thine; but calm this transport; thou shall ne'er be severed from me; I swear it by our holy prophet; and let that ease thy sorrow. So may the Koran verse* contained upon my scimitar direct its blade in the hour of danger to protect us both, as I preserve that awful vow! The name of which thou hast been so proud must change—but know, my Almena, that though we are not so closely connected, and thy sire is my deadliest enemy, the connexion is not broken. My father was the same to Giaffir that I of late was to Almena; and that a brother wrought brother's fall, but spared his infant son—and lulled me with vain deceit that yet may find a like return. He reared me not with tender care—but like the nephew of a Cain,† and

* All Turkish scimitars contain either the name of the place of their manufacture or a text from the Koran, in letters of gold.

[†] These allusions are perfectly consistent; since the Koran contains the lives of the patriarchs, though they do not correspond in every particular with our own sacred writ.

watched me like a lion's whelp that gnaws, and yet may break his fetters. My father's blood is boiling in my veins—but, for thy dear sake, I will not instantly revenge my cause—though here I must no longer stay. But first, beloved Almena, hear how Giaffir wrought this deed of wo.

"It matters little how their strife began; or whether love or envy set them at variance—in fiery spirits, slight and frivolous pretexts are never wanted to inflame the mind In war, Abdallah distinguished himself: and his deeds are still recorded in Bosniac song; and Paswan's* rebel hordes declare how little love they bore him. His death is all I need relate; and how my birth disclosed the rank I ought to hold; and freedom from the hands in which I am placed.

"When Paswan, after a long and desultory war, at first engaged in from necessity, but at last continued for power, was too proudly sitting in Widin's walls, our Pachas rallied round the state; high and important commands devolved upon the brothers; they unfurled their horse-tails:† pitched their tents in Sophia's plain; and each man had his post assigned; to one alas! too fatally! for the deadly cup, drugged, and given by Giaffir's order, with subtle venom, soon despatched Abdallah. After the sports of the chace, reclined and feverish in the bath, he had no suspicion of a brother's administering such potion to quench his thirst. A bribed attendant took the bowl, which he drank off at one draught,‡—and instantly expired. Haroun can speak to the truth of what I tell thee.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's animosity in part suppressed, he got Abdallah's Pachalick (alas! thou know-

^{*} Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who, for the last twenty years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

[†] Horsetail the standard of a Pacha.

t Giasfir, Pacha of Agripo Castro or Scutau, was actually taken of by the Albaman Ali in the manner described. Ali Pacha some years after married the daughter of his victim. The poisen was mixed in the cup of coffee which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper, after dressing

est not, in our divan, what wealth can gain for any unworthy wretch;) he who had stained himself with the murder of a brother, obtained his honours; 'tis true—the purchase nearly drained his ill-got treasure; but what of that? he soon replaced it by exactions, from the labour of the squalid peasant! Why I was spared by the stern usurper, and allowed to dwell within his palace, I know not—Shame and remorse, perhaps, and the little he had to dread from one so yo ng—or this supposition, that, having no son, the adopting of me might check a feeling of revenge,—or some unknown caprice, preserved me from his merciless gripe; but not in peace; he cannot curb his haughty temper, nor I forgive a father's death.

"Some of your sire's domestics are his foes, and false to him; to these, should I disclose my birth, he would not long survive; they only want a leader to direct them. But Haroun only knows this tale, who is near his end—he was reared in Abdallah's palace; and held that post in his Serai which here he holds; and was a witness of his dreadful death. But what could a bondsman do? Avenge his lord,—Alas! to what purpose!—or save his son from such a fate; he chose the last—and when with foes subdued, or friends deceived, proud Giaffir sate elate, he led me helpless to his home; and did not vainly strive to save the life for which he so devoutly prayed.

"Giaffir ensured his own safety by concealing the know-ledge of my birth from all,—but more particularly from myself, and removing from Roumelie, far from our seats by the Danube's shore, to this our Asiatic side; and retaining no one in his service, except Haroun, who had any knowledge of this murderous act.—That good Nubian oft has told me, that he considered not a tyrant's secrets binding; and this to me revealed; and more, much more. Here you may see the finger of heaven pointed. Just Allah surrounds the guilty with none but slaves, dissemblers, and accomplices; he never sends them friends.

"Sorry am I to wound thy softness by so harsh a tale; but, however harsh my words, I must prove true to thee Why didst thou start to see this garb!—'Tis one I have of appeared in; and long must wear.—To this Galiongée

plignted vow was sworn; and in this dress I am known as leader of those pirate hordes, who defy all laws but those of force, and live or die by the success of their arms; at whose dire tale, thy tender heart would shudder. My band have brought the arms thou seest; and are at call to wield them. This cup too is filled for the rugged rogues, which when once they have quaffed, they never murmur at the danger of the enterprise they're set on; so firm, and yet so true are they, that our prophet might forgive them for their infidelity in wine.

"What pursuit could I take? At home I was proscribed, left without employ, and reproached for not doing what ardently I wished, and should have gladly done, had I not been prevented by Giaffir's fears, who ne'er would have me taught to reign the fiery courser's speed, or know the use of arms, though the despot oft has taunted me in full divan, as f I had weakly and reluctantly refused to check the steed, or wield the sword. Whene'er he went to war, he left me here behind-unknown-untried-with women, to the care of Haroun, hopeless, and bereft of fame; while thou-whose attractions won my soul, and though they unmanned, still cheered me-wert sent to Brusa's walls for safety; and awaited there the issue of the fight .- Haroun, who saw me pining beneath the sluggish yoke of dull inaction, with dread resigned his captive; and for a season gave me liberty, on my promise to return before the commission of Giaffir should be ended. In vain the task to describe the transports I felt when liberated. I gazed on earth, sea, air, and sky, as if my mind had penetrated them, and knew their secret wonders-and at once to paint the superior sensation that I felt-I was free! and scarcely regretted even thy absence—the world—nay— Heaven itself was mine!

"I was conveyed from home in the shallop of a trusty Moor; and wishing to see the isles that stud the purple waves of the ocean, I sought by turns, and saw them all; but when and where I joined the band, with whom I am pledged to rise or fall, it will be a more fit time to tell thee, when we have accomplished all that is intended.

"Tis true, they are a lawless brood, but rough in form and manners, and every sect and race of men admit among

them; but they are open in speech, and ever ready to obey their chief's command; have a soul for enterprise that nothing can appal; a friendship and fidelity to each other, that will revenge the death of those who fall; these are the traits which make them fit for more than even I design.

"I have studied the characters of all distinguished from the vulgar.—But chiefly summon to my council the wisdom of the cautious Frank,—and some aspire to higher thoughts; the last of Lambro's patriots* share anticipated freedom, and oft around the cavern-fire debate on visionary schemes to avert the dignity of the Rayahs.† So let them relieve their cares by prating of what has ne'er been known, of equal rights. I have a love of freedom too. Ah! let me like the ocean Patriarch roam; or lead the wandering life of the Tartar: with my tent on shore, or my galley on the sea; and these I'd prize more than cities or serais; borne by my steed across the desart, or wafted by the gale to a distant shore; bound where'er I would,—thou should'st be the star to guide my wandering steps! Thou, my Almena, shalt share, and bless my state, and be the dove of peace and promise to my ark; or, since that hope's denied in a contentious world, be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! the evening beam that smiles upon the clouds, and tints to-morrow with prophetic joys! For thee, in those bright isles, a bower is made, blooming as Aden. Selim is thine, and, with a thousand swords, waits thy command. I shall be proud to head my band, and with the spoil of nations deck my bride. The Haram's languid years of listlessness I joyfully resign for cares like tl ese. Not blind to fate—I see before me unnumbered perils—but one only love! and that fond breast shall well repay me for the frowns of fortune, or the treachery of friends. How dear the dream! in the darkest hours of calamity and distress,

^{*} Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789—90. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

^{† &}quot;Rayahs," all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

[†] The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, is proverbial.

[&]amp; "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman's paradise.

shound all be changed, to find thee faithful still! Let thy soul like Selim's, be but firm; and to thee shall Selim's be as ten der as thy own; sooth thy sorrows, participate in thy plea sures, blend his thoughts with thine, and live in concord with thee! Once free—'tis mine again our horde to lead—who are friends to each other, but foes to all the world beside; yet even in this we follow but the natural bias of man's warring kind. Mark, of his courage and his conquests, the concluding scene—he makes a dreadful solitude—and calls it—peace! I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength, but ask no land beyond my power to keep; -- power sways but by division-and knows no alternative but of fraud or force! Ours be the last—in time, when cities cage us in a social home, we may learn deceit; -in that even thy soul might err-how oft corruption shakes the heart which peril could not daunt !-- And woman especially, when death, or sorrow, or even disgrace, would lay her love low—sunk in the lap of luxury, will shame suspicion!—But Almena is incapable of such artifice! Life at the best is hazard—and in this no more remains to win, and much to lose—Yes lose! I dread the losing of thee by Giaffir's orders, or Osman's power. To night that dread shall vanish, when embarked in the prosperous voyage love hath promised—the pair he blesses with his smiles have tranquil hearts, and danger daunts them not; with thee all toils are sweet—each clime hath charms,—earth, sea, alike, thou'rt every thing to me! Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck--I'll heed them not, whilst enfolded in thy soft embrace-My own safety I disregard; and the deepest murmur that escapes my lips will be a prayer for thee! The war of elements imparts no fears to love, whose deadliest bane is human strife. There lie the only rocks which can endanger our course, and may at one time threaten, and at another wreck our fleeting hopes! But hence, ye thoughts, that rise in horrible array—this hour bestows—or ever bars escape. Few words of mine remain to close my tale-Of theme but one to waft us from our enemies; -Yea-enemies-on me will Giaffir's hate descend; and art thou not betrothed to Osman—who would part us?

"My guard returned in time to save his head and faith from doubt and death; few had heard and none revealed, that I had been roving o'er the ocean in the absence of the Pacha, and since, though parted from my band, I now too sel-

dom join them, no deed they've done, nor enterprise they undertake, till it has been considered and determined on by me. I form the plan, divide the plunder, and 'tis fit I oftener share the danger and the toil. But I have taken up your time too long—time presses—every thing is ready for our embarkation, and we leave behind nought but our antipathies and our fears. Osman will arrive to-morrow—to-night must free thee from his power; and if thou wouldst save that haughty wretch, and, perchance—the life of him to whom thou owest thy own, you must instant fly this place with me. But yet, though thou art plighted to me, if thou wishest to recall thy vow, and the truths imparted have effected any change in thee, here will I remain—determined, at my own peril, not to see thee wed another.'

Almena stood, mute and motionless, like that statue of distress, when the mother had lost her last hope; and hardened into stone, the only difference that the eye could discern in the maid was but a younger Niobe! But ere she essayed to look reply, from far, beneath the garden's wicket gate, a blazing torch was seen to flash! and a number of them in quick succession. "No more," she said, "Oh! let us fly—my more than brother!" The fearful lights are gleaming far and wide through every thicket, nor are these alone, for every man in his right hand does bear a sheathless scimitar;—they part, pursue, return, and wheel, with searching flambeaux and shining sabre, and last of all Giaffir waves his sword in fury; and now they almost touch the grot—and—Oh! must that be Selim's grave?

Dauntless he stood—"The time is come—one kiss, Almena, 'tis my last; but yet my band are not far distant, and may hear this signal; yet their numbers are now too few—the attempt were rash—No matter—I'll make one effort more." Forth to the cavern-mouth he went, and fired his pistol in the air. Almena neither started, nor wept; for despair had benumbed her faculties! "They hear me not; or, if approaching, 'twill only be in time to see me die. That sound hath drawn my enemies more near. Then forth my father's scimitar. Farewell, Almena!—Sweet, retire—and stay within in safety; he will only chafe with rage at thee. Stir not, least some erring blade or ball should glance to thee. Fear'st thou for thy father?—May I expire if in this strife

I seek his life. No—though he poured out the poison for my beloved sire—No—though again he call me coward—But shall I tamely meet their blows?—No—as each crest save his may feel!

One bound he made, and gained the shore—already at his feet hath fallen the foremost of the prying band—a gasping head, a quivering trunk; another falls—but soon a swarming circle of his enemies enclose him round;—he cleft his path from right to left, and nearly reach'd the water's edge;—his boat appears at five oars distance—his comrades strain with desperate strength—Oh! are they yet in time to save?—His feet the foremost breakers wash; his band are plunging in the sea; their sabres glitter through the spray; wet—wild—unwearied to the beach they struggle—and now touch the land. They come but 'tis too late, and only increase the slaughter, for he has already received a mortal wound!

Though thus beset, Selim had fought his way to the strand uninjured either by fire, or sword, or so slightly grazed as scarce to know it;—there, as his last step left the shore, and his hand dealt the last death blow-Ah! wherefore did he turn to look for her his eye but vainly sought?-That pause—that fatal gaze has sealed his doom—sad proof that in peril and in pain, the hope of lovers continue to the last !- His back was to the dashing waves-and close behind him lay his comrades-when, with unerring hand, a deadly ball was aimed at his heart. Whose voice exclaims-"so may the foes of Giaffir fall?" whose fire is that? whose bullet through the night air whizzed?-'Tis thine, Abdallah's murderer! The father met a lingering death, but thou hast despatched the son more quickly; the blood fast bubbles from his breast, and discolours the whiteness of the sea-foam; and the dying groan which struggles in his throat, is choked by the rustling billows.

The clouds slowly disperse at the approach of morn-few trophies of the fight remain—the shouts that shook the strand are heard no more—the only signs of strife it bears are fragments of each shivered sword. The print of many a struggling foot and struggling hand may there be traced—nor distant far a broken torch—an oarless boat—and on the weeds that line the beach where shelving to the sea, there

tangled lies a white capote !- 'Tis torn in sunder-one dark red stain the waves yet ripples o'er without effacing -But where is he who wore it? Ye! who would o'er his relics mourn, go-seek them where the surges rol: around Sigeæum's steep, and cast their burden on Lem nos' shore: the sea-birds shriek, and hover o'er their prey, as floating on the restless sea, his head heaves with the heaving billow-that lifeless hand yet feebly seems to menace strife—and the body's raised by the tossing tide to heaven, or sunk to its bottomless abyss-What recks it, though that corse should be within a living grave? The bird that tears that prostrate corse hath only robbed the meaner worm! The only being that took an interest in his face, whose heart had bled, and whose eye had wept to witness is death, and had seen his limbs decently interred, and nourned over his grave,* that heart hath burstthat eye was closed-yea-closed before his own! Wailing is heard by Helle's shore! any many a tearful eye is seen-the destined lord of Almena, the last of Giaffir's race, is come too late-no more shall he behold thy features!-Can he not hear the distant warning of the loud Weel-wulleh?"† Thy handmaids weeping at the port, the Koran-chaunters of the hymn of death—the silent slaves, that wait with folded arms, sigh in the hall, and shrieks upon the wind, tell him thy tale! Thou didst not view thy Selim die! that fearful moment when he left the cavern, filled thee with horror; -he was thy hope, thy joy, thy love, thine all-and the last thought thou bestowedst on him, whose safety thou couldst not ensure, o'ercame thy tender nature, checked the warm tide of life, and left thee a breathless corse!—Burst forth in one wild cry—Peace to thy broken heart and virgin bier !—Ah! happy! but to lose the ills of life; that grief, though fatal, was thy first! Thrice happy! ne'er to feel, nor fear the effects of absence, shame, remorse, revenge, and all the varying passions of the soul! And oh! that pang which more corrodes than madness-the

^{*} A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only

^{† &}quot;Weel-wullah," the death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.

worm that never dies, that dreads the darkness, and yet loaths the light—that winds around, and tears the quivering heart without consuming it.

Wo to thee, rash and unrelenting Pacha! Vainly thou heapest the dust upon thy head;—vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost cover; by that same hand Abdallah and Selim both have perished. Now tear thy beard in idle sorrow—the pride of thy heart—thy bride for Osman—she wnom a sultan might have ta'en to wife—thy daughter's dead!—Hope of thine age—thy sombre evening's guide—the star hath set that shone on Helle's wave—whose rays are quenched by the foul deeds that thou hast done!

Within the mournful place of thousand tombs that shine beneath, while dark above the sad, but living cypress waves its branches and leaves in sign of an eternal sorrow, and withers not, like early unrequited love! one spot exists which ever blooms even in that deadly thicket —a single rose sheds there its pale, meek, and lonely lustre; it looks as if planted by the hand of Despair—so white-so faint-the slightest gust of wind might whirl away its leaves; and yet, though thus assailed by storms and blight, and hands more rude than wintry sky may wring it from the stem, in vain-to-morrow sees it bloom afresh! Some spirit gently cultivates its growth, and waters the stalk with celestial tears. For well may maids of Helle deem that this may be no earthly flower which mocks the wither ing tempet's blast, and buds unsheltered from the storm, nor droops-though spring denies her dew, and the summer sun its heat. The live-long night, there sings a bird unseen, not distant far, -his long entrancing note is soft as Houri's harp! It were the Bulbul-but his throat, though mournful, pours not such a strain; for they who listen cannot leave the spot, but linger there, and fret, as if their love were nought! and yet so sweet the tears that fall, 'tis sorrow so unmixed with dread, they scarce can bear the melancholy spell to be broken, and longer yet would weep, he sings so wild, and yet enchantingly! But when the day-blush bursts in the east, that magic melancholy expires. And some have thought (so foudly youthful dreams deceive, which do not harshly censure) that note so piercing and profound will shape and syl-

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lable Almena's name.* 'Tis from her cypress summit, that the liquid sound is heard to melt in air—'tis from her lowly virgin earth that white rose springs. There late o'er night a marble stone was laid, and on the morrow moved. It was no mortal arm that bore that deep-fixed pillar to the beach; for there, as Helle's legends say, next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—lashed to the tumbling tide, whose shores refused his bones a holier grave—and there by night, reclined, is seen a ghastly turbaned head—and hence extended by the waves 'tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow.' Where first it lay—that mourning flower hath flourished—from that time till the present—alone—and dewy—coldly pure—as weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale.

The souls of the dead are believed to inhabit the forms of budgent this is not confined to the East; many in our country have entertained the same belief. See Orford's Reminiscences, and Letters, for the stories of the Duchess of Kendal, and a Worcester lady

"She is growing up to be a bonny lassie," said the mother; "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring kept her down awhile-but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth."-"Ay, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to a woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the Examination in the Kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed Martyrs, and some o' the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock." "Ay-were we both to die this very night, she would be happy. Not that she would forget us all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth, whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a childbut never sad or miserable-ready it is true to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up, and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my neart warms towards her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she

looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair, and letting it fall down in clusters

before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!"

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sugh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow, glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driven with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise-a storm is coming down from the Cairnbrae-hawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog-an old sheep dog, too old for its former labours-and set off to meet nis daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be rossing the Black-moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not; but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death .-"Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor bairn!" But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain tops; and Il by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost, and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ea and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light-her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand-the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow-old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow; friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Gien-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a sladow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to

her parents' house. But the snow storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed

into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear, in pity for others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wildfowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted—and shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor—and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her. The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror, the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover:—"Our

Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name—thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the

all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in Heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child: he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying

parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage a white spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them-that would be tempting Providence-and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold-and, unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulnes of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright burning hearth—and the bible,

which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her

agony remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months-and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William-" there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birchtree-lin, and it may be down to the Black-moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two Sheep-dogs that had taken their place under the longtable before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often passed the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him: and as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost. As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with frenzy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers

bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills-and he now found that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyoud father or mother or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow-flakes whirled so fiercely around his head, that he staggered on for awhile in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forwards shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well-trained dogs over the snow in all directions-repeating to them her name, "Hannalı Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did,) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution.-Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety-nay, that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee-and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirery, and afraid to leave its master-while the other was mute, and as the shepherd thought, probably anable to force its way out of some hollow or through

some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and un-conscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart-and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed-io that sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer, "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me, and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death?" God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer-and he revered the Sabbath-day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty-even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another-and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being-"blow-blow-blow-and drift us up forever-we cannot be far asunder-O Hannah-Hannah-think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us?"

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise—or anger—or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rush-

ed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive, thank God!"-and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us-I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow-creature, in whose hand was the power of life and of death. The presence of the Great Being was telt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snowdrift blew not-the wind fell dead-a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreaking and disparting storm, gathered about him-his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the riband that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death-ded, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful misfortune had befallen them! She was, however, too weak to walk; and as

her young master carried her along, she mu. mured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor ?- For if you who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke it was calm below but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father-Father," cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and prest through the snow wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured, -but each judged of the other's sufferings from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover-for so might he well now be called-felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness-and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty-when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate-and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully-naming each other familiarly, and laughing between like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within-no footstep came to the

door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse, for there upon the hard clay floor lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still-so was her heart-her face pale and sunken-and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter,"said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful exceptation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, tco, now swooned away, and as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed indeed, that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the firesine The husband knelt down by the bed-side, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awestricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly at end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes, and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life. There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship—and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which

he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness

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The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was One, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen Scrae upon the Black-moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them-and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter-and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"My father will think I am lost,," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendour—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crossed the Black-moss, now perfectly still—and reached the home

of his parents.

MOTHERLESS MARY.

It was a bleak evening in the month of October, when a little girl, about eight years of age, shivering and crying, seated herself on the fallen trunk of a tree; and looked mournfully round, as if hopeless of being able to reach the end of her journey. She had already walked, or rather run, four miles; the wind blew keenly, and the falling rain, mingled with sleet, drifted in her face. Mary had not been reared with the tender care which some children experience, whose parents live in affluence; she had been accustomed to gambol about in all weathers, and felt little inconvenience from the scorching sun, or the severest frost; but her little heart was then cheerful and happy; now it was depressed by sorrow, and the dread of future suffering; for on that very morning slie had, for the first time, witnessed the pangs of deathhad seen a beloved parent expire. Mary, shocked and alarmed, knew not what to do; she called loudly for the woman who had nursed her mother through a long and painful illness; but no answer was returned. The mercenary wretch, finding that her charge was no longer sensible of what was passing around her, packed up what few valuables she could lay her hands on, and set off, leaving the helpless orphan to shift for herself, in a lone house, six miles from the nearest market-town. Unwilling to believe that her mother was quite dead, Mary thought only of obtaining the assistance of the apothecary, who had been regular in his attendance, until that day; and immediately hurried away, in the hope of reaching Henfield before it would be too dark to find her way; but, in her eagerness, she had turned into a wrong path, and found she had a considerable way to go back, before she could regain the right road. Mary retraced her steps with a heavy neart; she proceeded as fast as she possibly could, but she felt sick and weary, and halted to a few moments to regain strength enough to continue ner soli-

the rattling of a post-chaise; she sprung upon her feet, and waited its approach. It contained a lady, and a beautiful girl, about her own age; Mary raised herself on tiptoe, and extended her arms. Surprised at the action, and still more so at the manner of the little suppliant, the lady kindly inquired what she wanted. "Only take me to Henfield; pray take me to Henfield!" cried she eagerly. "What business have you at Henfield?" asked the lady; "do you live there, child?" "Oh! no, ma'am," replied Mary, " but the doctor does; and my mother is dead, I believe, and I want him to come and do something for her." "How foolish!" exclaimed the little miss. "But if your mother is dead, my dear, the doctor can do nothing for her. Who is your mother, and where do you live?" enquired the lady. "My mother is Mrs. Powel, and we live in the white house on the common; it is very far from here, and I have walked till I am quite tired." " Have you no friends near where you live?" again the lady enquired. "Why did you not call in some of your neighbours?" "Nurse Bridget said she would beat me, if I told any of them how bad my mother was; and while she staid, I did not mind; but when she went away, and my mother could not speak, I did not know what to do; so I thought it best to fetch the doctor at once." "I do think you are telling me stories, child; I can scarcely believe you," said the lady, "however, you may come into the chaise, and I will take you to Henfield." Mary leaped with joy; and, for a few minutes, all her sorrow was forgotten. When they reached Henfield, Mary knew not how to direct the postboy; but, to her great delight, the doctor chanced to pass just as she was reluctantly stepping from the chaise: she hastily ran up to him, and repeated her artless tale. Mr. Danvers shook his head. "I fear, my poor girl," said he, "it will be of no use; I saw yesterday that your mother had not many hours to live; however, I will go with you: just stop till I get my horse." "I do not think the poor little creature can walk back," said the lady; "I am going to alight at the Lion, and I will pay the driver to take her back." "You are very good, indeed, ma'am," cried Mary; "I am sure I should not be able to walk as fast as the doctor's horse.

Mary had not been long in the chaise, when, groping

about the seat, in the restless playfulness of childhood, she caught hold of a piece of riband, and drawing it out, found it attached to a small net-work bag, which had slid down behind the cushion. The impulse of natural curiosity led her to examine the contents, and, emptying it into her lap, she found a beautiful coral necklace, a little amber box, which contained several pieces of gold coin, a morocco needle-book, and a case of cards, on which was written—" Mrs. Bouverie, Portman-Square." Mary had never heard of such a place; the prize she had found was of the most tempting kind; and she surveyed it over and over again with admiration. "It is mine now," thought she, "for I shall never see Mrs. Bouverie again, I dare say, and I am sure I cannot find out Portman-Square. How lucky! I never had such pretty things in my life. How pleased my mother will be." This was the thought of a moment; for, on looking out of the window, she saw the doctor ride forward, and his sad errand struck upon her memory; the tears trickled down her cheeks. "Ah! if my mother is indeed dead, what am I to do? Now I recollect, she often told me I was to be good and honest, and God would take care of me when I should be motherless; perhaps I am motherless now, so I ought to be good and honest, and I will; but then I must not keep these pretty things; for they do not belong to me." These thoughts employed Mary till the driver opened the door, and told her he could not take her to the common, as it was out of the way. "I know my way home," said Mary, "so you need not trouble yourself; but when you go to Henfield again, I wish you would give this bag to the lady who was so kind as to take me up; I dare say she left it in the chaise." "Oh! to be sure I will," replied the post-boy, holding out his ready hand; "I shall be there to-morrow, perhaps." Satisfied with this effort of honesty on her own side, Mary had no suspicion that the driver never intended to seek for the owner of the bag; and she hastened home without giving it a further thought.

When she reached the white-house, she found the doctor surrounded by a number of the rustic neighbours, who were telling him how shamefully the dead body of poor Mrs. Powell had been deserted. All that remained on the premises appeared barely sufficient to defray the expence of the plainest funeral; and as Mary knew of no relations

or friends that her mother had, it was agreed that she must become chargeable to the parish. Poor Mary went bitterly; but it was more for the loss of a mother she dearly loved, than from any idea of her own wretched state; though she had heard that parish children were sometimes treated harshly, and were put out to hard labour. Her small stock of clothes, though not fine, were neat, and of a superior quality to those of other country children; and these, she was told, she might keep; also a ring which was taken from the finger of the corpse; it was composed of hair set in gold, and of trifling value; though Mary prized it highly, as it had always been worn by her mother as a guard to her wedding-ring. On that same evening Mary was removed by the parish officers to the workhouse, where we must leave her a short time, and give some account of Mrs. Bouverie, who will be made further mention of in the remaining pages of our

little history.

Mrs. Bouverie was the widow of a gentleman of large fortune, whose estates lay chiefly in the county of Essex; having no son, the entailed land and family mansion became the property of a nephew, who was not yet of age, and with it a considerable part of his personal property, on condition that a union could be brought about between the heir and Mr. Bouverie's daughter Charlotte, when they both attained a proper age; otherwise it was to go to a distant branch of the family. A very handsome income still remained to Mrs. Bouverie, with which she also enjoyed the privilege of remaining at the family-seat, which was her favourite residence during the minority of her nephew; but as the ample fortune which Charlotte would come into possession of, and the prospect of such an advantageous match, rendered it necessary that she should have a finished education, Mrs. Bouverie thought it best to reside the greatest part of the year in London. This was inde d the motive she declared to the world; though, as she was still young and handsome, many believed that she had no objection to mix in the gay scenes a town life afforded, especially as her daughter was as yet not old enough to derive much advantage from the measure she adopted. Consigned to a nursery from her infancy, and, till her eighth year, almost a stranger to her mother, it could not be imagined that Charlotte could feel for her that warm affection which children bear towards parents who take a livelier interest in what concerns them. Mrs. Bouverie was, however, too blindly partial to this only child to perceive this deficiency of filial regard; or if she did perceive it upon some very glaring occasions, she, in a great measure, eonsoled herself by attributing it to the volatility and thoughtlessness of youth, and redoubled her injudicious indulgencies, in the hope of attaching her daughter to her, while, in fact, by this very method she only increased the selfishness of her

disposition.

Surrounded by strange faces, in the parish workhouse, poor Mary found no one to comfort or eonsole her. The matron gave her her allowance for supper, and, at the allotted hour, put her to bed, where she soon wept herself to sleep; and in the morning awoke with confused recollections, as if from an uneasy dream. When she took her place in the school-room, the matron was agreeably surprised to find that she could both read and work in a manner that showed she had not been neglected; and she began to eonsider that Mary would soon be of great use to her in a school already too numerous to be properly superintended by an aged and infirm woman. The day however, had not passed over, before a man on horseback rode up to the house, and enquired for the little girl who had been admitted the day before. Mary was soon brought to him. "Is your name Mary Powel?" he enquired sharply. She replied in the affirmative. "Then you will please to give me the bag and trinkets which you stole out of the chaise." Terrified by the severity of his manner, Mary trembled from head to foot. "I never stole any thing in my life," she replied, in a faltering voice; "I found the bag behind the cushion." "Oh, oh!" cried he, "you have got it then; that is enough for me; so now, my little honest one, please to deliver it up." " I have not got it indeed !" said Mary, shrinking behind the matron, as if for protection. " Come, come, girl, that won't do," voeiferated the man, in a tone of authority; "you must either produce the bag, or I shall take you before a magistrate, who will, perhaps, send you to prison." Alarmed by this threat, Mary fell on her knees. "I cannot give you the bag; but pray do not send me to prison: for I would not have given it to the post-boy, had I known any body would come to ask for it." " Are you sure this is the truth," asked the

man, a little softened at her infantile distress. "It is, God knows!" replied Mary. "The post-boy promised me he would take it to the lady who was so kind to me; for I thought it belonged to her." The matron now interposed in her favour, and told the man that she believed Mary was a very good child, and had been honestly brought up; she had no doubt but she spoke the truth; she was sure she had nothing of the kind about her, but what she was assured was her mother's. "Well, mistress, if that is the case, we must not frighten the poor thing any more. She will be safe here with you; and I must find out this same post-boy, who may be the rogue after all. The man then departed, to the great relief of Mary, who now felt reconciled to being the inmate of a workhouse, since she had been threatened with the alter-

native of a jail.

Mary had indeed, as the matron asserted, been properly instructed by her deceased mother, who, though doomed by the caprices of fortune to pass the few last years of her life in sorrow and indigence, had once known better days. An imprudent marriage had estranged her from her family and connexions; and the man to whose fallacious promises of tenderness and constancy she had sacrificed her most brilliant prospects, ungratefully repaid her confidence by neglect and unkindness. The poverty he had brought her to, he was unwilling to share; and, to better his own condition, unmindful of the claims of his suffering wife and helpless infant, cruelly deserted them. For a considerable time, the shock of this unkind treatment rendered the mother of Mary incapable of any exertion; but the wants of her infant at length roused her to activity, and she contrived to earn a scanty subsistence by works of taste and ingenuity. Her close application to a sedentary employment, soon injured a constitution naturally delicate, and she was forced to retire into the country, where, under the assumed name of Powel, she resided in a little cottage, and obtained precarious employment from the neighbouring gentry, until grief and sickness brought her to a premature grave, at the early age of thirty-seven. Motherless Mary, though thus bereft of her earthly stay, became the care of Providence; for the servant returning to Henfield, soon discovered the driver of the chaise, and demanded the restitution of Mrs. Bouverie's property. The man, at first, attempted to deny having received it from the child, or any share in the transaction; but, at length, by threats, was forced to confess the truth, and the bag was soon returned to its owner, who was so much pleased with the account given her of the girl, and so well satisfied of her honesty and integrity, that she determined to befriend her by taking her into her service, as an attend

ant upon her daughter Charlotte.

A messenger was accordingly dispatched for the poor orphan, whose joy was unbounded when she learnt that, in reward for her honesty, she was to be taken under the protection of a lady whose kind attention, in a moment of distress, had already won her youthful heart. When brought into the presence of Mrs. Bouverie, she could only express her gratitude by tears, and kissing in silence the hand held out to her. After her spirits were a little composed, Mrs. Bouverie endeavoured to draw from her what information she could gather concerning her parents; but she seemed to have a very imperfect knowledge of past events; and in reply to the question, whether she had ever seen her father, or knew that he was living, replied, that her mother always seemed so wretched when she wondered why she had not a father like other children, that she grew afraid to speak of it. Mrs. Bouverie was surprised that the mother had not been more explicit, and could only attribute her silence on the subject, and her not having left any memorial behind her, to there being some disgrace attached to her history; and although such an idea could not tend to make her consider Mary as less worthy of her protection, it finally operated to her disadvantage in many respects.

Nothing material to our narrative occurred, until Mary had been five years in the service of Mrs. Bouverie, who, although she treated her with more than ordinary kindness, did not appear to feel for her any particular regard. A circumstance then occurred, which placed the character of the orphan girl in an amiable light. Mrs. Bouverie was taken ill, in consequence of a cold caught by unguardedly sitting down on the grass, when she was fatigued and overheated by a long walk in the fields; a fever of the inflammatory sort ensued, and the symptoms were most alarming. Mrs. Bouverie, who had enjoyed such uninterrupted health as scarcely to know what it was to be indisposed, was querrulous and impatient; her occa-

sional starts of ill-humour wearied all about her, except the patient Mary, who attended her night and day with unremitting assiduity, administered to all her wants with prompt good-will, and soothed her irritated spirits by the gentlest replies and most submissive mildness; but what rendered her task the more painful was the neglect and indifference evinced by Charlotte Bouverie, who could not endure the confinement of a sick-room, and who, when she did submit to it for a short time, only irritated her mother by her pert snappish answers, and awkwardness in doing any thing required. Mary, perceiving that Mrs. Bouverie was both hurt and incensed by such behaviour, took an opportunity of remonstrating with her on the subject. "I wish I could prevail on you, Miss Bonverie," said she, "to devote more of your time to your mamma; I am sure it would be most gratifying to her, and if her mind was but kept easy, she would recover much sooner." "Why, do not I visit her twice every day?" replied Charlotte, a little offended. " She cannot want me, as you are always there to do any thing for her." "Butthere are a number of little attentions that you might pay her, and she would be so pleased." "Not she. indeed; she does nothing but groan and moan, or find fault even in the short time I am there, that I am glad to get away." " My dear Miss Bouverie," returned Mary, "when a person is ill, nobody can tell what they may suffer, and it is the duty of those who attend them to humour all their caprices, which, indeed, they could not fail to do, I think, if they felt for them." "It is your duty, Mary, certainly; you are under great obligations to my mother," this haughty and unfeeling reply roused the spirit of the hitherto humble Mary. " Mrs. Bouverie has certainly been very good to me," she replied, " and I have endeavoured to evince my sense of it by doing my duty in the station I am placed in; but she is not my mother, therefore does not expect from me that affectionate solicitude she might naturally look for in a daughter." "Really, Mary, you talk quite fine; what can you know

Tears sprang to the eyes of poor Mary; for she remembered that she was motherless, but she recollected also, that, even when a child, she had soothed the last hours of a fond parent by her little assiduities, and had heard her mother exclaim—"Oh! how sweetly am I repaid for

all my cares by the tenderness of this dear child! Mary, when you were an infant, I suffered pain and anxiety, and a thousand terrors on your account; whole nights have I been deprived of rest by your fretful humours, or occasional ailments: I deprived myself of many enjoyments that I might not leave you, or, if I did for a few hours venture to quit you for any offered amusement, I can truly say, that I felt no real pleasure until you were again clasped in my arms; but now you make me amends for all, by your love and attention. If ever you become a mother, Mary, you will understand my feelings at this moment." These words Mary recollected, and now repeated to Miss Bouverie, adding, "And do you not think that all mothers feel the same?" said Mary, "Perhaps they may," returned Charlotte, "but some persons are more easy to please than others; besides, I can see that my mother is better satisfied with any thing you do, than she would be if I did it." "I am sure you mistake," said Mary, "for she is continually asking for you, and looks so happy when she hears your step approaching the room." Charlotte, with all her perverseness, could not help being gratified by this remark, and promised, with a good grace, that she would come oftener to her mother's room, and stay longer; but unluckily her good intentions were soon forgotten, and she relapsed into her usual cold indifference, while Mary continued the indefatigable and tender nurse. Mrs. Bouverie recovered; and from that time no longer treated Mary as a mere domestic, but determined to show her gratitude by every proper indulgence. Observing that Mary had a quick capacity, she began to allow her the advantage of education, and expressed her intention of letting her take lessons from the masters who attended Miss Bouverie. "I do not wish to make you a fine lady, my dear," said she, " or intend you to neglect the useful, in acquiring the ornamental parts of education; but as I perceive in you talents which, by proper cultivation, may one day be of infinite advantage to you, I think it is but just to bestow so much care and expense upon you as will fit you for a situation above the menial capacity. In future, you will take your meals with us, and be introduced to my relations and particular friends, not as a young lady, observe, but as a good little girl, whom I wish to protect and serve." Motherless Mary could only thank her benefactress with tears; but they were tears of gratitude.

Miss Bouverie heard of this arrangement with unconcealed vexation, her pride took alarm at having this orphan, this parish girl, forced upon her for a companion, a little envy too took possession of her narrow mind; for she was almost certain, that Mary would make a more rapid progress than herself in acquiring those accomplishments at which she had hitherto been labouring with little success. Mrs. Bouverie saw what was passing in her daughter's mind, and saw it with concern; for she was no stranger to the unamiable propensities of her hitherto spoiled child, yet she had always flattered herself that her heart was good, and was now shocked to find that she had deceived herself. Still she did not choose to reveal her thoughts, but hoped that emulation would serve as a spur to overcome the habitual indolence of Charlotte, and the amiable example of Mary in time improve her disposition; sad experience, however, convinced her that even this hope was delusive. Charlotte had too long enjoyed uncontrouled sway over her weak mother not to know her power, and though she saw it was impossible to prevent the intrusion of a new favourite, she determined to make her present situation as comfortless as possible, by inflicting on her every humiliation in her power.

A dependant, raised unexpectedly to favour, always attracts the envy and ill-natured remarks of her former associates, and thus it was with Mary, who was no sooner elevated to parlour-company, than all the servants in the house, with whom she had before been a general favourite, began to wonder what their mistress could see in her to put her over their heads. "She will be so proud now, there will be no bearing her, and I suppose she must have a room to herself," says Betty, the housemaid. " And I dare say she will soon begin to find fault with the dinners I send up," says cook. " And want me to go on her errands," says the footman. " She will have all my mistress's best dresses, I warrant, and I shall get nothing but the rul bish," says Norton, Mrs. Bouverie's own maid. But Mary disarmed their rancour; for she found no fault with the dinners, sent the footman on no errands, and gave the housemaid no trouble, but made her own bed, and kept the little apartment allotted to her use in the neatest order; she was still kind and unassuming; and as Mrs. Bouverie generally allowed her sufficient, with

ner own industry and taste, to keep up a creditable wardrobe, she had no occasion for second-hand finery. All
would, therefore, have passed on well enough, but for
the indiscreet conduct of Charlotte, who encouraged the
pert familiarity of servants; and for the credit of being
thought affable and condescending, would expose herself
to liberties which, even haughty as she was, she could
not resent. To her favourite servants she made no scruple of expressing her dislike and envy of Mary, which
they, with ignorant malevolence, fostered, by protesting,
that it was too bad of their mistress to take a poor parish
girl, and a base-born brat, as she was, no doubt, into her
house, and put her above creditable servants, whose
parents, though poor, were honest; and then to make more
of her than of her own child—it was surprising, that it was!

Our young heroine, notwithstanding the envy she had excited in a few narrow minds, continued to enjoy the favour and protection of Mrs. Bouverie, who seemed indeed to attach herself more warmly to the ever-attentive Mary, as the time drew near which would probably separate her from her daughter. Henry Bouverie, the destined husband of Charlotte, was just returned from his travels, and was now hourly expected to pay his first visit; and Charlotte already took upon herself the importance of a bride. The taste and industry of Mary were accordingly put in requisition, to improve the state of her wardrobe; and she spent hours every day in consulting her mirror to determine what style of dress was most becoming, and in practising the most winning graces. "We shall do so, or so," was continually in her mouth; and Mary suffered almost as much persecution from her vain caprices, as she did before from the ebullitions of her ill-humour. Her only relaxation was a solitary ramble, which she generally contrived to indulge in at an hour which Charlotte was wasting in bed; for she had a ready pretence of indisposition to excuse her habitual indolence. One morning, Mary, invigorated by the refreshing breeze, had proceeded to a greater distance than usual, without consulting her watch, until warned by the height of the sun, that it was time to return; fearing she would be wanted at home, and ever averse to appearing negligent of her duty, she quitted the fields, and crossed into the high road, as the nearest way to the house, just as two gentlemen on horseback were passing at a brisk pace the style

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she must necessarily get over; one of them observing her, directed the attention of his companion that way. The modest embarrassment with which Mary evaded their notice, and her neat, though not inelegant attire, attracted them so much, that they continued looking back from time to time, until one of them, not perceiving the stump of a tree, recently felled, which lay across the road, suf fered his horse to fall over it, and struck his head with so much violence as to deprive him instantaneously of sense and motion. Mary involuntarily uttered a cry of terror, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, hastened forward, just as the other gentleman dismounted to assist his friend. Mary, who always carried a bottle of essence in her pocket for the use of Miss Bouverie, now offered it with an earnestness that evinced an anxious desire to be serviceable; and without harbouring an idea of impropriety, begged to support the head of the sufferer in her lap, while his companion hastened to procure better assistance. fear," said she, "you will not find a house nearer than Mrs. Bouverie's, which is about a mile distant; but you can reach it much quicker than I could; and I will take all possible care of the gentleman till you return." "You are very good, said the person she addressed, regarding her attentively, and half-smiling at the assiduity she displayed in placing his friend in the most easy posture; "but I am distressed at the idea of imposing such a task on you; the trouble-" Oh! pray, waste no time in apologies," cried Mary, interrupting him, "I dare say I shall be able to support him, if you make haste." The gentleman, finding she was not in any degree apprehensive for herself, remounted his horse, and galloped forward.

He had not been out of sight many minutes, ere Mary found herself relieved from the most troublesome part of the office she had so humanely undertaken, by the returning animation of him she supported; he appeared both surprised and gratified by the kind attention of a female so young and interesting; and declared his hurt was a just punishment for his rudeness. "But where is my friend?" he asked, looking round in surprise at his absence. "The gentleman is gone to procure assitance from Mrs. Bouverie's," replied Mary. "I am inexpressibly sorry to occasion all this alarm and trouble, said he; I think I can walk forward without any further help;" he accordingly rose, but was so giddy as to be

unable to proceed without availing himself of Mary's offered arm, which she tendered in such an easy and unaffected manner, as could not fail to excite his admiration and gratitude. "I am glad to see you so far recovered," said Mary, "and hope you will feel no further ill effects from your accident." "I fear I shall," said he, regarding her earnestly; "It may be a more serious accident than

you apprehend."

"I hope not indeed," said Mary, ignorant of his meaning; "you had better sit down again." He smiled. "No, no, I will not impose too much on your goodness; but pray indulge me so far as to let me know who it is I am under such an obligation to." "The offices of humanity, sir, are debts we owe to all; you are under no obligation to me." "But before we part, pray favour me with your name and residence." "I reside with Mrs. Bouverie, sir; --my name is Mary." "Then we are not to part so soon as I feared," he exclaimed eagerly; "for we were going on a visit to Mrs. Bouverie, when I met with this unlucky, perhaps lucky accident." " Are you Mr. Bouverie, then?" Mary enquired, with the utmost simplicity. "No; I am Henry's most intimate friend; and he pressed me to accompany him; our servant was taken ill on the road, and we were obliged to leave him; my name is Donald." They were by this time met by Mr. Bouverie, with a servant, who brought Mrs. Bouverie's garden chair; Captain Donald, however, declined the use of it, protesting he was well enough to walk on; the servant accordingly led the horses; and Bouverie, releasing his friend's arm from that of Mary, placed himself between them, and they proceeded to the house together. Upon their entrance, Mary observed that Miss Bouverie regarded her with a look of suppressed hauteur, and wondered what she could have done to give offence, until Bouverie, after apologizing for the confusion they had created, and introducing his friend, entered into an animated eulogium on the kindness and humanity of Mary. "I have frequently seen so much squeamishness." and affectation in young ladies," said he, smiling, "that I cannot conceal my admiration at the self-command, and persevering goodness of your young friend here." As this remark was addressed to Charlotte, she replied in a tone of pique, which she could not suppress, "Yor"

ladies are necessarily more circumspect in their conduct than domestics have any occasion to be; and gentlemen may perhaps consider that line of conduct squeamishness which is, in fact, merely the result of native delicacy." "Upon my honour, Miss Bouverie," cried Captain Donald, "the most exalted female could never display more true delicacy, more genuine feeling, than this young lady, to whom, I presume, you could not possibly allude, when you spoke of domestics." Mary, oppressed by compliments which abashed, and discussions which pained her, abruptly withdrew; and Mrs. Bouverie, alarmed lest Charlotte should make a further display of the infirmity of her temper, hastily observed, that Mary, though in fact a dependant in the family, was not absolutely considered in the light of a domestic. "My daughter's remark," said she, "was a general, not a personal allusion." Bouverie remained silent, but his observations were not to the advantage of Charlotte, who rallied her smiles and good humour without the desired effect of captivating him for whom they were exerted. At dinner, both the gentlemen treated Mary with the politeness and deference her conduct had merited from them; and the more Charlotte endeavoured to throw her in the back ground, the more they found opportunity to admire the meekness of her temper, and her unassuming character. As Henry expressed his intention of making a long stay at his aunt's, Captain Donald was invited to remain also, an invitation which he accepted with evident pleasure; and Mary, after a short time, getting accustomed to his effusions of gallantry, felt less embarrassed when she joined the family circle. Donald was indeed both handsome and insinuating, but there was a degree of levity in his manner, which made him little likely to interest a heart like Mary's; while the dignified respect, and guarded propriety which Bouverie displayed whenever he addressed her, so distinct from pride, yet devoid of familiarity, convinced her of his good sense, and the certainty of possessing his favourable opinion.

The impression Bouverie made on the heart of Charlotte was as favourable as he could have wished, had he been a more sanguine lover than he was in reality; not but that the personal attractions and gay manners of Captain Donald were more to her taste than she chose to declare

but she soon found out, that he was only a younger son, and had nothing but his pay to subsist on, she therefore coquetted with him occasionally, merely to rouse the vigilance of her lover, as she rather prematurely consider ed Harry. Unluckily, however, for her, Bouverie was too penetrating not to see through this little artifice of a weak mind, and his distate to his destined bride increased in proportion as she wished to increase his admiration; while on her side, she was clear-sighted enough to perceive, that Mary possessed greater influence over him than herself. When Mary spoke, he listened with evident interest; when Mary appeared in spirits, he was cheerful also; and when Mary was depressed, he was invariably silent and reserved towards Miss Bouverie, obviously attributing to her the cause of such depression. Even the simple unscientific songs of Mary seemed to give him more pleasure than Charlotte's best executed pieces; and he frequently preferred sitting at home to read aloud to them, because he saw it gratified Mary, even when Charlotte intimated a wish to ride or walk. Mrs. Bouverie perceived all this, and perceived it with alarm, while her daughter, confident that she had little chance of carrying her point while such a formidable rival was within view, set her fertile invention to work to remove her from her mother's protection; in this scheme she soon found a willing and able assistant; but as the means she employed must be progressively unfolded, we shall proceed with our narrative, until subsequent events bring forward the desired elucidation.

Mary, though wholly unconscious of any intention to rival the daughter of her benefactress, could not long remain insensible to the delicate though silent attentions of Henry, and felt that he was almost imperceptibly engrossing too much of her thoughts. Grateful for kindness which she attributed solely to urbanity of disposition, and a desire to make her amends for the indignities she hourly endured from Miss Bouverie, she never suffered one ambitious thought to enter her mind. She saw in Bouverie, a young man endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions, a superiority of understanding, and an easy elegance of manner, joined to an interesting sensibility, which she had never before met with in any of the gentlemen who were in the habit of visiting Mrs. Bouverie, most of whom either treated

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her with impertinent levity, or apathetic neglect: she was now of an age to appreciate character, and to feel the difference of the treatment she experienced; the change was new and pleasing; to become an object of attention to such a man as Bouverie, was certainly highly gratifying; and it is probable the sensation would soon have given birth to a more painful feeling, had not an unexpected circumstance diverted her thoughts into another channel. A letter was one morning brought by the post, directed to Miss Mary Powell; surprised, and somewhat alarmed, she hastily broke the seal, and with extreme perturbation read as follows—

" A penitent and sorrowing father, for the first time, addresses his long-neglected child. After a tedious exile from my native country, I am returned, Mary, desirous to clasp you to my heart; but, from adverse circumstances, unable to welcome you to a home; yet I have made diligent search after you, and your poor unfortunate mother; I found, to my inexpressible horror, that she died the victim of neglect and unkindness. I traced you out, my Mary, and derived some consolation from the knowledge that you were kindly protected, and happy, even in a dependant situation. For some time I have forborne to disturb your tranquillity by the knowledge of my existence and misfortunes; a long tale it would be to enter on an explanation, or vindication of my conduct; I must defer it till we meet; for, if what I have heard of you be true, you will not refuse to visit, even in the obscurity of poverty, an aged and afflicted father. Come to me then, my child, without delay, that your sweet smile of forgiveness may cheer the last moments of an existence that can now know no other joy.

R. Powel.

P. S. You will find me in a lodging, at No. 5, Little Moorfields, London. If you have a trifle to spare, forward it to me as above, that I may make things a little comfortable for your reception.

The tears of poor Mary flowed unrestrainedly as she perused this epistle; and it was a considerable time before sh could get the better of her emotion sufficiently to appear with any composure at the breakfast table. Henry Bouverie instantly remarked her appearance, and, with tender interest, enquired if the

was indisposed; she evaded his scrutiny as well as she could; and, following Mrs. Bouverie, when she quitted the room, gave the letter into her hands, and expressed her willingness to be guided by her advice. Mrs. Bouverie read it with astonishment, and observed, that it certainly was incumbent upon her to obey her father's request. "His style is somewhat romantic, I think," said she; "and, it appears to me, that he is actuated more by selfish views than by paternal affection; however, it is hard to judge, child; so if you wish to supply him with a small sum, I will furnish you with that, and sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey." Mary thanked her with the most lively expressions of gratitude; and that same night forwarded five pounds, according to the direction, with a promise, that she would be in town in

the course of three or four days.

Her next anxiety was the dread of visiting the metropolis alone, an inconvenience which she knew not how to obviate, and which she nevertheless made light of, in the fear of putting Mrs. Bouverie to more expence. It was at length determined, that the stage was the most eligible node of conveyance, as Mrs. Bouverie assured her, she had nothing to fear, and instructed her how to obtain a hackney coach to the place of her destination. Part of this arrangement unavoidably reached the gentlemen; and Donald, in his own mind, determined on reaching town at the same time; as he entertained a strong suspicion, that Mary was purposely sent out of the way of Bouverie; as he was entirely ignorant of the contents of the letter Mary had received, as well as of her peculiar situation. On the day previous to her departure, he therefore pretended to recollect a friend in the neighbourhood to whom he wished to pay a visit; he accordingly set off on horseback; but loitered at the nearest village until the stage passed through; which he closely followed, and reached the inn where it stopped, just as Mary prepared to alight. Her surprise, at perceiving him ready to hand her out, was extreme, and was still further increased, when he assured her, that he came purposely to protect and serve her, should his services be in any way necessary. Mary, though naturally unsuspecting, was not so entirely ignorant of life as not to have heard of the tricks practised by unprincipled young men; and a sudden doubt crossed her mind, that she would not be probably so safe under

his protection as she might be alone; she, therefore, coolly thanked him for his proffered civility, but assured him, that she had no apprehension of its being requisite, as she was going to visit her father, who resided in Lon don; and whom she hoped to have the pleasure of embracing in a very short time. Donald apologized for the liberty he had taken; but persisted in urging her to let him see her safe to the end of her journey; adding, that he should consider her refusal as particularly mortifying, after having proceeded so far in his zeal to serve her. Mary did not wish to appear ungrateful, and as she was above the little pride of wishing to conceal her father's humble situation, and imagined there could be no impropriety in his conducting her safely to him; she permitted him to take his seat in the coach with her. When they reached the house to which the coachman was directed, Mary enquired of the servant who came to the door, for Mr. Powel. "I knows no such parson," was the abrupt reply. Mary looked at the number on the door; "Is not this Little Moorfields?" she asked the coachman. "To be sure it is," he answered, surlily; "and there is no other in Lunnon." "Then, my good girl, have you not an elderly gentleman in the house who is sick." "No, we hasent no elderly gentleman, sick or well; there's only misses and me, and young master, so it can't be here you want to come." With these words she was proceeding to shut the door, when Mary requested to see her mistress. The girl muttered, "What's the use of troubling misses, can't you believe me?" She, however, called the woman out, who rather more civilly assured her, that there was no such person in the house as she enquired for, nor did she know any person of the name. Mary looked at Donald with a mingled emotion of surprise, alarm, and suspicion. "I can read your thoughts, Miss Powel," said he, "but I protest to heaven, they wrong me; I will own to you, that I had a vague suspicion that you were somehow deceived, and that idea determined me to attend you; I am now happy that I did so, as I can have the happiness of conducting you back to Mrs. Bouverie." Mary burst into tears, "Good God! she exclaimed "what shall I do? this is a most cruel deception! But indeed, Captain Donald, I cannot, will not return with you." Well then, permit me to advise you as to your most prudent course, and you will be satisfied that I am not the

author of this imposition. It will be impossible for you to return to-night alone; this house appears a respectable one, and, I dare say, the good lady will have no objection to give you a lodging, until you write to Mrs. Bouverie, and learn if there has been no mistake in the direction given you." "Why I do let lodgings, to be sure, sir," observed the woman, "but not to strangers; howsumever, the young lady can walk into my parlour a bit, and perhaps we can settle things." "This lady is an entire stranger in London," said Donald, "but you need not be under any apprehension; whatever demand you may make shall be settled before hand." The landlady, apparently well satisfied by this promise, showed them into a decently furnished room, and there left them; but did not forget to take her station outside of the door, that she might hear what passed between them. Mary now once more referred to her letter, and found the direction was too legibly written for there to be any mistake; she showed it to Captain Donald, who, struck by the handwriting, could not conceal his surprise. " May I solicit your confidence, Mary, so far as to ask to see the contents of this letter." Mary bowed assent, and, when he had run over the contents, he turned to her with a look of concern, in which admiration was strongly blended. "You have, I fear, been scandalously imposed upon, Miss Powell; but not by me, I give you my word; nay, I even suspect, that those you consider your greatest friends, will prove your greatest enemies; I must not say more at present; but, be assured, I will not quit town till I see you in a place of security. Mary, for a moment, imagined his suspicion rested on Bouverie, but a secret consciousness made her unwilling to express her thoughts; and she intimated her desire, that he would leave her for the present, as the only way in which he could serve her would be in making enquiry in the neighbourhood for a person named Powel. Donald assured her he would go immediately to all the receiving post-offices where he should be most likely to obtain the desired information and then departed. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Williams, the landlady, came in with tea, and familiarly seating herself, began to take a scrutinizing survey of our heroine. " And pray Miss, from what part of the country do you come?" was her first question. "From Henfield." "And that gentleman is a relation, perhaps?"

Mary hesitated. "Well, it is no business of mine, to be sure; he is a very handsome, free gentleman, that I can say. You have some particular business in London, I suppose?" I came to meet a very near relation, who has been absent from England some years; I understood he was ill, and resided here." Mrs. Williams shook her head, and replied only by a significant smile, and an ejaculation of "Poor Thing!" Mary was at a loss what to think; and, unwilling to be further questioned, requested to be furnished with materials for writing. Mrs. Williams immediately left the room, and soon returned with an ebony writing-box, of an antique form, curiously studded with silver, on the lid of which, the cipher M. D. was

neatly inlaid.

Mary no sooner cast her eyes on the box, than a confused recollection of having seen it before occurred to her; she opened and examined it, and was convinced, that either the same box, or its counter part, had once been her mother's; the features too of Mrs. Williams seemed familiar to her, but she could not exactly call to mind where, or when they had last met. "You seem to ad mire that box, miss," said the loquacious landlady; " it is an old fashioned piece of goods. I have had it myself these fifteen years, and it was not new then." " Pray, who gave it you?" asked Mary, hastily. This abrupt question, uttered without thought or design, brought a deep colour into the face of Mrs. Williams, who, after some recollection, replied, "That is a curious question, miss; I dare say, you would not know if I told you." "Perhaps not," returned Mary, with a sigh; "only I thought I had seen it before, and about the time you speak of, my poor mother had just such a box." "Your mother! why, bless me, is your name Mary Powel?" This unguarded question convinced Mary that her conjecture was right, and she applied in the affirmative. Mrs. Williams, who was, in fact, the woman who had so unfeelingly robbed and deserted Mrs. Powel in her last moments, was too cunning to betray herself farther, but putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as if the recollection affected her, but, in reality to conceal her shame and confusion, she replied, "Well, indeed, this is curious enough; that box was indeed your mother's; I knew the poor lady very well; she left it in my care, and I have kept it ever since." "Then pray tell me," cried Mary,

eagerly, "do you know any thing of her family, or connexions?—of my father?" "I do not indeed, my dear; all I know is, that your mother was quite a gentlewoman, and I have heard her speak of your father as being abroad, and, from what I could learn, over head and ears in debt." This account corresponded with the circumstance of the letter she had received, and Mary now flattered herself, that she might yet find him in London. She, therefore, wrote Mrs. Bouverie, that through some mistake, she had not found her father at the house to which she was directed, but had fortunately met with a friend of her mother's, with whom she would remain a short time, if it met Mrs. Bouverie's approbation. The return of post, to Mary's consternation, brought the following letter—

MARY,

I am desired by my mamma to inform you, that your proceedings are a matter of perfect indifference to her, since you have thought proper to quit her protection in such a scandalous manner; she is not ignorant that Captain Donald accompanied you to town; therefore, you cannot expect to make her house your home when he is tired of you. Your box is sent by the coach, and you may get it by enquiring at the office. Any letters that you may write will be returned unopened, as mamma is no longer to be imposed on by your pretended innocence.

CHARLOTTE BOUVERIE.

Mary had not recovered from the agony into which this cruel and unjust accusation had thrown her, when Captain Donald entered. "For heaven's sake, my dear girl, what has distressed you thus?" cried he, hastening towards her." "Oh! sir, you have done me an irreparable injury; read that letter, Captain Donald, and see what misery you have brought on a poor friendless orphan." Donald perused it with evident rage and indignation; then, tearing it to pieces, exclaimed, "Detestable malice! vile artifice! Mary," he continued, taking her hand, "I can now explain all this; listen to me with composure, and you will find that, if I have injured you, it has been unintentionally. That I love you, Mary, I will not deny—" "Stop, sir," cried Mary hastily

"your expressions give me more terror than satisfaction; this is no time for trifling, it is adding insult to injury." "You are too sensitive, Mary; I do not mean to insult you; shall I say, I suspect the state of your feelings! I fear, indeed, I am almost certain, Bouverie is the object of your preference." "Captain Donald," said Mary, gravely, "I must again repeat, that you insult me; I know my station in life too well to believe, that either Mr. Bouverie or you ought, with any propriety, to be the subject of my thoughts, or can address any professions to me which I should be justified in listening to." "You are a very prudent little girl, I find, said Donald, smiling; "but we will discuss this subject another time. Now, Mary, I must tell you, that the letter you received was a forgery; it was written by my own servant, at the desire of Norton, who acted for her young lady. Miss Bouverie, desirous to get you out of the way, set her wits to work, and finding in one of her novels a letter, likely to suit her purpose, desired the girl to make James copy it, with some alterations, which she marked to suit her purpose." "You astonish me," said Mary; "could Miss Bouverie be capable of such an artifice?" "She was, I assure you, but her malice shall recoil upon herself; for I will go to Henfield, and expose the whole transaction to Mrs. Bouverie and Henry, just as my man has confessed it to me." " As far as may be requisite for my defence, and your own vindication, I will thank you to do so," said Mary; "but I do not wish you to let any desire of serving me, injure her in the estimation of Mr. Bouverie." "His estimation!" repeated Donald hastily; "he despises her, I well know, for her treatment of you." The animated satisfaction which beamed on the countenance of Mary at this assertion, convinced Donald that he had been rather imprudent, but he was too generous to attempt to recall his words, and though he found he had done no good to his own cause, by raising what might prove a fallacious hope, he suffered her to retain a consolation so flattering. "But now, my dear Miss Powel," he resumed, "we must decide upon the course most proper to pursue; under existing circumstances, you must not return to Mrs. Bouverie, even were she willing to receive you; but I think, if you have no objection, I can introduce you to a patroness who will justly appreciate your merit; you shall, therefore, hear a little of my family history. My mother

died when I was very young, and while my father was labouring under some embarrassment, the consequence of youthful extravagance, my grandfather undertook the charge of maintaining and educating me and a brother a year older, and obtained an appointment in India for his imprudent son, who remained there several years; we were placed at Harrow-school, and I had no correspondence with my father, until the old gentleman's death, when he returned the husband of Lady Margaret, a.woman almost young enough to be his daughter; she is, however, very amiable; and it is to her I am anxious to introduce you; I am a particular favourite with her, and my recommendation will have great weight, as she knows that, with all my follies, I am no libertine. My mother was a Bouverie, and I shall come into a tolerable fortune in case of the projected match between Charlotte and Henry; so you see I am likely to be a gainer one way, if I am a loser the other. However, I have entered upon this statement to convince you, that it is want of ability, rather than inclination, which prevents my making you an

offer of my hand."

Sensibly impressed by the generosity and candour of this declaration, Mary could scarcely express herself as she wished. "Grateful as I feel for the too favourable opinion you profess to entertain of me, Captain Donald," said she, "be assured, that no mercenary motive would induce me to take advantage of your disinterested kindness; I shall, however, be happy to avail myself of your good offices with Lady Margaret, and, should I be so fortunate as to be received by her, will do all in my power to merit her favour." "Come, you are as tractable as I expected," said Donald, gaily, "and I shall have the pleasure of serving you, in spite of yourself, and the still greater one of being in your society frequently." "Still complimenting, I find," returned Mary; "indeed, you must drop this strain, or I shall be afraid to accept any situation where I shall be likely to be exposed to such oppressive gallantry." "Well, I will say no more," replied Donald, pressing her hand, with cordial sincerity, as he took leave. "I must try to make you like me better, by my future good behaviour." When he was gone, Mary found leisure to reflect calmly on all that had passed; the hints of Donald had awakened her to the conviction, that she had indeed allowed herself to cherish an idea of Bouverie, in a manner inimical to her peace; yet she felt ashamed, that a prejudice, for which she could not account, should induce her to prefer him to the actively generous Donald; she was not insensible to the advantages which might result from his attachment, should she be able to repay it with regard; but this she felt to be almost impossible; and could scarcely bring herself to think that she was doing right in seeking the protection of his mother-in-law. When they next met, she intimated her scruples to Donald, but he eagerly overruled them, and assured her, that Lady Margaret was already prepared to receive her with kindness and esteem. "I have opened my whole heart to her," said he; " for I regard her more as a tender sister, than an austere motherin-law; so you have nothing to dread from her observation." Mary thanked him, and the day of her introduction was soon fixed. Mary's first care was to coax Mrs. Williams out of the box, for which she made her a remuneration adequate to its value, even had it been honestly obtained: and then, with a palpitating heart, stepped into the carriage which Lady Margaret had obligingly sent to convey her to Manchester-street.

Captain Donald was with Lady Margaret when Mary arrived; he instantly ran down, and assisted her to alight. " Remember, Miss Powell," said he, as they ascended the staircase, "you will not be considered as a domestic in this house, but as the companion and protegée of my mother." Lady Margaret received Mary with polite affability, and after a few common-place topics, said, "I promise myself much comfort in your society, Miss Powell; for though, as you see, a young woman, by having a husband so much my senior, I am considered quite the old lady, and am almost shunned by females of my own age; if it were not for the attentions of this gallant youth, I should really think it time to wear close caps and spectacles; but jesting apart, I do wish for a rational companion, as I am too young to give up all the elegancies of life, and too matronly to enter into all its frivolities; now, by Edward's account, we shall be ex tremely well suited." Mary replied, that she hoped it would be in her power to justify Captain Donald's recommendation; and the remainder of the day was spent

agreeably to all parties. Mary did not see Mr. Donald for several days, as he was absent inspecting some of his estates; when he returned, Lady Margaret was anxious for him to see her young friend, and being in her dressingroom when he returned, immediately sent for him. have increased your family during your absence, Mr. Donald," said she, after their first salutation. " Indeed, that is an honour I have long ceased to hope for;" he returned, gaily. " Nay, now I want none of your sarcasms," she replied; "I have indeed got a fine grown-up girl to present to you; but here she comes." Mary opened the door, but was retiring with a half-uttered apology, when Lady Margaret called her back, and presented her to Mr. Donald, who regarded her attentively, and seemed not displeased with her appearance.

From that time, Mary found her residence in the family perfectly agreeable, for every member of it treated her with the utmost kindness. Lady Margaret insisted on her appearing in all her parties, and to make her appearance consistent, made her several valuable presents. From Captain Donald, Mary learnt, that he had satisfied Mrs. Bouverie respecting her conduct; and that Mr. Bouverie was so much disgusted with Charlotte in consequence, that he had declined an alliance with the lady. "I am truly glad of it," he continued; "for I respect and esteem him too much to wish to see him tied to such an unworthy object; he could never be happy with her, I am certain, even if he felt no preference for any other." Mary averted her head, that he might not read what was passing in her thoughts, but he gave a pretty near guess, and soon contrived to change the subject.

One morning, Lady Margaret requested Mary to copy some music for her; she accordingly got her writing implements, and sat down to obey her; while she was thus employed, Mr. Donald entered, and sat down in an opposite chair; after looking at the piece, his eyes fell on the writing-box; he started, and hastily exclaimed, "Good God! Miss Powel, where did you get that box?" Surprised by the suddenness and manner in which he asked the question, Mary faltered out, "I believe, sir, it belonged to my mother, but I am not quite sure." "What do you mean, child? Cannot you be certain?" "I am almost, but I may be mistaken." She then repeated how

she had met with it at Mrs. William's, and in further explanation, necessarily detailed some of the incidents of her past life. Mr. Donald appeared greatly agitated during the recital, and when she concluded, said, "It is an extraordinary coincidence; surely it must be so. Have you no other memorial of your family, Mary!" "None but this ring, sir, which my poor mother wore to the day of her death." And she took the ring already mentioned, from her finger. Mr. Donald examined it carefully, then holding out his hand to her said, "I shall surprize you, Mary, and I hope agreeably, when I declare myselfyour father!" Mary, overcome with astonishment and emotion, could make no reply, but fell into his extended arms. Perceiving that she had fainted, he rang the bell with violence, when Lady Margaret rushed into the room. "For mercy's sake, what is the matter, Mr. Donald? Mary here too! What is all this?" cried she, looking from one to the other in dismay. Mr. Donald smiled, but his smile was mixed with tears of tenderness and joy. "Suspend your judgment, my dear Margaret, till we have recovered this poor girl." "What ails her, Mr Donald?" "I cannot enter upon a long story now; but to satisfy your jealous fears, my dear, I will confess, that I have been embracing-my daughter; the child of that Mary yon have heard me speak of." "What! of Edward's mother? You surprise me!"

When Mary recovered, Mr. Donald entered upon the desired explanation. "My conduct towards your mother," said he, "though culpable in the extreme, was not so base as you may be led to imagine. I am sorry to say, she owed most of her sufferings to the vindictive spirit of my father. Your mother, who was a Bouverie, married me in opposition to the wishes of her family, who, in consequence, cast her off for ever. The increasing expences of a young family, and my own imprudence, so impaired my scanty finances, that I was forced to apply to my father. He promised me, if I would go abroad for a few years, he would provide for my children, and take care of my wife; but this promise, I afterwards found, he fulfilled only as regarded my two boys, directing my poor Mary to apply to her own proud parents for the assistance she required for herself and infant. Such an application, she knew to be unavailing; she therefore continued to

suffer in silence; and as I have since found all my letters among my father's papers, conclude he must have purposely kept them back, as I unguardedly sent them under cover to him. I had not been in India above three years, when I received the account of her death, and of her infant, Mary, which must, however, have been a deception of my father's, to conceal his own cruel neglect of my wife and child, of whose fate he was doubtless better informed. This is all I have to tell you concerning my first marriage; for my second, Lady Margaret, will, I am sure, prove herself a sufficient apology, if an apology is considered necessary by the daughter of her I once loved with ardour, though perhaps not with sufficient constancy." 'I can assure you, Mary," said Lady Margaret, with warmth, "Mr. Donald always did justice to the merit of your mother, and regretted her death with the feeling of a man who felt he had not done all the justice to an amiable woman which she deserved. So you must not hate me for having crept into the vacant corner of his heart." "I cannot hate you madam," replied Mary, "or envy you a happiness you are so eminently worthy of; I knew but little of my poor mother, that little entitles her to my tender remembrance; you, Lady Margaret, have new and powerful claims on my love and gratitude." "You are a good and generous-hearted girl," said Donald, leading her to his wife, who tenderly embraced her. "I am a fortunate one, I am sure," said Mary, taking a hand of each; "this discovery has set my mind at ease on a subject you cannot at present guess; but I will reveal all to you, Lady Margaret." "Ah! you allude to Edward, I know," she replied, smiling; "I have nothing to blame you for on that head; but we will call him to the conference, and sober his senses a little by this discovery."

Captain Donald, when first made acquainted with the discovery, knew not whether to rejoice, or be sad; but his spirits soon recovered their wonted tone; and he hastened to his friend Bouverie, who had not yet paid a

visit to Manchester-street.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow," said he; "it is lucky you never popped your head in to spoil my chance; I have just drawn from the sweet Mary an acknowledgment that she loves me." "Indeed!" replied Bouverie, 19*

while a sudden gloom overspread his fine expressive countenance. "Has Mary confessed her sentiments so soon?" "Why should you doubt it? I am sure, I have left no means untried to win her." "I hope, sir, you have not been so base as to take any advantage of her defenceless situation." "You seem angry, Henry; I trust I have not anticipated any of your projects; I assure you, I was not aware of your having any designs upon the girl." "I never harboured any designs inimical to her honour, Mr. Donald." "Why surely you did not care seriously for her, Bouverie?" "Whatever my sentiments may be, sir, I am not amenable to you." "Perhaps I may be of a different opinion, Mr. Bouverie, Mary will soon bear my name; consequently, I am not so indifferent to the sentiments of other men, as you may probably imagine." "I beg your pardon, Edward, I have been too impetuous; my feelings are not always under proper controul." "You certainly have displayed considerable warmth of feeling on this subject," replied Donald, laughing; "but come, Bouverie, let you and I understand each other: we have hitherto been friends, I hope we shall never become rivals." "You need not fear it," returned Bouverie, extending his hand; "if you have honourably won the affections of Mary, I wish you happiness; far be it from me to interrupt it, though I will not deny that I felt a tender preference for her." "Candidly acknowledged," replied Donald; "but you would not have played the fool, and married her!" "You cannot laugh at me when I own, that I would; it was my intention, as soon as I could with propriety, to ascertain her sentiments; and, if they were such as I hoped, to have made an offer of my hand; but you have saved me the pain and mortification of a rejection." Donald burst into a loud laugh. "Fairly caught!" cried he, clapping his hands, while Bouverie stared at him in speechless amazement. "Well, my dear Bouverie, you may go and make proposals as soon as you please; for now, to let you into the whole mystery at once, Mary is—my sister!" Bouverie could scarcely believe but this was a new trick of his volatile friend, until fully informed of all the particulars; he then expressed his joy in animated terms, and soon

drew from Donald satisfactory hints that Mary regarded

him with partiality.

Mr. Donald, happy in finding such an eligible match for his daughter, readily permitted Mr. Bouverie to address her, and Mary listened to his proposals with that delicacy and candour which had ever distinguished her character; while in secret she blessed Providence, which had thus wonderfully made the artifice of one who wished to work her ruin, prove the very means of exalting her to happiness and distinction.

Charlotte Bouverie heard of Miss Donald's good fortune with an envy that she strove not to conceal, and determining to let the world see, that she could get a husband if she pleased, formed a hasty and imprudent connexion with a man of extravagant habits and unprincipled morals; the consequence was such as might be expected from such a union; he strove to repair his shattered finances by an appeal to Doctors' Commons; pocketed the penalty of iniquity, and left his wife to linger out the remnant of her

wretched existence in poverty and infamy!

Mrs. Bouverie, deeply afflicted by her daughter's disgrace, found consolation only in the grateful and soothing attentions of Mary, who, when she gave her hand to Bouverie, and took possession of that mansion as mistress, which she had once entered as a poor dependant orphan, insisted on her former benefactress residing with her, and allotted to her use a spacious suite of apartments, and a few select servants, which, by being entirely at her command, would take off any degree of restraint which she might possibly feel in her present change of circumstances; for, to assist her unworthy daughter, Charlotte, Mrs Bouverie had parted with her house in Portman-square, and deprived herself of every thing but a scanty maintenance.

The day on which Mr. Bouverie came of age, was a joyful day to his tenants and domestics; for Mary having once known the bitters of adversity, considered it her duty to assist, as far as it was in her power, the distresses of others: therefore, they were never disregarded by her, nor did the friendless orphan ever go from her door unrelieved. As moderate and unpresuming in affluence, as she had been humble and for-

bearing in indigence, her virtues shone the more conspicuous by being placed in a stronger light; and Bouverie had every reason to exult in the disinterestedness of his choice, in having overlooked the distinction of wealth, and bestowed his affections upon Metherless

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

Bamfylde Moore Carew was descended from an ancient family of the Carews, son of the Rev. Theodore Carew of the parish of Bickley, near Tiverton, in the county of Devon. Mr. Carew was born in the month of July, 1693; and never was there known a more splendid appearance at any baptism in the west of England than at his; the Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, were his illustrious godfathers, both of whose names he bears. Mr. Bamfylde presented him with a piece of plate, whereon was engraved, in large letters, Bamfylde Moore Carew.

As he increased in years, he grew majestic, his limbs strong and well proportioned, his features regular, his countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristical marks, which physiognomists assert denote an honest and good-na-

tured mind.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, sons and daughters, besides Bamfylde. At twelve years of age Bamfylde was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an acquaintance with young gentlemen of the first rank in Somer-

setshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorsetshire.

He attained, for his age, a very considerable knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues; but soon a new exercise engaged all his attention; this was hunting, in which he soon made a surprising progress; for, besides that agility and courage requisite for leaping, &c. he, by indefatigable study and application, added to it a remarkable cheering halloo to the dogs, and which we believe was peculiar to himself; and besides this, found out a secret, hitherto unknown but to himself, of entiring any dog to follow him.

The Tiverton scholars had at this time the command of a

fine cry of hounds, whereby he had frequent opportunities of

gratifying his inclinations in that diversion.

It happened that a farmer, living in the country adjacent to Tiverton, who was a great sportsman, and used to hunt with the Tiverton scholars, acquainted them of a fine deer which he had seen, with a collar about its neck, in the fields about his farm, which he supposed to be the favourite deer of some gentleman not far off; this was very agreeable news to the Tiverton scholars, who went in a great body to hunt it. This happened a short time before harvest; the chase was very hot, and they ran the deer many miles, which did great damage, the corn being almost ripe. Upon the death of the deer, and examination of the collar, it was found to belong to Colonel Nutcombe, of the parish of Clayhanger. farmers and gentlemen that sustained great damage, complained very heavily to Mr. Rayner, the schoolmaster, of the havock made in their fields, which occasioned strict inquiry to be made concerning the ringleaders, who proving to be our hero and three of his companions; they, on being severely threatened, absented themselves from school, and the next evening fell into company with a society of gipsies, who were feasting and carousing at the Brick-house, near

This society consisted of seventeen or eighteen persons of both sexes, who met with a full purpose of merriment and jollity; and after a plentiful meal upon fowls, ducks, and other dainty dishes, the flowing cups of October, cyder, &c. went cheerfully round, and merry songs and country-dances crowned the jovial banquet; in short so great an air of freedom, mirth, and pleasure, appeared in the faces and gestures of this society, that our youngsters from that time conceived a sudden inclination to enlist into their company; which, when they communicated to the gipsies, they considering their appearance, behaviour, and education, regarding it as only spoken in jest; but as they tarried all night in their company, and continued in the same resolution the next morning. they were at length induced to believe them to be serious, and accordingly encouraged them and admitted them into the number, the proper oaths being administered.

The reader perhaps may be surprised at the mention of oaths administered, and ceremonials used at the entrance of these young gentlemen; but this surprise will lessen, when we inform him that these people are subject to a form of government, and laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay

obedience to one who is stiled their king (to which great honour we shall hereafter see our hero arrive, having first proved himself worthy of it, by a great number of necessary

achievements.)

Thus was Mr. Carew initiated into the mysteries of a society, which for antiquity needs give place to none. Mr. Carew did not continue long in it without being consulted in important matters; particularly Madam Musgrove, of Monkton, near Taunton, he ring of his fame, sent for him to consult in an affair of difficulty; when he was come, she informed him that she suspected a large quantity of money was buried somewhere about her house, and if he would acquaint ber with the particular place, should reward him handsomely.

Our hero consulted the secrets of his art upon this occasion, and after long toil and study, informed the lady, that under a laurel-tree in the garden lay the treasure she sought fer, but that her planet of good fortune did not reign till such a day and hour, till which time she should desist from searching for it; the good lady rewarded him very generously with

twenty guineas for his discovery.

In the mean time his worthy parents sorrowed for him as one that was no more, not being able to get the least tidings of him, though they publicly advertised him, and sent messengers to every part; till, at the expiration of a year and a half, having repeated accounts of the great sorrow and trouble his parents were in, his heart melted with tenderness, and he repaired to his father's house at Bickley, in Devonshire. Disguised both in habit and countenance, he was not at first known by his parents; but when he discovered himself, joy gushed out in full streams, stopping the power of speech; they bedewed his cheeks with tears, and imprinted them with their kisses. The good-hearted and tender parent will feel much better than we can describe. In the whole neighbourhood, particularly the two parishes of Cadley and Bick ley, there was nothing for some time out ringing of bells, public feastings, and other marks of festive joy.

For some time unsatisfied longings after the community of gipsies preyed upon his mind; his heart being too good to think of leaving his fond parents again without reluctance; long did filial piety and his inclinations struggle for the victory; at length the last prevailed, but not till his health had visibly suffered by these inward commotions. One day, therefore, without taking leave of any of his friends, he di-

rected his steps towards the Brick house, at Tiverton, where he had first entered into the community of the gipsies; and finding some of them there, he joined their company, to the great satisfaction of them as well as of himself, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be so very useful a member.

Being again admitted at the first general assembly of the gipsies, and having taken the proper oaths of allegiance to the sovereign, he was soon after sent out by him on a cruize upon their enemies. Our hero's wit was now set at work, by what stratagem he might best succeed; the first that occurred to his thoughts was, the equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his naked ness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes, (or rather the body of shoes, for soles they had none) which had leaks enough to sink a first rate man of war, and a wollen cap, so black, that one might safely swear it had not been washed since Noah's flood. Being thus attired, our hero changed his manners with his dress; he forgot entirely his family, education, and politeness, and became now nothing more nor

less than an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman.

In his first excursion, he gained a very considerable booty, having likewise ingeniously imitated the passes and certificates, that were necessary for him to travel unmolested. After about a month's travel, he accidentally, at King's Bridge, in Devonshire, met with Coleman, his school-fellow, one of those who had entered with him into the community, as before related, but had, after about a year and a half's abode with them, left them and returned to his friends; but not finding that satisfaction amongst them as with the gipsies, had again joined that people; great was the joy therefore, of those two friends at meeting, and they soon agreed to travel together for some time, and accordingly proceeded to Totness, and from thence to the city of Exeter. Entering that city they raised a contribution there, in one day, amounting to several pounds.

Having obtained all he could desire from this stratagem, his faithful invention soon hinted another. He now became the plain, honest, country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. His habit was neat, but rustic; his air and behaviour simple and inoffensive; his speech in the Kentish dialect; his countenance dejected; his tale pitiful; his wife and seven tender helpless infants

being partakers of his misfortunes, in short, never did actor personate any character more just; so that if his former stratagem answered his wishes, this did still more so, he now

getting seldom less than a guinea a day.

Having raised a very considerable booty, be made the best of his way towards Straton, in Devonshire, where was soon to be held a general assembly of the gipsies; here he was received with great applause, on account of the successful stratagems he had executed, and he had the honourable, mark of distinction bestowed upon him, of being seated near

the king.

Though our hero, by means of these stratagems, abounded in all the pleasure he could desire, yet he began now to reflect within himself on that grand and noble maxim of life, that we are not born for ourselves only, but are indebted to all mankind, to be of as great use and service to them as our capacities will enable us to be; he, therefore, gave a handsome gratuity to an expert and famous rat-catcher (who assumed the honour of being rat-catcher to the king, and produced a patent for the free exercise of his art,) to be initiated into that, and the still more useful secret of curing madness

in dogs or cattle.

Our hero, by his close application, soon attained so considerable a knowledge in his profession, that he practised with much success and applause, to the great advantage of the public in general, not confining the good effects of his knowledge to his own community only, but extending it universally to all sorts of people wheresoever it was wanted; for, though we have before observed, the mendicants are in a constant state of hostility with all other peop.e, and Mr. Carew was as alert as any one in laying all manner of schemes and stratagems for carrying off a booty from them, yet he thought, as a member of the grand society of mankind, he was obliged to do them all the good in his power, when it was not opposite to the interest of that particular community of which he was a member.

His invention being never at a loss, he now formed a new stratagem, to execute which he exchanged his habit, shirt and all, for only an old blanket; shoes and stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present purpose. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no more than "Poor Mad Tom," whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through ford, and whirlpool, and anagmire, who hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud at heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four inch bridges, to curse his own shadow for a traitor; who eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat and ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool,

"And mice and rats and such small geer,
"Have been Tom's food for seven long year."

O do, de, do de do de; bless thee from whirlwind, starblasting, and taking; do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes; there could I have him now, and there and here again, and there; through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind; Tom's a cold; who gives any thing to poor Tom?"—In this character, and with such like expressions, he entered the houses of both great and small, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions, such as biting himself, offering to eat coals of fire, running against the wall, and tearing to peices whatever garment was given him to cover his nakedness; by which means he raised very considerable contributions.

But these different habits and characters were still of further use to our hero, for by their means he had a fairer opportunity of seeing the world than most of our youths who make the grand tour; for he had none of these pretty amusements and raree-shows, that so much divert our young gentlemen abroad, to engage his attention; it was wholly to the study of mankind, their various passions and inclinations; and he made the greater improvement in his study, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reserve

or disguise.

All these observations afforded him no little pleasure, but he felt a much greater in the indulgence of the emotions of filial piety, paying his parents frequent visits, unknown to them, in different disguises; at which time the tenderness he saw them express for him, in their inquiries after him, (it being their constant custom so to do of all travellers,) al-

ways melted him into real tears.

Our hero, not being satisfied with the observations he had made in England and Wales, was resolved to see other countries and manners. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater service to the community of which he was a member, by rendering him capable of executing some of his stratagems with much great-

er success. He communicated his design to Escot, one of those who commenced a gipsey with him (for neither of the four wholly quitted that community.) Escot very readily agreed to accompany him in his travels, and there being a ship ready to sail for Newfoundland lying at Dartmouth, where 'hey then were, they agreed to emkark on board her being called the Mainsail, commanded by Captain Holdsworth. Nothing remarkable happened in their passage which elates to our hero; we shall therefore pass by it, and land him safe in Newfoundland.

Our hero did not spend his time useless, or even without entertainment, in this uncomfortable country. During the fishing season, he therefore visited Torbay, Kittaway, Carboneer, Brigas Bay, Bay of Bulls, Petty Harbour, Cape Broil, Bynavist, and all the other settlements, both English and French, accurately making himself fully acquainted with the names, circumstances, and characters, of all the inhabitants of any note, and the great Bank of Newfoundland, which is a mountain of sand, lying under the sea, about 450

niles in length.

The fishing season being over, and our hero having made all the observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again in the Mainsail to Dartmouth, from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb, by an art peculiar to himself. Our hero was received with great joy by his fellow gipsies, and they were loud in his praises, when they understood he had undertaken this voyage to enable him to deceive their enemies with the greater success. He accordingly, in a few days, went in the character of a shipwrecked seaman, homeward bound from Newfoundland, sometimes belonging to Pool, sometimes to other ports, and under such or such commanders, according as the newspapers gave accounts of such very melancholy accidents.

He now being able to give a very exact account of Newfoundland, the settlements, harbours, fishery and inhabitants thereof, he applied, with great confidence, to masters of vessels, and gentlemen well acquainted with those parts; so that those, whom before his prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest benefactors; as the perfect account he gave of the country, engaged them to give

credit to all he asserted, and made them very liberal.

It was in Newcastle upon Tyne, that he became enamour

ed with the daughter of Mr. G-y, an eminent apothecary and surgeon there. This young lady had charms sufficient to captivate the heart of any man susceptible of love, and they made so deep an impression upon him, that they wholly effaced every object which before had created any desire in him, and never permitted any other to raise them afterwards; for, wonderful to tell! we have, after about thirty years enjoyment, seen him lament her occasional absence almost with tears, and talk of her with all the fondness of one who has been in love but three days. Our hero tried all love's persuasions with his fair one in an honourable way; and as his person was very engaging, and his appearance genteel, he did not find her greatly averse to his proposals. As he was aware, that his being of the community of gipsies might prejudice her against him without examination, he passed with her for the mate of a collier's vessel, in which he was supported by Captain L-n, in whose vessel they set sail, and the very winds being willing to favour these happy lovers, they had an exceeding quick passage to Dartmouth, where they landed. In a few days they set out for Bath, where they lawfully solemnized their nuptials, with great gayety and splendour, and nobody at that time could conjecture who they were, which was the cause of much speculation and false surmises.

Our lovers began at length to be weary of the same repeated rounds of pleasure at Bath, they therefore paid a visit to the city of Bristol, where they stayed some time, and caused more speculation than they had done at Bath, and did as much damage to that city as the famous Lucullus did at Rome on his return from his victorious expeditions; for we have some reason to think, they first introduced the love of dress and gayety amongst those plain and frugal citizens. After some stay there, they made a tour through Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire, into Hampshire, where they paid a visit to an uncle of our hero's living at Porchester, near Gosport, who was a clergyman of distinguished merit and character; here they were received with great politeness and hospitality, and staid a considerable time.

His uncle made him very lucrative offers for the present, and future promises of making him heir to all his posses sions: yet, remembering his engagements with the gipsies, he rejected them all; and reflecting now, that he had long lived useless to that community, he began to prepare for his departure from his uncle's, in order to make some excursions

on the enemy; and to do this with more effect, he bethought himself of a new stratagem. He therefore equipt himself in a black loose gown, put on a band, a large white peruke, and broad-brimmed hat; his whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow; his countenance thoughtful and grave; his eyes turned on the ground, but now and then raised in seeming ejaculations to heaven; in every look and action he betrayed his want; but at the same time seemed overwhelmed with that shame modest merit feels when it is obliged to solicit the cold hand of charity; his beliaviour excited the curiosity of many gentlemen, clergymen, &c. to inquire into the circumstances of his misfortunes; but it was with difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much seeming reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exercised for many years the sacred office of a clergyman at Aberusturth, in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several children,) to taking an oath contrary to his principles and conscience. This relation he accompanied with frequent signs, deep marks of admiration of the ways of Providence, and warm expressions of his firm thirst and reliance in his goodness and faithfulness, with high encomiums on the satisfaction of a good conscience. When he discoursed with any clergymen, or other persons of literature, he would now and then introduce some Latin or Greek sentences that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his hearers an high opinion of his learning; all this, and his thorough knowledge of those persons whom it was proper to apply to, made this stratagem succeed even beyond his own expectations.

So active was his mind that he was never happier than when engaged in some adventure or other; therefore, when he had no opportunity of putting any great stratagem in execution, he would amuse himself with those which did not require so great a share of art and ingenuity. Whenever he heard of any melancholy accident by fire, he immediately repaired to the place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the spot, inquiring into the cause of it, and getting an exact information of the trades, characters, families, and circumstances of the sufferers, he immediately assumed the person and name of one of them, and burning some part of his coat or hat, as an occular demonstration of his narrow escape, he made the best of his way to places at some distance, and there passed for one who had been burnt

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out; and to gain the greater credit, showed a paper signed with the names of several gentlmen in the neighbourhood of the place where the fire happened, recommending him as an honest unhappy sufferer; by which he obtained considerable gains. Coming one day to 'Squire Portman's, at Brinson, near Blanford, in the character of a rat-catcher, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was well known by the family; and meeting in the court with Mr. Portman, the Rev Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, he accosted them as a ratcatcher, asking if their honours had any rats to kill? "Do you understand your business well ?" replies Mr. Portman. "Yes, and please your honour, I have been employed in his Majesty's yards and ships." "Well, go in and get something to eat, and after dinner we will try your abilities." After which he was called into a parlour, among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well honest rat-catcher," says Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes," replied Bamfylde, "I shall lay it where even the rats cannot climb to reach it." "And what countryman are you?" "A Devonshire man, please your honour." "What's your name?"-Our hero now perceiving, by some smiles and whisperings of the gentlemen that he was known, replied very composedly, "B,a,m,f,y,l,d,e M,o,o,r,e C,a,r,e,w." This occasioned a good deal of mirth; and Bamfylde asking, what scabby sheep had infected the whole flock? was told, Parson Bryant was the man who had discovered him, none of the other gentlemen knowing him under his disguise; upon which turning to the parson, he asked him if he had forgot good King Charles's rules? Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrew's Milbourne, expressed a pleasure at seeing the famous Bamfylde Moore Carew, saying he had never seen him before. "Yes, but you have," replies he, "and given me a suit of clothes;" Mr. Pleydell testified some surprise at this, and desired to know when it was? Mr. Carew asked him if he did not remember a poor wretch met him one day at his stable-door, with an old stocking round his head instead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulder, no shirt on his back, nor stockings on his legs, and scarce any shoes on his feet; and that Mr. Pleydell asked him if he was mad; he replied, no; but a poor unfortunate man cast away upon the coast, and taken up, with eight others, by a Frenchman; the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and

that Mr. Pleydell having asked him what countryman he was, gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. Mr. Pleydell said, he well remembered such a poor object. "Well," replied our hero, "that object was no other than the expert ratcatcher now before you;" at which all the company laughed very heartily. "Well," says Mr. Pleydell, "I will lay a guinea I shall know you again come in what shape you will;" the same said Mr. Seymour of Hantford. Some of the company asserting to the contrary of this, they desired our hero to try his ingenuity upon them, and then discovering himself, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handsome contribution of the company, he took his leave; but Parson Bryant followed him out, and acquainted him that the same company, and many more, would be at Mr. Pleydell's on such a day, and advised him to make use of that opportunity to deceive them altogether; which our hero resolved to do. He therefore revolved in his mind what stratagem was likely to succeed; at length he fixed upon one, which he thought

could not fail answering his purpose.

When the day was come, the barber was called in to make his face as smooth as his art could do, and a woman's gown, and other female accoutrements, of the largest size, were provided for him; yet our hero thought of something else to render his disguise more impenetrable; he therefore borrowed a little humped back child of a tinker, and two more of some others of his community. Thus accoutred, and thus hung with helpless infants, he marched forwards for Mr. Pleydell's. He went into the court-yard, understanding the gentlemen were not in the liouse; he had not been long there, before the gentlemen all came in together, who accosted him with, "where did you come from, old woman?" "From Kirton, please your honours, where the poor unhappy mother of these poor helpless babes was burnt to death with the flames, and all they had consumed." "Damn you," said one of the gentlemen (well known by the name of Wor thy Sir, and particularly with Mr. Carew,) "there has been more money collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth;" however he gave this good old grandmother a shilling; the other gentlemen likewise relieved her. But the gentlemen were not got into the house, before their ears were saluted with a tantivee, tantivee, and a halloo to the dogs-upon which they turned about, supposing it to be some brother sportsman, but seeing nobody, Worthy Sir

swore the old woman they had relieved was Carew; a ser vant therefore was despatched to bring the old woman back, and she was brought into the parlour among the gentlemen, where being examined she confessed what she was; which made the gentlemen very merry, and they were now employed in unskewering the children from his back, and observing the features and dress of this grandmother, which afforded them sufficient entertainment; they afterwards rewarded him

for the mirth he had procured them.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that these successful stratagems gained him high applause and honour in the community of gipsies; he soon became the favourite of the king, (who was now very old and decrepid,) and had always some honourable mark of distinction assigned him at their public assemblies. These honours and applauses were so many fresh spurs to his ingenuity and indus try. Our hero therefore, was continually planning new stratagems, and soon executed a very bold one upon his Grace the Duke of Bolton; being introduced into the hall, where the Duke was to pass through——he had not been long there, before the duke came in; upon which he very gra ciously offered a paper to his hand for acceptance, which was a petition, setting forth, That the unfortunate petitioner, Bamfylde Moore Carew, was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole effects, none of which he had been able to save. The duke seeing the name of Bamfylde Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the west of England, treated him with respect, and called a servant to conduct him into a room, where the duke's barber waited on him to shave him; and after came in a footman, who brought in a good suit of trimmed clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and all other parts of dress suitable to these.—On his departure, the duke made him a present of fifty pounds.

As our hero's thoughts were bent upon making still greater advantage of this stratagem, he did not stay long with his brethren, but went to a respectable inn, where he lodged, and set out the next morning for Salisbury; here he presented his petition to the mayor, bishop, and other gentlemen of great note and fortune, and acquainted them with the favours he had received from his Grace the Duke of Bolton; the gentlemen having occular demonstration of the Duke's liberality, treated him with great complaisance and respect

and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small alms to one whom the Duke of Bolton had thought so very worthy of notice. In the same manner, and with the same success, he visited Lord Arundell, Sir Edward Bouverie, and many other gentlemen in the counties of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset; coming into Devonshire, his native country, he visited all his friends and most intimate acquaintance, and was relieved by them, not one of them discovering this unfortunate supercargo to be Bamfylde. Being one morning near the seat of his great friend Sir William Courtney, he was resolved to pay him three visits that day; he goes, therefore, to a house frequented by his order, and there pulls off his fine clothes, and put on a parcel of rags; in this dress he moves towards Sir William's, where with a piteous moan, a dismal countenance, and a deplorable tale, he got half-a-crown from that gentleman, as a man that had met with a misfortune at sea; at noon he puts on a leather apron a coat which seemed scorched by the fire, and with a dejected countenance, applied again, and was then relieved as an unfortunate shoemaker, who had been burnt out of his house and lost all he had; in the afternoon he goes again in his trimmed clothes, and desiring admittance to Sir William, with a modest grace and submissive eloquence, he repeats his misfortune as a supercargo of a vessel which had been cast away, and his whole effects lost, at the same time mentioning the kindness he had received from his Grace the Duke of Bolton. Sir William seeing his genteel appearance and behaviour, treated him with that respect which the truly great will always pay to those who supplicate their assistance, and generously relieved him, presenting him with a guinea at his departure. There happened to be at that time a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy at dinner with Sir William, not one of whom discovered who this supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir William despatched a servant after him, to desire him to come back. When he entered the room again, Sir William and the rest of the company were very merry with him, and he was desired to sit down and give them an account by what stratagem he had got all his finery, and what success he had with it, which he did; after which, he asked Sir William if he had not bestowed half-a-crown that morning on a beggar, and about noon relieved a poor unfortunate shoemaker? "I re member," replied Sir William, "that I bestowed such alms

on a poor ragged wretch;" "Well," says Mr. Carew, "that poor ragged wretch was no other than the supercargo now before you." Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting on the same rags, came again with the same deplorable tale as he had done in the morning, which fully convinced Sir William that he was the same man, and

occasioned no little diversion in the company.

It was about this time the good-old king of the gipsies, named Clause Patch, well known in the city of London and most parts of England, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding nature decrease every day, and his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance, being willing that the last spark of his life should go out in the service of his people. This summons was obeyed with heavy hearts by his loving subjects, and, at the day and place appointed,

a great number assembled togéther.

The venerable old king was brought in a high chair, and placed in the midst of them, his children standing next to him, and his subjects behind them .- For some time the king of the mendicants sat contemplating the tender emotions of his subjects, then bending forward he thus addressed them:--"Children and friends, or rather, may I call you all my chil dren, as I regard you all with a paternal love, I have taken you from your daily employments, that you may eat and drink with me before I die: but before you depart, the books shall be examined, and every one of you shall receive from my private purse the same sum that you made by your busi ness this day of the last week; let not this act of generosity displease my heirs-it is the last waste I shall make of their stores; the rest I die possessed of is theirs of right; but my council, though directed to them only, shall be for the general good of all. The good success, my dear children, with which it has pleased heaven to bless my industry in this our calling, has given me the power of bestowing one hundred pounds on each of you—a small fortune, but improveable; and of most use, as it is a proof that every one of you may gain as much as the whole, if your idleness or vice prevent not; mark by what means? Our community, like people of all professions, live upon the necessities, the passions, or the weakness of our fellow-creatures. The two great passions of the human breast are vanity and piety: both these have

great power in men's actions; but the first is greater far, and he who can attract these the most successfully will gain the largest fortune. A real scene of affliction moves few hearts to pity; dissembled wretchedness is what finds its way to the human mind, and I am past dissembling. Take, therefore, among you the maxims I have laid down for my own guide, and use them with as much success as I have done.

"Trouble not yourselves about the nobility—affluence has made them vain and insensible; they cannot pity what

they can never feel.

"Some people show in their looks the whole thoughts of their heart, and give you a fine notice how to act with them; if you meet a sorrowful countenance with a red coat, be sure the wearer is a disbanded officer: let a female attack him, and tell him she is the widow of a poor marine, who had served twelve years and then broke his heart because he was turned out without a penny; if you see a plain man hang down his head as he comes out of a nobleman's gate, tell him, Good worthy sir, I beg your pardon, but I am a poor ruined tradesman that was once in good business, but the people would not pay me. - And if you see a pretty woman with a dejected look, send your first sister that is at hand to complain of a bad husband, that gets drunk and beats her, that runs to whores, and has spent all her substance. There are but two things that can make a handsome woman melancholy-the having a bad husband or the having no husband at all; if the first of these is the case, one of the former crimes will touch her to the quick, and loosen the strings of her purse, if the other, let a second distressed object tell her, that she was to have been married well, but that her lover died a week before; one way or other the tender heart of a female will be melted, and the reward will be handsome. If you meet a homely but dressed up lady, pray for her lovely face, and beg a penny; if you see a mark of delicacy, by the drawing up of the nose, send somebody to show her a sore-head, a scald head, or a rupture. If you happen to fall in with a tender husband leading his big wife to church, send some companion that has but one arm or two thumbs, or tell her of some monstrous child you have brought forth, and the good man will pay you to be gone; if he gives but slightly, it is but following, getting before the lady, and talking louder, and you may depend upon searching his pockets to better purpose a second

time. Many more things there are I have to speak of, but my feeble tongue will not allow me to speak them; profit by these, they will be found sufficient, and if they prove to you, my children, what they have been these eighteen years to me, I shall not repine at my dissolution." Here he paused for some time, being almost spent; then, recovering his spirits, he thus began again: "As I find the lamp of life is not quite extinguished, I shall employ the little that remains in saying a few words of my public conduct as your king; I call heaven to witness, that I have loved you all with a paternal love; these now feeble broken spirits and limbs have been worn out in providing for your welfare! and often have these now dim eyes watched, while yours have slept, with a father's care for your safety. I call you all to witness, that I have kept an impartial register of your actions, and no merit has passed unnoticed; I have with a most exact hand, divided to every one his share of our common stock, and have had no worthless favourite, or useless officer, to eat the honey of your labour-And for all these I have had my reward, in seeing the happiness, and having the love of all my subjects. I depart, therefore, in perfect peace, to rest with my fathers; it remains, that I give you my last advice, which is, that in choosing my successor, you pay no partial regard to my family, but let him only who is most worthy to rule over you." He said no more, but leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.

When the day of election came, our hero was one of the candidates, and exhibited to the electors so long a list of bold and ingenious stratagems which he had executed, and made so graceful and majestic an appearance in his person, that he was chosen by a considerable majority (though there were ten candidates for the same honour,) upon which he was duly elected, and hailed by the whole assembly King of the Mendicants; the public register of their actions being brought to him, and committed to his care, and homage done him by the assembly. The whole concluded with great feast-

ing and rejoicing.

Though Mr. Carew was now privileged by the dignity of his office from going out on a cruize, and was provided with every thing necessary, by the joint contributions of the community, yet he did not give himself up to the slow poison of the mind, indolence. Our hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particular privileges of his office, was as active in his stratagems as ever, and ready to encounter every diffi-

culty which seemed to promise success, of which the follow-

ing is an instance.

Being in the parish of Fleet, near Portland-race, in Dorsetshire, he heard in the evening of a ship in imminent danger of being cast away, she had been driven on some shoals. Early in the morning, before it was light, he pulls off his clothes, which he flung into a pit, and then, unseen by any one, swims to the ship, which now parted asunder, he found only one of the crew alive, who was hanging by his hands at one side of the vessel, the rest being drowned in attempting to swim on shore. Never was there a more piteous object than this poor wretch, hanging between life and death; Mr. Carew immediately offered him his assistance to get him to shore, at the same time inquiring the name of the vessel and her master, what cargo was on board, whence she came, and whither bound? The poor wretch replied-She beloned to Bristol, Captain Griffin, master, came from Hamburgh, was bound to Bristol, with Hamburgh goods, and had seven men and a boy on board; at the same time our hero was pressing him to commit himself to his care, and he would endeavour to assist him in reaching the shore; but this poor wretch hesitated so long before he would quit his hold of the vessel, that a sea broke upon the wreck, and overwhelmed him in the great deep. Mr. Carew was in no little danger, but being an excellent swimmer, he, with great difficulty got on shore, though not without hurt, the sea throwing him with great violence on the beach, whereby one of his arms was wounded. By this time a great number of spectators were gathered on the strand, who rejoiced to see Mr. Carew come on shore alive, supposing him to be one of the poor wretches belonging to the ship; naked, spent with fatigue, and wounded, he raised sensations of pity in all the

Among the spectators of Carew, was the housekeeper of Madame Mohun, who gave him a handkerchief to bind up his wound, bade him follow her, and led him to her mistress's house, where she seated him before a good fire, and gave him two large glasses of brandy, with loaf sugar in it, bringing him a shirt and other apparel, went up stairs and acquainted her lady, in the most moving manner, with the whole affair. Her mistress was so affected with the relation, that she immediately ordered a bed to be warmed for him, and to take the greatest care of him; which was accordingly dane, and Mr. Carew lav very quiet for three or four hours;

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then awaking, he seemed to be very much disturbed in mind; his talk was incoherent; his groans moving, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, but seemed to find no ease; the good people of the house, seeing him so uneasy in bed, brought him a good suit of clothes, and he got up; being told that the bodies of some of his shipmates were flung on shore, he seemed greatly affected. Having received from Justice Farewell a guinea, and a passport for Bristol, with considerable contributions from a number of people who flocked to see him, to the amount of nine or ten pounds, he expressed a desire to make the best of his way to Bristol, and the good Justice Farewell lent him his own horse to ride as far as Dorchester, and the parson of the parish sent his man to show him the way.

The great activity and ingenuity of their new king was highly agreeable to the community of the mendicants, and his applauses resounded at all their meetings; but as fortune delights to change the scene, and to depress those she has most favoured, we come now to relate, on the other hand,

some of the misfortunes of our hero.

Going one day to pay a visit to Mr. Incledon of Barnsta ple Devon; knocking at the door softly it was opened by the clerk, who accosted him with the common salutations of—How do you do, Mr. Carew; where have you been? He readily replied, that he had been making a visit to 'Squire Bassett's, and in his return had called to pay his respects to Mr. Incledon; the clerk very civilly asked him to walk in; but no sooner was he entered, than the door was shut upon him by Mr. Justice Lethbridge, a bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants, who had concealed himself be-

hind it, and Mr. Carew was made prisoner.

He had some time before this, in the shape of a poor lame cripple, frightened either the justice or his horse, on Piltonbridge. The justice vowed revenge, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his power. Fame had no sooner sounded her hundred tongues that our hero was in captivity, but the justice's house was crowded with intercessors for him; however, Justice Lethbridge was deaf to all. At length a warrant was made out for conveying him to Exeter, and lodging him in one of the securest places in the city. Mr. Carew, notwithstanding his situation, was not cast down, but bravely opposed his ill fortune with his courage, and passed the night cheerfully with the captains who were his guard. The next day he was conducted to Exeter, without any thing

remarkable happening on the road; here he was securely lodged for more than two months, and brought up to the quarter sessions held at the castle, when justice Bevis was chairman. Being asked by the chairman what parts of the world he had been in; he answered, Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and some part of Scotland; the chairman then told him, that he must proceed to a hotter country. He inquired into what climate, and being told Meryland, he with great composure, made a critical observation on the pronunciation of that word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced Maryland, and added that it would save him five pounds for his passage, as he was desirous of seeing that

country.

Soon after this he was conducted on board the Juliana, Captain Froade commander. The first place they touched at was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the captain went on shore to get a pilot; and after about two days stay there, the pilot brought the vessel down Miles' River, and cast anchor in Talbot county, when the captain ordered a gun to be fired, as a signal for the planters to come down. He soon after sent on board a hogshead of rum, and ordered all the men prisoners to be close shaved against the next morning. The captain then ordered public notice to be given of the day of sale, and the prisoners were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board to purchase. one seemed inclined to purchase Carew, as he was no mechanic. The punch went merrily round. In the midst of their mirth, Mr. Carew thought it no breach of good manners to take an opportunity of slipping away, without taking leave of them.

Mr. Carew, finding he had eluded their search, congratulated himself on his happy escape and deliverance; but as he was travelling through the country, he was taken by four timber-men who carried him before a justice, that committed him to New-Town jail. Captain Froade, hearing of his being there, came and demanded him as a runaway. He sent round his long boat, paid all costs, and brought him once more on board his ship. The captain received him with a great deal of malicious satisfaction in his countenance, and, in a tyrannic tone, bade him strip, calling to the boatswain to bring up the cat-o'-nine-tails, and tie him to the main gears; after undergoing this cruel punishment, he took him on shore

to a blacksmith, and had a heavy iron collar placed round his neck, which in Maryland they call a pot-hook, and is gene

rally put on the necks of runaway slaves.

One night when all were asleep, Carew let himself down into a boat that was along-side, and made his escape into the woods; he travelled till he came to the Friendly Indians, who treated him kindly, and sawed off his iron collar. He one night seized one of their canoes, and pushing from the shore, landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania. Mr. Carew being now got among his own countrymen again, soon transformed himself into a quaker, pulling off the bettom from his hat, and flapping it on each side, he put on as demure and precise a look as if his whole family had been

quakers.

The first house he went to was a barber's, of whose assistance he had great need, not having shaved his beard since he left the ship. He told a moving story, saying, his name was John Elworthy of Bristol, that he had been artfully kidnapped by one Samuel Bull of the same place, and gone through great hardships in making his escape. The barber, moved by his tale, willingly lent him his assistance in taking off his beard; during the operation they had a deal of discourse, the barber telling him his father came from Exeter, and presented him with a half crown bill, and recommended him to one Mr. Wiggil, a quaker, of the same place, to whom he told the same moving story, and obtained a ten shilling bill from that same gentleman, and a recommendation to the rest of the quakers in the place, from whom he received a great deal of money.

Mr. Wiggil recommended him to Captain Reed, who was ready to sail, and Carew having a curiosity to see more of the country, thought proper to leave Pennsylvania without taking leave of his good friends. From hence he entered Buckingham county, where he inquired for George Boon, who formerly lived at Brandnich, in Devon. Here he went by his own name, telling him he had been taken prisoner, and carried into the Havanna, where he had lain many

months.

At New-London, he inquired if there were none of the name of Davey in that city? and being asked why? he replied they were near heirs to a fine estate near Crediton, in Devon, formerly belonging to Sir John Davey. He was then shown to two ancient sisters of Sir John Davey's, whose sons were timber-men. They asked a great many questions

about the family; he told them Sir J. Davey was nead, and his eldest son also, who had left two sons; that the younger brother, Humphrey Davey, was then living at Creedy-house, and the little boys, somewhere about Exeter. They then gave him two letters to deliver to Mr. Humphrey Davey; after which, each gave him a guinea, with recommendations to Justice Miller and Captain Rogers, who was bound for England, with whom he embarked.

Being safely arrived, he travelled to Bristol, and then made the best of his way to the mendicant's-hall, on Milehill. Just as he came there, the landlady and an old crony, a tinker's wife, were standing at the door. As soon as the landlady espied him, she elapped her hands, and swore it was either Carew or his ghost. Our hero's first inquiry was, when they had seen his dear wife? The landlady told him, that she and his daughter were well: but that his wife never expected to see him more. Mr Carew called for a room, ordered a dinner, and passed the afternoon very mer-

rily.

He afterwards visited Exeter, and going into Saint Peter's church-yard, sees Sir Harry Northcote, Dr. Andrews, and two other gentlemen. He accosted them with, "God blesyou, Sir Harry, Dr. Andrews, and the rest of the company. Sir Harry, staring very wistfully at him, cried, "Are you flesh and blood?—why, you never have been in America?" Dr. Andrews then asked if it was Carew? the report being spread that he was in Exeter, drew a number of spectators to see him, and, among the rest, Merchant Davey himself, who asked him in a great hurry, if the ship was cast away? "No, no, (says he) I have been in America—have had the honour to see your factor, Mr. Mean, and saw Griffiths sold for a thousand weight of tobacco; but did not I tell you I should be back before Captain Froade?" He then gave an account of several particulars, which convinced the gentlemen he had really been in America. Mr. Davey asked him if he had been sold before he ran away? and on his replying that he had not, the merchant told him jeeringly that he was his servant still—that he should charge him five pounds for his passage, and five pounds for costs and charges, besides Captain Froade's bill. He next inquired, where he had left Captain Froade? Carew told him, in Miles' River. The gentlemen then gave him money, as did likewise Mr. Davey.

Two months after this, Captain Froade came home, laden with tobacco. As soon as he came to an anchor, several

Soon after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his respects to Sir William Courtenay, returning him thanks for what he had supplied him with when he sailed for Maryland, adding, he had been as good as his word, in coming home before Captain Froade. Sir William told him he thought he had; and then called to his brother to give him something to drink. In a little time Sir William comes to him again, with his brother Mr. Henry Courtenay, who conducted him to a noble parlour, where there was a great company of fine ladies sitting, whom our hero accosted with all that respect which is ever due to beauty and merit. Sir William then asked him jocosely, if he could discover which was his dove? He replied, he knew some of the ladies there; and that, unless his judgment deceived him, such a lady, singling out one of them, was the happy person. "You are right, (replied Sir William,) this is my turtle-dove." Sir William then put a piece of money into his hat, as did Mr. Courtenay, and then bid him go round to the ladies, which he did, addressing them in a very handsome manner; and we need not add, gathered in a very plentiful harvest.

The next day, at Moll Upton's in Newtown Bushel, he met a sister of that order of mendicants, and he, having an inclination to pay a visit at Sir Thomas Carew's, at Hackam, soon made an arrangement to change habits that day. The barber was then sent for to make his face as smooth as his razor could make it, and his hair was dressed with ribbons; thus metamorphosed, our hero sets out, having a wand in his hand, and a little dog under his arm. Being come to Sir Thomas Carew's, he rushes into the house without ceremony, demanding his rent in an imperious tone.—None of the men-servants being in the way, the women first ran one way, then another; but he taking no notice of the confusion, continued to act the mad woman, beating his head against wall, kissing his dog, and demanding his rent. At last

comes one of the women-servants, saying, "Lady, you are welcome to your rent," and gave him half-a-crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily; for now he fell a raving again and demanded some merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some ale, which he having drank, took his leave, thanking them with a very low curtesy.

Hearing there was to be a great cock-match at Plymouth, he put on the dress of a gentleman, and not the dress only, as too many do, but also the behaviour and manners; so that going to the cock-match, he betted several wagers with Sir Coventry Carew and his own brother, of whom he had

the good fortune to win.

It was about this time he became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W——m, in the following manner:—Being at Watchett, in Somersetshire, near the seat of that gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a visit; putting on, therefore, a jacket and a pair of trowsers, he made the best of his way to Sir William's seat, and luckily met Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and several other gentlemen and clergy, with some commanders of vessels, walking in the park. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming fearfulness and respect; and with much modesty, acquainted him he was a Silverton man, that he was the son of one of his tenants named Moore-had been to Newfoundland, and in his passage homeward, the vessel was run down by a French ship in a fog, and only him and two more were saved, but being put on board an Irish vessel, were carried into Ireland, and from thence landed at Watchett.—Sir William hearing this, asked him a great many questions concerning the inhabitants of Silverton, who were most of them his own tenants, and of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood: all of which Mr. Carew was well acquainted with, and therefore gave satisfactory answers. Sir William at last asked him, if he knew Bickley, and if he knew the parson therof? Carew replied, he knew him very well (and so indeed he might, as it was no other than his own father!) Sir William then inquired, what family he had? and whether he had not a son named Bamfylde? and what became of him? "Your honour (replied he,) means the beggar and dog-stealer-I dont.know what is become of him, but it is a wonder if he is not hanged by this time."-" No, I hope not, (replied Sir William,) I should be glad, for his family's sake, to see him at my house." Having satisfactorily answered many other questions, Sir William generously relieved him

with a guinea, and Lord Bolingbroke followed his example; the other gentlemen and clergy contributed according to their different ranks. Sir William then ordered him to go to his house, and tell the butler to entertain him, which he accordingly did, and sit himself down with great content and satisfaction.

Some time after this, he took his passage at Folkstone in Kent, for Boulogne in France, where he arrived safe, and proceeded to Paris, and other noted cities of that kingdom. His habit was now tolerably good, his countenance grave, his behaviour sober and decent—pretending to be a Roman Catholic, who had left England, his native country, out an ardent zeal for spending his days in the bosom of the Catholic Church. This story readily gained belief; his zeal was universally applauded, and handsome contributions made for him; but, at the time he was so zealous a Roman Catholic, with a little change of habit, he used to address those English he heard of in any place, as a protestant and shipwrecked seaman; and had the good fortune to meet with an English Physician at Paris, to whom he told this deplorable tale, who not only relieved him very handsomely, but recommended him to that noble pattern of unexhausted benevolence, Mrs. Horner, who was then on her travels, from whom he received ten guineas, and from some other company with her five more. After that, Carew returned to England, and being in the city of Exeter with his wife, walking upon the quay there, enjoying the beauties of a fine evening meditating no harm, nor suspecting any danger, he was accosted by merchant D-y, accompanied with several captains of vessels, in such words as these: "Ha! Mr. Carew, you came home for your own pleasure, you shall now go over for mine." They then laid hands on him, who found it in vain to resist, as he was overpowered by numbers; he therefore desired to be carried before some magistrate; but he was not hearkened to; for they forced him on board a vessel, without the presence or authority of any officer of justice; the boat carried him to the Philleroy, Captain Simmonds, bound for America with convicts. He was no sooner put on board than he was strictly searched, and then taken between decks, where he was ironed down with the convicts.

The wind coming fair, they hoisted sail, and soon bade adien to the English coast. After they had been at sea a few days, Captain Simmonds died, and Harrison, the mate, took the command of the ship. He had the liberty allowed

him of coming upon deck, where the captain entered into conversation with him, and jocosely asked him, if he thought he should be at home before him? He generously answered he thought he should, at least he would endeavour to be so. At last, after sixteen weeks passage, in the grey of the morning, they made Cape Charles, and then bore away for Cape Henry. At Hampton, they took in a Pilot for Miles' River Here they fired a gun, and the captain went on shore; in the mean time the men prisoners were ordered to be close shaved, and the women to have clean caps on.—This was scarcely done, before an overseer, belonging to Mr. Bennet in Way-river, and several planters, came off to buy the prisoners, who were ordered upon deck. Some of the planters knew Carew again, and cried out, "Is not this the man Captain Froade brought over and put a pot-hook upon?" "Yes, (replied Harrison,) the very same;" at which they were much surprised, concluding he had been killed by the wild beasts or drowned in some river. "Aye, aye," replied Harrison, with a great oath, "I'll take care he shall not be at home before me." By this time several of the prisoners were sold; the bowl went merrily round; many of the planters gave Carew a glass, but none of them chose to buy him.

During this, Carew, observing a great many canoes and boats lying along side the vessel, thought it not impossible to make himself master of one of them, and by that means reach the shore. He therefore took an opportunity, just as it grew dark, of slipping down the ship's side into one of the canoes, with which he paddled, with as much silence and expedition as possible, towards the shore. He had not gone far before the noise he had made gave the alarm, that one of the prisoners had escaped. Harrison immediately called out to inquire which of them, and where Carew was? And being told he was gone off, swore he would rather have lost half of the prisoners than him. All hands were now called upon to pursue; the captain and planters left the bowl; the river was covered with canoes, and every thing was in confusion. Carew was within hearing of this, but, by plying his canoe well, had the good fortune to get on shore before any of them. He immediately took himself to the woods, as soon as he had landed, and climbed up into a tree, where he had not been many minutes, before he heard the captain, sailors, and planters, all in pursuit of him.

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect on his present situation, which indeed, was melancholy enough; nowever, he at last resolved o steer further up into the voods, which he accordingly did, and got up another tree where he sat the succeeding day without food. The next day, towards night, hunger became too powerful, and he was almos spent for want of food; in this necessity he knew not what to do; at last, happening to espy a planter's house at some distance, he was resolved to venture down in the night, thinking he might find food of some sort about the house; agreeable to this resolution, in the middle of the night, going into the planter's yard, he found there some milch cows penned in, which he soon milked into his hat, making a most delicious feast. Having found out this method of subsisting, he proceeded forward in the same manner, concealing himself in a tree in the day-time, and travelling all the night, milking the cows as often as he had an opportunity, and steering his course as near as he could guess, towards Duck's

In the dawn of the morning of the eleventh day, ne came in sight of Duck's-creek; but being afraid he might fall into the hands of his pursuers, he strikes a great way into the woods, where staying all the day in a tree, he came back again, in the middle of the night to Duck's-creek. As soon as he came there, he ran to the water-side for a canoe, but found them all chained; he therefore caught a horse, and making a sort of bridle with his handkerchief swam him over to the opposite side. He then set off again, and after travelling through the country and living by begging, came to an old friend of his, who was surprised at seeing him there. He then told him in what manner he had been served; the other pitied him, and paid his passage to England, where he arrived at Bristol, and made the best of his way to Exeter. Fame having sounded the arrival of our hero, several gentlemen flocked to the Oxford-inn to visit him, and among the rest Merchant Davey.

The next morning, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he went and paid his respects to Sir Thomas Carew at Hackham, where they were received with great kindness. Sir Thomas told him if he would decline the mendicant der, he would take care to provide for him and his family.

On his return home he reflected how idly he had spent the prime of his life. These cogitations so continually wrought in him, that recovering from a severe fit of illness, he came to a resolution of resigning the Egyptian sceptre. The assembly, finding him determined, reluctantly acquiesced, and he departed amid the applauses and sighs of

his subjects.

Our adventurer, finding the air of the town not rightly to agree with him, and the death of some of his relations rendering his circumstances quite easy, he retired to the western parts, to a neat purchase he had made, and there ended his days, beloved and esteemed by all; leaving his daughter (his wife dying some time before him) a genteel fortune; who was married to a neighbouring gentleman; and, by the sweetness of her behaviour, and amiableness of her character, was a blessing to herself, a pattern to her acquaintance, and an honour to his family.

A

DICTIONARY

OF THE

CANT LANGUAGE

USED BY THE

MENDICANTS.

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Abram, naked, without, clothes; or scarce enough to cover their nakedness.—Ambidexter, one that goes snacks in gaming with both parties; also a lawyer that takes fees of a plaintiff and defendant at once.—Back'd, dead.—Balsam, money.—Bandog, a bailiff, or his follower.—Barnacles, the irons

wore in jails by felons .- Calle, a cloak, or gown .- Comefa, a shirt or shift.—Cank, dumb.—Canniken, the plague.— Cap, to swear.—Dace, twonence.—Dag, a gun.—Damber, a rascal.—Dancers, stairs.—Darkness, night.—Dash, a tavern drawer.—Facer, a numper without lip-room.—Fumens, hands .- Fastner, a warrant .- Flue, the recorder of London, or any other town.—Gan, a mouth.—Ganus, the lips.—Gage, a pot or pipe.—George, a half-crown piece.-Gigger, a door.-Half-nab, at a venture, unsight, unseen, hit or miss.—Half-head, a sixpence.—Hams, breeches.— Jack-a-dandy, a little impertinent insignificant fellow.—Jackadams, a fool.—Ken, a house.—Kicks, breeches.—King's pictures, money.—Laced mutton, a woman.—Lamb-skin men, the udges of several courts.-Maunders, beggars.-Megs, guineas.—Nobbing cheats, the gallows.—Nutcrackers the pillory.—Ogles, eyes.—One in ten, a parson.—Panum bread.—Panter, a neart-—Quail-pipe, a woman's tongue.— Ruffin, the devil.—Rumbo, a prison or jail.—Seedy, poor, moneyless, exhausted.—Smear, a painter, or plaisterer.— Top-driver, a lover of women.—Topping-cheat, the gallows. -Vampers, stockings.-Velvet, a tongue.-Wattles, ears.--Whids, words.—Whowhall, a milkmaid.—Yam, to eat, to stuff lustily.—Yarmouth capoon, a red-herring.—Znees, frost, or frozen. — Zneezy weather, frosty weather.

ADVENTURES

OF

ROBIN HOOD.

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ROBIN HOOD, the hero of the following pages, was born in Nottinghamshire, where the family had a large mansion. His father was made by the king head ranger of the north of England, and after the death of him, cre ated Earl of Huntingdon. His mother seems also to have been of noble lineage, being the only daughter of Richard, Earl of Warwick, and that he had a rich old uncle, named Gamwell, of Gamwell-hall, a noted old sportsman of those times in and about Yorkshire. But the usual family residence was in a village called Loocy, near Sherwood-forest. The date of his birth is not so evident but he is mentioned for his dexterity at the long bow, by a writer on the sports of the time of Henry the Second, and that he was the chief of a desperate gang of outlaws that defied every thing, even the king's forces. Every writer that mentions him, agrees that he was celebrated among the bowmen of the kingdom, and that he never entertained any in his fraternity who did not exert the most extraordinary and daring courage, and had been sufficiently tried for martial dexterity at the long and cross bow, and at the boar and stag hunts in the English forests. Young men of spirit in this age are not comparable to those of the thirteenth century; prowess in military affairs then was the greatest recommendation to the fair sex, and a green coat and bugle horn, the constant attendants at the ladies' toilet; therefore it is no wonder his success with them was equal to his good fortune in the chase.

It appears that his acquaintance with Little John commenced on a merry-making night in the Christmas holidays, when ale and potent October went merrily round at his uncle's. Little John, alias John Little, was a proper tall archer, who had been long in his uncle's service, who for his faithful attendance, at his death left him a considerable estate near Rippon, Yorkshire, where he lived in so hospitable a manner, that he was a blessing to the poor, and very benificent and hospitable to all that came to see him; which gained him the good will and esteem of all around him; but this open and free way of living did not last long, for by his profusion and too great liberality, having run through the estate, he was obliged to support himself as well as he could. That he had abundance of deep reflections within himself, how to maintain his usual grandeur and hospitality, which at length turned upon robbing the rich and showing kindness to the poor, who were always sending up their prayers to heaven for his prosperity and long life, because if he met any of them, he would not only refrain from injuring or robbing them, but gave them money; nay, wheresoever he heard any were sick in want, he was sure to send his succour and assistance to relieve them in their necessitous circumstances.

Thus he and Little John became sworn brothers; they were together in all parties of pleasure, robbing, or otherwise. And the first adventure of theirs, which we have on record, was performed by them and fifteen more on the Bishop of Carlisle, who had fifty men in his retinue The account of that matter stands thus: Robin having intelligence that the prelate was on his way to London, met him on the south side of Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire, and, notwithstanding his retinue was so numerous, attacked him with his much inferior number, took from him eight hundred marks, and then tying him to a tree, made him sing mass; after which he untied him, set him on his horse again with his face to the tail, and in that condition obliged him to ride to London, where he made a heavy complaint to the King, of the indignity that had been offered him, who issued out a proclamation for apprehending Robin; but all their endeavours to take him were in-

effectual.

The Lord Mayor of London having proposed to the citizens a shooting match in Finsbury-fields, invited the

King to assist at the sport; Robin and the principals of the gang, notwithstanding their late insult to the bishop, had a mind to be spectators of this diversion, nay, to make parties in it, and came up to London, where they mixed themselves incognito among the company assembled on this occasion.

Great commendations were given to the king's archers, who, to say the worst of them, shot exceedingly well, and large bets moving about, Robin stept up, and offered to lay one hu ared marks, that he singled out three men that should shoot better than any other three men that could be produced to oppose them: the King took up our adventurer, and the Queen, admiring the resolution of the strangers, was enticed to lay a thousand pounds on their heads against the King, which example was followed by several of the nobility. Robin bent his bow and shot almost into the middle of the clout, beating his adversary above a span; Little John hit the black mark in it, and overcome his antagonist: but Midge the miller pinned up the basket, by cleaving with his arrow, the pin in two, which was in the middle of the black; so that the Queen, and all that were on her side, won the bets.

But when the King came to know afterwards that it was Robin Hood and part of his gang that had beat his archers, he swore that he should be hanged whenever he was caught; and in order thereto, sent out several detachments of soldiers into the forest of Sherwood after him; but Robin having private notice of this, made him withdraw into Yorkshire, thence to Newcastle, Cumberland, and Cheshire, and last of all to London, till the hue and cry was all over, and then he returned to his old place of rendezvous, to the no small joy of his companions, from

whom he had been absent full eight months.

Robin Hood did not always rob in company, he some times went out by himself. In this manner he got once into a lone house a little out of the road, in which he found nobody but a poor old woman, who was weeping very bitterly and in a flood of tears. Robin, moved at her extraordinary crying, desired her to acquaint him with the cause of her sorrow, to which she answered, that she was a poor weman and a widow, and being somewhat indebted to her landlord, she expected him every moment to come and seize what few goods she had,

which would be her utter ruin. This news filled Robin's breast with compassion: he bade her rest herself contented and he would make things easy; so pulling off his rich laced clothes, and putting on an old coat which the old woman lent him, and having likewise secured his horse in an old barn, in a little time came the old miserly landlord, and demanded his rent; upon this Robin rises out of the chimney-corner with a short stick in his hand, and says, 'I understand, sir, that my sister here, (poor woman) is behind hand for rent, and that you design to seize her goods; but she being a desolate widow, and having nothing to satisfy you at present, I hope you will have a little forbearance.' To which the landlord replied, 'Don't tell me of forbearance, I'll not pity people to the ruin of myself; I'll have my money; I want my rent; and if I'm not paid now, I'll seize her goods forthwith and turn her out of my house.' When Robin found that no entreaties nor persuasions would prevail with the old miserly cuff to have patience with the poor woman, he pulled a leathern bag out of his pocket, and said, 'Come, let's see a receipt in full, and I'll pay it.' So accordingly a receipt was given, and the rent paid: then the landlord taking horse, away he rode, and Robin after him, drest in his fine clothes, and meeting him at a pond where he knew he must pass by, bid him stand and fight, or deliver his money; which words so terrified him, that he delivered all the money he had received for rent, and as much more to it.

King Henry the second, having determined to make a progress into the North of England, Robin came to hear

of it, and was resolved to rob him.

Accordingly taking sixty of his followers, he put himself in very rich clothes, with each man his white horse, well harnessed and accoutred. They met the King at a small village, with about thirty in his retinue, (for the kings of England in those days were not wont to be attended with horse gards as now) whereupon Robin, the foremost of his comrades, stepped up to the king, and addressed him in a very handsome manner. 'My liege, by our extraordinary garb and dress, we should seem to be persons of dignity and fortune, but I must be so sincere with you, as to inform you that our employment is to collect tribute of every one that travels through these countries. I constantly take from the rich

and give to the poor, for those share my benevolence hourly, and I cannot think but your generosity will look upon me as a person deserving. What I want sire, is your money, which will give you a free passport to the place you are going to. The King, finding by the number of Robin's attendants that there was no such thing as resisting the demand, voluntarily pulled out a purse, and gave to him, who found it by the weight, sufficient to answer his present occasions, without having recourse to the nobleman's pockets who waited upon the King, to increase the booty.

It will not be improper to remark in this place, that there was no difficulty in robbing the King at this time; for now several of our nobility of the present age appear more splendid and numerous in their attendants than they did. Kings formerly used to make frequent progress to different parts of the kingdom, to diffuse among their country subjects their riches, and see how matters went with them; but now the custom is quite varied, and nothing but large bodies of life guards are seen waiting upon our kings, though it be but three or four miles, which makes it seem rather a clog upon majesty, than an augmentation of it.

Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield were intimately acquainted, and often went out together on marauding expeditions. The Pinder was an excellent hand at cudgel and quarter-staff, but as his history would carry us too far, and it has been published itself two hundred years ago, we shall pass to the most remarkable particulars and passages in the life of our hero, Robin Hood.

Robin happening to be out one morning again by himself, observed a young man of a genteel appearance, sitting under the shade of a tree, in a very melancholy and dejected mood; the sight of which presently made our adventurer step up to him, and ask the reason of his sitting so disconsolate there. The young man, after many sobs and tears, broke out very frequently into an exclamation against women, who, he said, were the most perfidious wretches in the world. 'I, this morning,' said he, 'got all things ready in order to be married to the gentleman's daughter of that house, but money being a greater persuasive than truest love, another person in the neighbourhood has supplanted me by the young woman's own apointment, though she is mine by all the sacred oaths under heaven.' 'Ay, ay,'

says Robin, 'is your case so? never be afraid, man, but put on a more cheerful look, and I'll warrant you success; you shall not only have the woman, but her fortune too.'

The young man no doubt thought him a comical fellow by his speech; however he humoured the joke, and went with him, by his desire, to his comrades. Robin immediately goes back to the church, and, meeting the bishop, began to discourse with him on some points of religion, till a wealthy knight and the young man's mistress came in to be married. Upon which, Robin said, ''Tis a great shame that such a beautiful young woman should be married to a fumbling old man like this, to lie grunting by her side and to make a nurse of her all the days of her life: no, no, she shall have her own bridegroom, and he his right mistress.' With that he blew a blast, and straightway appeared the young man and twenty yeomen. ' Now,' said Robin, 'you shall enjoy the woman you love this very day.' 'No, hold,' said the bishop, 'that's against the law of the church, to marry a person that has not been asked three times.' Robin hearing this, immediately pulled off the bishop's robes, and put them on Little John, who went directly into the choir, and asked them seven times before all the people; but the young gentlewoman absolutely refused to make any response, till menaces and high words forced her into a compliance: when away they carried her to Sherwood, where they kept the wedding.

Robin was an indefatigable fellow in his profession, and left no turn untried to carry it on with success. Happening to be once at Coventry, and having some mind to play a prank, which he mightily delighted in doing; and understanding that a certain lord was to set out for London the next day, on horseback, with a great retinue, he put himself into woman's apparel, and overtaking his lordship on the road, having a tolerable face and shape, the noble peer was pleased to scrape acquaintance with this young damsel, as he supposed her; so after a deal of chat together, his lordship, being amorously inclined. was for fulfilling a primary command, increase and multiply: so putting the question to her, she told his lordship. that if they had been in a place of privacy, she would have been very ready to gratify his desire; but to expose herself before all his men, she would not for the world. His lordship being very joyful at her condescension to his embraces, they had not rode above a mile further, before a wood presented itself to their sight, where he ordered his servants to halt till he came to them; so he and his mistress rode into the wood, and there alighted with an intention of having a full enjoyment of his supposed lady; but what was his lordship's surprise, when, instead of the caresses of his fair one, he met with a good beating from our hero, who robbed him of a hundred marks, and then tied him to a tree to cool his courage, and so bade my lord farewell till the next meeting. servants mean time, waiting the return of their master, wondered, having waited an hour, at his long absence; but at last they determined to seek him out, and so entering the wood, they heard a voice crying out for help; following the sound as fast as they could, till at length they found his lordship fast. He bid them untie him, and said, that the villain he had taken for a woman, had proved to be neither better nor worse than a highwayman and a robber, and had taken all he had from him; but that for the future, he would be hanged, if ever he trusted himself alone with any thing in the shape of a woman.

Soon after this, Robin disguised himself in a friar's habit, and, travelling from his companions, had not gone far, before he met a couple of priests, and making a pitiful moan to them, begged their charity, and that they would relieve one of their function, for the virgin Mary's sake. 'That we would willingly do,' said they, 'was it in our power; but we have lately met with a gang of villains who robbed us of all our money, and left us nothing to relieve ourselves.' 'I am afraid,' said Robin, 'you are so addicted to lying, that an honest man cannot take your word; therefore, let us all down on our knees, and pray to the Virgin Mary to send us some money to defray our charges.' Upon which they offered to run away; but Robin soon put an end to their career, and

made them go to prayers.

They had not been long at their supplications, before Robin bid one of the priests feel in his pockets for what the Virgin Mary had sent; upon which, both, to obey the word of command, put their hands in their pockets, and pulled out nothing. Robin, upon this, fell into a great passion, and told them, that he believed they were nothing but a parcel of lying deceitful knaves, to make him believe the Virgin had sent them nothing when they

had all prayed so heartily; therefore do not deceive one another, but each of you stand a search; so Robin began to search their pockets, and soon found five hundred pieces of gold. When he saw this glorious sight, re could not forbear calling them lying and deceitful rogues. Soon after this, they rose up to go; but Robin stopped them, and made them take an oath, never to tell lies to a friar again, nor to tempt young virgins, nor to lie with other men's wives. After which he mounted his horse, and returned to Sherwood, where he made all his companions merry at the expense of the church.

We should never have done were we to trace him through every adventure he had in this way with the monks and friars, who were at that time the richest men in the realm; yet he raised contributions from all. A gentleman, as he was riding from Coventry to London, nappening to meet with Robin Hood, and thinking him to be an honest gentleman, desired him to turn back, and go some other way, or else he would certainly meet with some highwaymen, and be robbed; for he had narrowly escaped them himself, and so advised him, if he had any charge about him, not to venture that way.

I have no great charge about me,' said Robin, 'however, I'll take your advice for fear of the worst.' So as they were riding along, said Robin, perhaps we may meet with some rogues of the gang by the way; for this is an ugly robbing road; therefore I'll secure what little

nave, which is but ten guineas, by putting it in my nouth.' Now the gentleman, not in the least suspecting him to be of that profession, told him, that in case he should be set upon, he had secured his gold in the feet of his stockings, which, he said, was no small quantity, and that he had received it that day of his tenants for rent. Discoursing thus together, they had not gone above a mile further, before they came to a very bye place, where Robin bid the gentleman stand, and deliver his money. The gentleman was in great surprise, and told him, he took him for a very honest and worthy person. However there was no remedy for the loss of his money, which was about fourscore and ten marks. So Robin left the gentleman, cursing his folly for telling him where he hid his money.

Robin Hood's adventure with the Sheriff of Nottingham, displays, in a humourous manner, the spirit of

chose times, and clearly shows his robberies were all performed for the good of the poor. One day, Robin meeting with a butcher going to market to sell his meat, bought his whole cargo, and his mare with it, which came together to about twenty pounds. With these, Robin immediately goes to the market, sells his bargain presently, making such good pennyworths, that all the people thought he had stole it. The meat being converted into money, he puts into an inn at Nottingham, and treats all his customers to the value of five pounds; which coming to the sheriff of the county's ears, who was at the same time in the inn, and taking him to be some prodigal spark, of whom he might make a penny, intrudes into his company, and after some short discourse, asked him if he had any more meat to sell? "Not ready dressed, said Robin, but I have two or three hundred head of cattle at home, and a hundred acres of land to keep them on, which if you will buy, I'll sell you them a pennyworth." The sheriff snapt at the proffer, and took four hundred pounds in gold with him. Away they rode together; but he was very much surprised at the melanchely place that Kobin had brought him to, and feared they should meet with a man called Robin Hood, and began to wish himself back again; but it was too late; for Robin, winding his horn, presently came little John, with fifty of his companions, who were commanded by their captain, Robin, to take the sheriff to dinner with them, assuring them he had money enough to pay his share. Accordingly they got a collation ready for the sheriff, and after dinner was over, led him into the forest, and there took all his gold from him, good part of which he had borrowed of the innkeeper, where he met with Robin Hood.

Our adventurer being another time at Wigton, in Yorkshire and hearing how barbarously the hostlers would cheat the horses of their provender, privately went into a stable, and hid himself under the manger. A fittle time after came the hostler into the stable, under pretence of feeding Robin's horse; no sooner had he put the oats and beans into the manger, and laid down his sieve, but he sweeps them all into a canvas bag fixed under one

corner of the manger, and so away he went.

Robin all this while kept himself secretly be under the manger, and saw how the hostler manage his mat

ters; upon which he got up from his private recess, and went into the kitchen again. After dinner he seemed to be for going; and calling for the reckoning, asked the hostler what corn he had given his horse. He said he had given him what corn he ordered him, and the gentleman who had dined with him saw him bring it through the kitchen. To which Robin answered, 'Don't tell me a lie, for I shall ask my horse presently.' This saying put all the strange gentlemen that were with him into admiration; but above all, the innkeeper asked him if his horse could speak. 'Yes,' said Robin. 'That is impossible,' replied the landlord. 'Not at all,' said Robin; 'for my horse is taught by art of magic; so fetch him hither, and you will soon know whether the hostler has done him justice or not.' Accordingly, the horse was fetched, and Robin, striking him on the belly, he laid his mouth to his master's ear, (by custom,) just as the pigeon did to Mahomet. 'Look you there now,' said Robin, 'did I not tell you that the hostler had cheated him of his corn.' 'Why,' said the landlord, what does he say?' 'Say!' quoth Robin, 'why he says your hostler has flung all the corn into a bag placed at one corner of the manger.' Upon which, the landlord and his guests went into the stable, and, searching narrowly about the manger, found the bag of corn at the corner of it; for which cruel villany, he immediately turned his hostler away.

It was customary for our adventurer to go frequently in disguise; so one time, he pulled off his fine clothes, and dressed himself like an old shoemaker, and put an old leather apron about him, the better to colour his being one of the craft. In this disguise he set out to travel, and coming to a lone inn, on the road to Newcastle, it being near night, he put up there; and being pretty liberal in his expenses, the landlord liked him, and provided him a good lodging, and Robin went to bed betimes. The house it seems, was full of guests, so that all the lodgings were taken up; and a friar coming in very late, they had no lodgings for him; the friar, rather than go any further, chose to accept of a bed-fellow; but there was none that wished to be disturbed at that time of night; but Robin, (whom they took for a shoemaker) was well enough pleased to have such a

fellow.

Well, matters being thus accommodated, and the friar in bed, he soon fell fast asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the fatigue of this day's journey; but Robin, having got a pretty good nap before, had no mind to sleep any more that night, but to lie awake, and to meditate mischief, for he never loved any of that function; so he studied how he should contrive to change breeches with the friar, and, after having resolved upon what he would do, he gets up at dawn of day, and puts on, not only the friar's breeches, but also his sacerdotal, or canonical garments. Now Robin finding these sacred habiliments fitted him very well, and being thus rigged, down stairs he goes, and calls the hostler, bidding him bring his boots, and make ready his horse. The hostler, not in the least mistrusting but that it really was the friar, brought him his boots; and asked him what corn his horse must have. 'Half a peck of oats,' says Robin; which was accordingly given him; Robin all the while being extremely uneasy till the horse had eaten them; but that he might be sooner ready to go, he called for the reckoning, and was answered that he had paid all last night, but for the horse. The horse having eaten up the corn, he mounted him with all expedition imaginable, having paid for his corn, and given the hoster something to drink his health.

Away he rode as fast as the friar's horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at the first convenient place he came to. The friar, mean time, not dreaming what had happened, kept close within his bed; but about seven in the morning, (it being in the month of June) he arose out of his sleep, and going to bid his bed-fellow good morning, soon found not only the bird was flown, but also that he was flown away with his feathers; for he saw nothing but a parcel of old clothes, which he supposed belonged to his bed-fellow. Upon this, the friar, in a great-surprise knocks and called for somebody to come up; but the servant supposing it was the shoemaker, asked him, what the pox ailed him to make such a noise; and bade him be quiet. vexed the friar, and made him knock the harder; upon which the chamberlain went up, and threatened to thrash him, if he made any more noise. The friar not understanding the meaning of this rude treatment, was amazed, and asked, where his clothes were. The chamberlain, taking him for Sir Hugh, replied, 'Where a plague should they be, but upon the chair, where you left them. Who the devil do you think would meddle with your dirty clothes? they are not worth so much, that you need be afraid of any body stealing them.' 'The man's mad,' replied the friar; 'do you know who you are speaking to?' 'Yes, I do,' says the chamberlain, 'a poor, pitiful, drunken shoemaker.' 'What do you mean by drunken shoemaker? why I am the friar,' said he, 'who came here late last night.' 'The devil you are,' replied the chamberlain; 'I am sure the friar went away at three o'clock this morning.

With that, the friar jumped out of bed in his shirt, and taking fast hold of the chamberlain, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'produce my clothes and money, or I'll break your neck down stairs.' With this noise and scuffle, up comes the landlord of the inn, and some of the servants, who presently discovered that this was the person they had mistaken for the shoemaker; and upon a little enquiry into the matter, found that Sir Hugh had made an exchange with the friar; upon which, the master of the inn furnished him with a suit of his own clothes, and

money to bear his charges through his journey.

Robin, after coming into an inn near Buckingham, heard great singing and dancing; he enquired the reason thereof, and found it was a country wake, at which were present most of the young men and maids for several miles round about. Robin, pleased at the adventure, set up his horse in the same inn, and as he was drinking in the kitchen, an old rich farmer came in with a hundred marks tied up in a bag under his arm, which he had just received. The farmer, it seems, must needs step into the inn, to see the mirth and pastime, instead of going directly home with his money, which was not above a quarter of a mile from the town.

Robin, seeing him admitted into the room where the wake was kept, asked the landlord, whether he might be permitted to see this country diversion, without any offence to the company; the landlord told him he might and welcome; so he entered the room likewise; but Robin's eyes were more fixed upon the farmer's bag of money than on the young folks dancing; and observing in the room where they were, that there was a chimney with

a large funnel, he went out, and communicating his design to the hostler, he, for a reward, drest a great mastiff-dog in a cow's hide he had in his stable, placing the horns just on his forehead, when, in the height of their jollity, by the help of a ladder and a rope, he let him hastily down the chimney into the room where they were all assembled. Robin was returned before the acting of this scene; the dog howled hideously as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful form, turned all into hurry and confusion; the music was immediately silenced, the table overthrown, the drink spilt, the people screaming and crowding to get down stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, lest the devil (as they supposed this to be) should take the hindmost; their heels flew up, and the women's coats over their heads and tails, and made them in a very unsavoury condition; all the musical instruments were trodden under foot and broken to pieces, and the supposed devil making his way over all, got into the stable, where the hostler hastened to uncase him.

Some time after coming to their senses, looking about and seeing no more of the supposed devil, they concluded he was vanished into the air; but, during this hurlyburly, the old farmer being in as dreadful a fright as any of them, and his breeches as well befouled, dropped his hundred marks, and fled for safety: in the mean time, Robin, securing the money under his cloak, immediately took horse, and made the best of his way; but as soon as all things were in a little order again, there was a sad outcry for the hundred marks, which not being to be found, the company supposed the late devil had taken them away, and imputed the loss as a judgment inflicted on the farmer, who was a covetous wretch; one whose study was how to cozen his tenants, beggar the widow, or undo the orphan, or any body else, so he could but obtain their money.

Another time Robin having been riding for his pleasure, as he was returning in the evening very well mounted, and dressed like a gentleman, coming near Turton-bridge in Yorkshire, he perceived from a rising ground, a gentleman in his gardens, which were indeed very tine, and very extensive: Robin rode up to the gardener, who was standing at the back door, and inquired of him whether a gentleman, whose curiosity led

him to see those famous gardens, might not have the liberty of walking in them; the gardener, knowing his master was willing that any person appearing in good fashion might walk therein, gave him admittance. Robin alighting, gave the gardener his horse to hold; and seeing the gentleman in the walks, Robin paid his respects to him in a submissive manner; at the same time desiring he would pardon his presumption of coming into his garden. The gentleman told him he was very welcome, and invited him to see his wilderness; then sitting down in an arbour, they began to talk very merrily together: and at the latter end of their discourse, Robin told him that he heard he was a very charitable gentleman, and that he must now make bold with him to borrow that little money he had about him; for he had but little himself, and that he had a long way to travel.

At these words, the gentleman began to startle, and was very much surprised at his impudence, but Robin told him he was a dead man if he made any resistance. Then he tied him to a tree, and went away with a large booty; but he bade the gentleman be of good cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him; and accordingly going to the gardener, who held his horse all this while, he gave him a nine-penny piece, and said, 'Honest friend your master wants to speak to you.' Then mounting, he rode off the grounds, whilst the gardener made haste to his master, and was very much surprised to find him bound in that manner; but he immediately loosened him, and the gentleman returned his servant thanks for sending a rogue to rob him in his own

grounds.

Our adventurer was a man of great courage, and a bold, daring, and resolute temper; he would often seek out new adventures by himself. He had not gone far before he met the Lord Longchamp, near Nottingham, with three servants. His first words were these, 'Sir, I have great occasion for a little money at this time; so deliver what you have, or expect a knock on the pate.' How dare you, sirrah, have the impudence to stop a

How dare you, sirrah, have the impudence to stop a bleman,' said his Lordship. 'what the devil are my se ants doing? what! three great cowardly dogs of you, and all stand still, and see me robbed by one poor thief! Scoundrel,' replied Robin, 'I am a gentleman bred and born; and you see I live by my sword and

staff, therefore don't rely on your servants, for the first that offers to lay his hand on his sword is a dead man, as you are, if you make any more words,' offering as if he would strike him. His lordship cried out for quarters, and gave him a brace of hundred pounds, which he had in his portmanteau, and then Robin returned to Sherwood

to make merry with his companions.

Our adventurer being endued with a great deal of love and charity to the poor, insomuch that he would revieve any poor families in distress, was, on the contrary, a mortal enemy to misers and engrossers of corn, for he would often take from these to relieve the necessitous. One time being at Wantage, a great market for corn, he happened to fall into a person's company at an inuthere whom he knew to be a great engrosser of corn, and who had bought as much corn in the market as cost fourscore marks, which Robin bought of him again, and paid him one hundred marks ready money for it, liking it, as he pretended, far beyond any he had seen

that day.

The corn he immediately sent to be distributed among the poor of the country. Robin, understanding which way the corn merchant went, was soon at his heels, and demanded his money again, and what he had besides. The countryman was in a great surprise shaking and trembling very much, asking him whether he thought it justice to take from him his goods and money too. Says Robin, 'Why, have not I, you villain, paid you for your corn honestly, and can you assume the impudence to talk of justice, when there's none in the world acts more unjustly than an engrosser of corn! Sirrah! there's no vermin in the land like you, who slander both heaven and earth with pretended dearths, when there is no scarcity at all; so talk no more of your justice and honesty, but immediately deliver your money, or I shall crack your crown for you.' Upon this he delivered him a bag, in which Robin found his own money and as much more; so away he went with a great deal- of satisfaction.

As Robin was going one morning to Nottingham, he met with a tinker, and civilly asked him where he lived, for he heard there was nothing but bad news abroad; 'What bad news is it?' answered the tinker, 'for I live at Banbury, and am a tinker by trade, and as I

came along I heard no bad news.' 'Yes,' says Robin 'the news that I heard was bad, but true; for there were only two tinkers in the stocks for drinking.' 'Your news,' says the tinker, 'is not worth a fart; and had they looked you in the face, they would have put you in to bear them company, for I dare say you love beer as well as any tinker in town.' 'So I do,' answered Robin, but pray tell me what news abroad; for you that go 'rom town to town must needs hear some news.' 'Why,' replied the tinker, 'I hear no other news than of taking Robin Hood, and I have a warrant in my pocket for apprehending him, wheresoever I find him; and if you can tell me where he is, I'll make a man of you for your pains.' 'Let me see the warrant,' says Robin, 'whether it be strong and good, and I'll go with you, and take him this night, for I know a house that he uses in Nottingham.' 'No,' answered the tinker, 'I'll let no man see my warrant; and if you dont help me to take him, I'll go and

apprehend him myself.'

So Robin, perceiving how the game went, asked him to go to Nottingham, for he said he was sure to meet with Robin Hood there: they rode not long before they ar rived at Nottingham, where they went into an inn, and drank so plentifully, that the tinker got drunk, and fell asleep; then Robin took away the tinker's money, and the king's warrant, and left him ten shillings to pay; but when he awoke, it would have made any one laugh to have beheld the poor tinker's fright, at the loss of his money and warrant: he called up the landlord, and told him what a mischance had befallen him; that the stranger who was drinking with him was run away, and had robbed him of all his money and had taken a warrant out of his pocket, which he had from the king to apprehend Robin Hood. The landlord told him that it was Robin Hood who had been drinking with him all the day: then the tinker raved and fretted like a madman, and swore what he would have done, had he but known it had been him. In fine, the tinker was obligated to leave his budget to answer the reckoning, but Robin Hood gave him soon after a broad piece of gold to make up for the disappointment.

The minstrels and poets of those times made Robin Hood their constant theme, describing, with happy partiality, every incident of his life: The following is a

specimen of the simplicity of the manners, and the education of the fair sex, while at the same time, it contains his first meeting with Little John, his wedding with Clorinda, and other particulars of this bold and enterprising man, during those rude, though more generous ages, when military feats and the sports of the field, were the only diversions admired or thought of.

In Loxty town, in Nottinghamshire, In merry sweet Lox town, There Robin Hood was born and bred, Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was, - And he shot in a lusty long bow, Two north country miles and an inch in a shoot, As the Pinder of Wakefield doth know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough, With William of Clowdelie, . To shoot with our forester for forty marks,

And the forester beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight. Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,

And he slew the great boar, that hung up at the door. Or mine host at the Bell tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwell, of great Gamwell-hall A noble house-keeper was he,

Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire And a squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband, My honey, my love, and my dear,

Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell, To taste of my brother's good cheer.

He said, I grant thy boon gentle Joan, Take one of my horses, I pray;

The sun it is rising, and therefore make haste, For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought, And saddled and bridled was he;

Got-wot his blue bonnet, his new suit of clothes, And his cloak that reach'd down to his knee. She put on her holiday kirtle and gown.
They were of a light Lincoln green;

The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and make, It might have be-seemed a queen.

And then Robin put on his basket-hilt sword, And his dagger on the other side,

And said, my dear mother, let's haste and begone, We have twenty long miles for to ride.

And now you may think the right worshipful squire Was joyful his sister to see;

For he kissed her often, and swore a great oath, Thou art welcome, dear sister, to me.

Next morning, when mass had been said in the chapel, Six tables were covered in the hall,

And in came the squire, and made a short speech, It was, neighbours, you are welcome all.

But not a man here, shall taste my March beer, Till a Chistmas carol be sung;

They all clapt their hands, then shouted and sung, Till the hall and the parlour it rung.

When dinner was ended, the chaplain said grace, And be merry, my friends said the squire,

It rains and it blows, but call for more ale, And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call you Little John hither to me, For Little John is a fine lad,

At gambols and jugglings, and twenty fine tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went, Both gentlemen, yeoman, and clown;

And what do you think? why, as true as I live, Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful squire Was joyful this sight for to see,

For he said, cousin Robin, thou goest no more home, But shall tarry and dwell here with me.

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,
Thou shalt be the staff of my age;

Then grant me thy boon, dear uncle said Robin, That Little John may be my page. And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my heart, so let it be;
Then come here Little John, said bold Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page, unto me.

Go fetch me my bow, my longest bow,
And broad arrows, two or three,
For when it's fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime for to see.

When Robin Hood came to merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear;
And twice five-and-twenty good yeomen bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions? said bold Robin Hood,
For still I want forty and three,
Then said Little John, yonder they stand,
All under the green wood tree.

As that word was spoken, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she,
Her gown was of velvet, as green as the grass,
Her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
Her countenance was free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling down by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, and so was her have.

Her skin was as smooth as glass,

Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too,

For she was a beautiful lass.

Said Robin Hood, fair lady, whither away?

Oh! whither, fair lady, away?

As she made him answer, to kill a fat buck,

For to-morrow is Tidbury-day.

Said Robin Hood, fair lady, wander with me,
A little to yonder green bower;
Nor harm I intend to thy virtue, I swear;
But will pleasure thee all in my power.

As soon as they came to this bower so green,

Two hundred fat bucks they espied;

He chose out the fattest that was in the herd,

And she shot him thro' side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood, I never saw woman like thee,

And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou need'st not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go, And taste of a forester's meat;

And when they came there, they found as good cheer As any man need for to eat.

Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir,
And he said, it is bold Robin Hood,
Squire Gamwell's my uncle; but all my delight
Is to dwell in merry Sherwood.

For 'tis a fine life, 'tis void of all strife,
So 'tis, sir, Clorinda replied;
But, oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride.

She blush'd at the motion, yet after a pause,
Said, yes, sir, and with all my heart;
Then let's send for the priest, said bold Robin Hood,
And be merry before we do part.

But. said she, that cannot be so, my dear sir,
For ! must be at Tidbury feast;
And if Robin will but go thither with me,
I'll make him a most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, reach me my bow, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
Go, bid my yeoman kill six brace of good bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the parson
Of Dunbridge, was sent for in haste,
He brought his mass book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage so fast

And then as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride Went hand in hand to the green bower, The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood, For it was a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came within sight of the bower, Where are my brave yeomen? said he; And Little John answer'd, yonder they stand, All under the green wood tree.

Garlands they brought her, by two and by three, And placed them on the bride's head; The music struck up, and they all fell to dancing, Till the bride and the bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me, Because they lay long the next day; And I made haste home, and got a good piece Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

To continue—in the road through Dunchurch, where both roads join the Chester road, he met with the parson of Ferribridge, with a fat buck across his saddle, and disguised with a frock like a countryman. The divine did not know Robin now, who was on foot, with a short quarter-staff only, and Robin, observing him to be well mounted, resolved to rob him, and take his horse also. Robin laid hold of the bridle of his horse, demanding him to dismount, and deliver his money; he then with a heavy whip he had in his hand, struck Robin such a blow as would have felled him, but he received it on his staff, when, snatching the bridle, with a stroke of the stick, he brought the disguised parson down, notwithstanding which, he resisted, and a tough bout ensued; but Robin being resolute, and swearing he must have his money, he, after a long encounter, surrendered both money and horse, but begged hard for the latter, which was the principal thing our hero wanted; so he mounted, and, as he rode off, he told the priest he might do without, as he would not be wanted till Sunday, when he might remember him in his orisons, matins, and From hence he went to Warwick, near where, meeting with a troop of gipsies, he sold his horse, and joined the jovial crew, spending the amount, and much more, in a few days

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At Stratford, he met with a country dealer, travelling into Lancashire to buy goods. Robin and this rider afterwards got acquainted together on the road; at night they put up together at the horse-shoe inn, at Daventry, where they supped off a quarter of venison and a roasted goose,

and spent the evening merrily together.

The next morning they breakfasted together, and agreed to travel towards Coventry, where, at the White Bear, they dined, and afterwards refreshed themselves with the landlord, with some excellent wine and ale After dinner, Robin told his fellow traveller, that it was a dangerous road they had to pass that evening, and therefore thought it the most advisable to conceal their money in their boots, or some other secure place about them. The traveller at first refused, but, upon seeing Robin put a good bag of gold down, he drew out his, and did the same; this revived Robin's spirits much. In this manner they travelled several miles before an opportunity of place presented, entertaining themselves with the exploits of bold archers and their men.

They rode very lovingly along, the traveller intending that night to reach Litchfield; but when they came to a place called Cuckoo's corner, which parts the roads, Robin told his companion, that as he was at his journey's end, he must instantly draw his boots off, for there was no time to dispute; upon which, the traveller replied, 'I really thought as much, and suspected it the first hour I came into your company.' However, it was no time to hesitate or regret, Robin took the bag, in which was two hundred broad pieces of gold, besides some pieces of silver, dismounted him, and turned up his horse. With this booty, and being alone, fearing also his companions would blame his absence, he made directly for Sherwood-forest, riding through Warwickshire disguised as a page, and passed the sheriff and his men in this disguise without the least molestation.

From these stories, it is evident none but the rich and considerable were objects of Robin Hood and his men's depredations; for so far from plundering the poor, he did them all the good that lay in his power. The luxury of the priests of his time, he took particular notice of, but never abused those he robbed, nor stopped to rifle any woman. The priest of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, and Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and great justiciary of England were his greatest enemies; for the latter set a price upon his head, and several stratagems were set to catch him, but in vain; he repelled force by force, and art by cunning. The hundred bowmen in his retinue were all true men and honest; the terror of the rich, and protectors of the poor, with whom he often associated.

The ballads which have borne his name down to us are of different dates, the earliest is by an author unknown, and may be read in Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry, Vol. I. page 3. They were in great vogue in the reign of Edward III. and Bishop Latimer gave him a great character in one of his sermons.

He is mentioned as having legal pretensions to the Earldom of Huntingdon; but all agree, that he was a substantial yeoman, as well as most of his hundred ar-

chers.

The severity of the forest laws, enacted by the Norman race of our kings, and the cruel punishment inflicted for deer stealing, made it necessary for these rangers to keep together, and in continual exercise of the bow, to which most of the youth of that time were brought up, and we are expressly told by Stow, in his Chronicle of England, that there were not to be found any where four hundred taller, braver, or better marksmen to contend with; which made them the terror of the country, and their interference has more than once turned aside the course of justice.

We shall conclude the history of this extraordinary and famous hero, with the last ballad in his garland, expressive of the means used to take him prisoner, and his answer to the king's message for that purpose.—The words are simple, but harmonious; and if we consider the time in which they were written, we must allow them equal to the most elegant productions of the pre-

sent day.

When Robin Hood and his merry men all
Had reigned many years,
The king then was told, they had been too bold
To his bishops and noble peers.

Therefore they called a council of state,

To know what was best to be done,

For to quell their pride,

Or the land would be over-run.

And having consulted a whole summer's day.
At length this was agreed,
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and worthy knight,
The King was pleased to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.

Go you from hence to Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer, with all his crew:

Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of might,
Of excellent art, to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.

Then said the Knight, my sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led;
I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,
As proper as any man saw,
On a midsummer's day they marched away
To conquer that bold outlaw.

With long yew bows and shining spears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted or stray'd,
Till they came to the Green-wood side

Said he to the archers, Tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need should be, you follow me,
And see you observe my call.

I'll go in person first, he cried,
With the letters of my good King,
Both sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield
We need not draw one string.

He wander'd about till at length he came
To the tent of bold Robin Hood,
The letters he show'd, bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood, And lie at their mercy then; But tell them from me, that never shall be, While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the Knight, both hardy and bold, Then offered to seize him there; Which William Locksley by fortune did see, And bade him that trick forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain:
And so did the Knight, at which there in sight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care drew up his men, And plac'd them in battle array, Bold Robin we find, he was not behind, Now this was a bloody affray.

The archers on both sides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew:
In the very first flight that honoured knight
Did bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless the fight did last
From morning till almost noon;
Both parties were stout, and loth to give out,
This was on the last of June.

At length they went off; one party they went,
For London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he, to the Greenwood tree,
And there he was taken ill:

He sent for a monk, who let nim blood,
And took his life away;
Now this being done, the archers they run,
It was not time to stay.

Some got on board and cross'd the seas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom;
But soon return'd again.

Thus he who never fear'd bow nor spear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood,
And so, loving friends, the story ends
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

There is nothing remains but his epitaph now, Which, readers, here you have, To this very day, which read it you may, As it was upon his grave.

Thus died Robin Hood, after commanding more than thirty years in Sherwood-forest, not by the sword or bow, but the treachery of a priest, who were at that time the only physicians of the country; and thus did the sons of the healing art, send their patients to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' even so long as 573 years ago. He died the 24th of December, 1247, aged 63, and was interred in Kirkley-park, Yorkshire, with this epitaph on his grave.

Robin, Earl of Huntingdon,
Lies underneath this little stone,
No archer was ever so good,
His name it was bold Robin Hood.
Full thirty years and something more,
These northern parts he vexed sore;
Such outlaw as he, in any reign,
May England never see again.

Near the monument are two little hills, called Robin Hood's Butts, at which he and his archers used to shoot to perfect themselves in the use of the bow.

ADVENTURES

OF

DON QUIXOTE.

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THE fame of this renowned hero has been spread through every country in Europe: and his history will prove acceptable as long as tearning shall endure. He was a Spaniard, and dwelt in the village a Mancha; he lived very frugal: and his household consisted only of an active lad, a housekeeper somewhat above forty, and a pretty niece about twenty. His name was Quixada, and was about fifty years of age; he had a long thin visage, was a very early riser, and a keen sportsman.

The uncommon dangers this hero was exposed to, were occasioned by his reading romantic books; and he sold many acres of land to purchase histories of knight errantry. His mind was full of challenges, battles, wounds, courtships, enchantments, and impossible absurdities; and he believed no history to be half so true as those which treated of feats on chivalry.

At length he seems to have lost his wits, and imagined it necessary to commence knight errant, and ride through the world in search of adventures, to redress grievances, and encounter such dangers as would tend to raise him to eternal honour and renown.

To this end he scoured up a suit of old family armour that was rust eaten, and had not been in use since the days of his great-grandfather. His horse, which was nothing but skin and bone, he determined to call Rozinante, which, in his opinion, sounded lofty, and was very expressive.

He next resolved to call himself Don Quixote: but recollecting that the valiant Amadis added the name of his country, and stiled himself Amadis de Gaul, he therefore called himself Don Quixote d. La Mancha.

A lady was yet wanting; for a knight errant without a mistress to be in love with, was like a body without a soul. In an adjoining village to where he lived was a pleasant country lass, whose name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and he resolved that she should be the lady of his heart; and that her name might have some affinity to that of a great princess, he called her, Dulcinea del Toboso.

Having completed his arrangements, he arose early one morning, and armed from head to foot, with spear and target, he mounted Rozinante, and issued forth in search of adventures; but he had

not proceeded far before he recollected that it was against the laws of chivalry to enter the lists with any knight until he should first have himself received the honour of knighthood. But his phrenzy ncreasing, he determined to get dubbed a knight by the first person ne should meet. He met with nothing that day, which disheartened aim very much, and night drew near, when an inn at some distance presented itself, but which his distracted brain fancied to be a castle. Two wenches, who were standing at the door, perceiving a man armed with spear and buckler, where frightened and began to run nto the house. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a grave voice exclaimed, 'Fly not, ladies, nor fear my discourtesy for the i.onour of knighthood which I profess permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes.' The girls laughed at him so heartily, that Don Quixote grew quite angry, and things might have been worse nad not the inkeeper come out just at that time; and though he could scarcely refrain from laughing himself, he thus addressed 'Signor Cavalier, if your worship wants a lodging, excepting bea every thing will be found here in great plenty. Don Quixote (supposing the landlord governor of the fortress,) replied, 'Signor Castellano, any thing will serve me, for arms are my safety, and fighting my repose.' He then with much ado alighted, and delivered Rozinante to the host, with a particular charge to be very careful of him; the damsels assisted in unarming the hero, but not being able to untie the ribbons which fastened his helmet, and he obstinately refusing to have them cut, remained with it on his head all night, a most frightful figure. A cloth was laid at the door, and he supped heartily on a piece of bread as mouldy as his armour

Don Quixote taking his landlord into the stable, and falling on his knees, said, 'I will never rise, valiant knight, till you promise that to-morrow morning you will dub me a knight, that I may be qualified to go through the world in search of adventures, and for the relief of the distressed.'

The host, to pacify his mad guest, promised that the ceremony should be performed. Early the next morning the host with an old book in his hand, attended by the two damsels, and a lad going before with a piece of candle in his hand, marched up to Don Qu xote, and commanded him to kneel before him, and began to mamble over some unintelligible words, and laying hold of the sword struck him upon the nape of the neck, and gave him two thwacks on the shoulder, still pretending to read something very-devout. One of the girls girded on his sword, saying, 'God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle!' and the other buckled on his spurs:—thus ended this strange ceremony.

About sunrise Don Quixote left the inn, and presently came where four roads met, and in imitation of other knights errant, in such cases, permitted Rozinante to choose which he pleased, who without hesitation made towards his stable. Pursuing his journey, he met a company of Toledo merchants; and no sooner had he espied them than he imagined it to be some adventure cut ont for his achievement, and riding fiercely up to them, cried out, 'Let the whole world stand and confess, there is not in the wor'd a more reautiful damsel than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.' A merchant venturing to expostulate with him on the unreasonableness of his demand, put him into such a ury, that fixing his spear, and clapping spurs to Rosinante, it had

gone hard with the merchant had not Rosinante stumbled and threw the knight with such force, that, with the weight of his armour and the bruises he had received, he found it difficult to arise. 'Stay, (he cried out,) ye race of slaves! for it is my horse's fault and not my own, that I lie here. A servant being provoked at his insolence, seized the lance, broke it to splinters, and belabored the poor knight, in spite of his armour, and then left him to shift for himself.

Fortunately for Don Quixote, a countryman of his own neighbourhood seeing a man lie on the ground, went up to him, lifting up his visor, cleaned his face. Indicated a said, 'Ah! Signor Quixada? what has brought you here?' I which he received a romantic answer; but he proceeded to examine his wounds, and having tied up the broken arms, set him upon his own ass, and thus conveyed him to La Mancha.

The priest and the barber of the place were at Don Quixote's nouse, on his arrival: and the housekeeper was asking the priest what was his opinion of her master's distemper. She verily thought that his books of knight errantry had turned his brain; for he would often say he would turn knight errant himself. The priest proposed the burning of the whole library, to prevent in future such fatal consequences. The countryman now introduced the knight, and left him to the care of the housekeeper and his friends, who dressed his bruises and put him to bed.

It was at length determined that his apartments should be alter ed, and the room where his books were kept walled up: and that he should be persuaded some enchanter flew away with the room and books too. After two days he arose, and with some surprise asked what had become of his books, and the room wherein they stood? The housekeeper replied, 'That the sage Freston, riding upon a cloud, with a flame of fire in his hand, came one night, and carried them away with him.' 'He is my greatest enemy,' said Don Quixote, 'and a wise enchanter.'

He now tampered with a poor shallow-pated countryman, named Sancho Pancha, by such extravagant promises, that he resolved to oecome his squire; he had told him, that an island might be won in the twinkling of an eye, and he become the king. Sancho was highly pleased with these fine promises; but, not being used to travel much on foot, after cramming his wallet and filling a leathern bottle, mounted his ass, leaving wife and children behind, and sallied out at midnight, with his master Don Quixote, in search of the promised island.

They passed over the plain of Monteil, and at break of day they discovered a great number of windmills: 'Look yonder, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, 'where you may discover more than thirty giants, whom I shall slay in battle, and we shall enrich ourselves with their spoils.' 'What giants?' said Sancho. 'There, (an swered Don Quixote,) with long arms, some of which are almost the length of two leagues.' 'Sir, (said Sancho,) they are nothing but windmills.' 'They are giants, (replied the knight,) and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them.' So saying he rushed upon a windmill, and thrust his lance into the sail which the wind moved round with such violence that it whirled both norse and rider aloft, and tumbled them over with a dreadful crash

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upon the plain. Sancho hastened to his assistance, and said, "Did not warn you, that they were nothing but windmills." "Peace, friend Sancho, (replied Don Quixote;) for I am now convinced the sage Freston, who stole my chamber and books, has turned those giants into windmills; but his arts will not long prevail against the strength of my arm." "God grant it!" said Sancho, and lent his help to his master to mount Rozinante.

They slept that night in a wood: and the next afternoon approachet the pass of Lapice, when they saw coming towards them two monks, mounted upon mules; a coach, in which a lady was travelling, and several attendants behind. "This is likely to prove," said Don Quixote, "a marvellous adventure! Those black bulls are enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, and I am obliged to redress the injury." ' I am fearful this may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancao. By this time our knight had dismounted the first monk, and his worther found safety by flight, calling upon the Virgin as though Satan were at his heels. Don Quixote then approached the lady, and said, your enemies lie prostrate, and are overcome by my invincible arm. -Know that I am a knight-errant, and captive to the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso: and I desire of you, in gratitude for your rescue, that you present yourself before her, and tell her of your deliverance." A Biscayan squire hearing this, rode up, and told him to quit the coach, or his life was at stake. This so exasperated the knight, that he discharged so furious a blow at him, that the blood gushed out at his nostrils and ears; and his mule stumbling at the same time, threw him to the ground; when Don Quixote swore he would cut off his head, if he did not promise to lay himself at the feet of the peerless Dulcinea. The lady perceiving his danger, said her squire should comply with his demand, and by that means saved his life and ended the matter.

Don Quixote mounted Rozinante, aud Sancho's ass trotted briskly after him; when he perceived a terrible gash in his master's ear, and offered his service to dress the wound. "A fig for your ointment!" said Don Quixote, "I have the receipt of a balsam which I will make, and once in thy possession, Sancho, thou needest not fear death; and when in some battle you shall see me cut asunder, take up that half of my body which shall fall to the ground, place it upon the other half that remains upon the saddle, then give me immediately two draughts of the balsam, and you will see me become sounder than a roach." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "I will give up my claim to the island and government too, for such a receipt." Don Quixote's ear, however, became very painful, and he desired Sancho to dress it with the ointment and lint, telling him he would acquaint him with more wonderful secrets than that of the balsam.

The next morning they entered the wood together, and let Rozinante loose, whilst they ransacked the wallet for a breakfast. But he being rather frolicsome, without asking leave, went to divert himself with some fillies that were grazing in the vale, and belonged to certain Yangesian carriers. The carriers taking offence at his impertinence, banged him with their pack-staves, till they laid him sprawling on the ground Don Quixote enraged at the violence done Rozinante, drew his sword and as they who committed the outrage were nothing but rascally people, permitted Sancho to assist him to chastise them. The carriers who were about twenty in number, surrounded the knight and his squire, and belaboured them with as little remorse as they had before shown to Rozinante, leaving them on the ground half dead.

Sancho being a little recovered, said, "Try, sir, to rise, and we will get up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for it was he that caused us this mauling: and I wonder my ass should escape scot free, when it has caused us so dear."

Don Quixote was laid across the ass, and Rozinanto tied to his tail, when Sancho Pancha went foremost leading the ass, and in that manner led them till he arrived at an inn, which Sancho entered with the string of cattle, consigning his master to the care of the inn-keeper's wife; telling her he had received his wounds by falling down a rock. The knight was plastered from head to foot, and put into a sorry bed in the garret; whilst the daughter, a comely lass, lent her assistance to cure Sancho.

When morning arrived, the adventurers found a little relief by sleep, and Sancho exclaimed, "Wo! is me, and the mother that bore me! I am no knight-errant, and yet the greatest part of these misfortunes fall to my lot." "Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I will now make the precious balsam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye."

In a little time the ingredients, consisting of oil, wine, sack, and rose-mary, were produced, and the balsam presently made. Don Qnixote resolved to make immediate trial of it, and therefore drank about a pint. No sooner had he swallowed it, than it proved a powerful emetic, and threw him into a copious perspiration; he then slept soundly for some hours, when he arose and fancied himself cured. Sancho now took his dose, but his stomach not being so squeamish, did not discharge it, but caused such pains and loathings, that he cursed the balsam and the thief that gave it to him.

Don Quixote, finding kimself revived, saddled Rozinante, and put the pannel upon Sancho's ass himself, when addressing his host as the governor of the castle, he returned him many grateful compliments for the kind treatment he had received, and sallied forth in quest of other adventures, without paying for his entertainment. Sancho was left behind, and the inn-keeper demanding payment of him, he swore that There hapas his master had not paid any thing, neither would he. pened to be at that time in the inn, a company of arch wags, who determined to make sport with the obstinate squire. One of them fetched out the landlord's blanket, whilst the others seized Sancho, and put him into the midst of it, and began to toss him into the air, till his cries reached his master's ears, who turned about his horse and saw the sport they were making with his squire: he uttered many reproaches but they paid no heed to what he said, and continued tossing him till they were quite weary, when they placed him upon his ass, and let him follow his master.

Don Quixote told Sancho the castle was certainly enchanted, and that they were people of the other world that were making sport of him, but Sancho knew them to be men of flesh and blood, and began to think of returning to his own village.

Pursuing their way they met a thick cloud of dust, occasioned by two flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts; but the knight was so positive of their being two armies, that Sancho almost believed it, and asked what was to be done? "Assist the weaker side, (said Don Quixote.) Do you not hear the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and rattling of drums?" "I hear nothing, (replied Sancho,) but

the bleating of sheep and lambs." "Get thee aside," said Don Quixote: "for I am myself able to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." With this he darted down the hill like lightning, and rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and at tacked them with as much intrepidity as if he had been engaged with his mortal enemies. The shepherds called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they began to let fly about his ears stones as big as one's fist; one of which struck such a blow on his side that wearly huried a couple of rihs in his hody, and laid the poor knight flat upon the ground. The shepherds, thinking they had killed him, drove off their flocks without further inquiry; upon which Sancho ventured to go to his master, whom he found in a most deplorable condition.

Night advancing, the adventurers were seeking for a place to repose, when they perceived at a distance lights like moving stars, and Sanche's heart sunk within him. As they drew near, they saw several persons, with white robes, holding torches in their hands, followed by a litter, covered with black, and six persons as mourners. Don Quixate ciding up to them, inquired who they were, and whither they were going? but not receiving a direct answer, he drove so furiously among them, that he cleared the field of the mourners in the twinkling of an eye. By the light of a torch on the ground, he discovered one whom he had dismounted, and had broken his leg by the fall. The unfortunate gentleman informed Don Quixote that they were ecclesiastics, and going with a corpse to bury it at Segovia. Sancho assisted the poor man upon his mule, and told him if any one should ask who defeated them, to say it was the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, called also the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

They had not gone far, when they perceived a barber, mounted upon a grey ass; who, as it happened to rain, had put his brass hasin upon his head to preserve his new hat. Don Quixote, imagined this to be some new adventure; he called the basin Mambrino's helmet, and said it was made of gold; and clapping spurs to Rozinante, he flew at the barber, who being terrified at the sight of such a spectre, leaped from his ass, and scampered over the plain, leaving behind him the basin. Don Quixote put the basin upon his bead, but lamented that it had lost the visor, and supposed that part of it had been cut off in battle. Sancho laughed heartily at the conceit, but his master firmly believed it to be Mambrino's helmet, and that the barber was some pagan knight.

They were proceeding along, when they met four of the king's officers, guarding about a dozen men, who were linked together by a great chain. Don Quixote, whose business it was to redress grievances, rode up to the officers, and resolutely commanded that they should be set at liberty. This the officers opposed, saying, they were all notorious villians, and the king had ordered them to slavery. "That is nothing to the purpose," said Don Quixote, "I vindicate the oppressed, and will have my order obeyed." The commissary laughed to hear him talk so wildly; on which the knight charged him so furiously, that he fell from his horse with prodigious force. The rest of the guard were preparing to attack our hero, and it would certainly have gone hard with him, had not the thieves broke the chain and come in to his help; and so pelted the guards with their irons, that they fled and left him at liberty.

Don Quixote, exulting in this victory, called the thieves about him, and commanded them, in recompense for their delivery, forthwith to

repair to Dulcinea del Toboso, and presenting themselves on their knees, say, "High and Mighty Princess, behold thy vassals prostrate at thy feet, set free from a miserable slavery, by the matchless arm of the puissant knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha." They begged to be excused; observing, that if they exposed themselves upon the highway, they again endangered their liberty; and advised the knight himself to get into the mountains; for having broke the king's order, it would go hard with him, if he should fall in the way of the king's troops. This refusal stirred up his anger, so that he swore he would hunself drive them to the gallies. At this they laughed, and seeing he was but crazy witted, by the advice of their ringleader, they retired to a heap of stones, and sent such a shower about the knight's ears, that he rode away rull speed, followed by Sancho and his ass.

The thieves having fled different ways, Don Quixote and Sancho Pancha entered the Black Mountains, which were just by. The knight could scarce contain himself for joy on ascending these mountains; such scenes appearing to him the most favourable for those adventures he was in pursuit of: while Sancho followed, stuffing himself with food; and as for the adventures, he cared not a fig about them.

Don Quixote now resolved to do penance among the mountains, and exclaimed, "Mad I am, and mad I shall remain, until you have taken a letter, which I shall write, to the beautiful lady Dulcinea, and returned with a favourable answer." Having no paper, the knight wrote the letter in a pocket-book which he had found, and desired Sancho to get it transcribed by the first schoolmaster he met with—and it is of no consequence if it be another hand, for Dulcinea can neither read nor write. Don Quixote finished the letter, and Sancho was despatched with his ass, with all speed to Toboso.

When he came near the inn where he had met with the blanketing affair, notwithstanding the gnawings of a hungry belly, he would not enter, lest he should again fly in the air; but as he was passing the gate, the priest and barber of La Mancha came out, and recognized the face of Sancho, of whom they made many inquiries about Don Quixote. He immediately related to them the strange adventures he had met with; and also that he was conveying a letter to the lady Dulcinea, with whom his master was so deeply in love. They were astonished at what Sancho had told them, and wished to see the letter. He told them it was written in a pocket-book, and that he was to get it transcribed at the first place he came to.—The priest wished to undertake the job: Sancho put his hand into his pocket for the book, when, alas! he found it not; nor could he, if he had searched till doomsday, for it was in Don Quixote's possession, and Sancho had forgot to bring it with him. He stood motionless with surprise; but recovering himself, he excalimed, "Wretch that I am—I have lost the letter to Dulcinea!" The priest bid him be comforted; for if he could remember it, they would write it from his mouth. "Let the duce take all I remember of the letter!" said Sancho; though it began with—"High and substantial lady:" then it followed, "the smitten and the wounded—kisses your cruel foot"—and ended with—"thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance."

The priest promised to make all straight respecting the letter: but if they would go into the inn, he would contrive some plan to get his master from his penance. Saucho said he would stop at the gate, and tell them the cause afterward; but he begged them to bring him something warm to eat.

Having consulted some time, it was proposed that the barber should procure a girl of the village, to be dressed as a damsel errant, and eign herself in great distress, and that the barber should act as her squire, to go disguised, and crave a boon of Don Quixote, which he of course would not deny. By this plan they intended to get him home, and, if possible, find a cure for his disordered brain.

They borrowed their disguises of the landlady, who made inquiry of the cause of such preparation; but when they told her of Don Quixote's madness, she related to them a full account of him and his wonderful squire, and the blanket sport, which Sancho endeavoured codeny.

Being equipped, Sancho led the way to the mountains. They told him he must conceal from Don Quixote who they were, and was instructed to tell his master, that he had got the letter written from his own memory, and that Dulcinea commanded his immediate return, upon pain of her displeasure; and that he should trot on before them, and look for the knight; and after having delivered his message, he was to give a certain signal that would direct them to the place. When Sancho was gone, the barber put on a false beard, which was made of an ox's tail; and the damsel some rich clothes, which very well became her.

Sancho found his master stark naked, playing his former tricks and wild gambols very nimbly. He delivered his message, and having persuaded Don Quixote to dress himself, mounted a rock, and gave the expected signal. The lady mounted her mule, and attended by the barber, as her squire, no sooner approached the knight than she alighted, fell at his feet, and forced the tears from her eyes, whilst the barber was in the same humble posture behind her. "I will never rise' said the damsel, "O valiant knight, till you have promised to grant me a boon, and succour my distress." "I will grant you nothing," replied Don Quixote, "unless you will arise." But she continued, "If your valour be equal to your fame, you will avenge my wrong; and all I desire of you is, that you will not engage in any other adventure till you have chastised the insolent giant who has invaded my kingdom, and driven me from all my possessions." "Your request is granted," said Don Quixote;" "and you, fair queen, may make what further demand you please, provided it be not my heart, for that is already disposed of to the peerless Princess Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote then ordered Sancho to assist him in arming; teliing him the time was now come when he should surely be an Emperor, and Sancho an Earl.

"I am the Princess Micomicona," said the girl, "and at the death of my father, the monstrous giant, Landafiraudo, allured by the vast quantities of gold, silver, and diamonds, which my country produces, made himself master of it, and I fled for protection to your matchless valour." Don Quixote replied he had heard of this giant: and though ne was the largest in the world, he would in single combat, cut off his nead as easily as that of a poppy in a field of corn.

After a tedious journey, they at length arrived at the inn where Sancho had been blanketed; and were soon after followed by the priest. Sancho sweated for fear on entering: but Don Quixote, being very much fatigued, was immediately put to bed; the barber now threw off his disguise, and it was determined, that, if Don Quixote should inquire

for the lady's squire, he should be told the princess had despatched him to her subjects to prepare for his arrival.

Supper was ended, when Sancho entered, and cried out, that his master was in the toughest battle his eyes ever beheld; and by this time the giant who had injured the princess Micomicona was killed: for he saw the floor covered with blood, and a head rolling about. Then Don Quxote was heard to exclaim, "Stop, you cowaruly rascal!"—The company now rushed into the room, and beheld the knight, fast asleep, laying about him with his drawn sword. But what Sancho had taken for the giant's head was a large wine skin, which the knight had cut a gash in, and let out the wine upon the floor.

On seeing the damage done to his wine skin, the host flew at Don Quixote with his fists, and would have started all his ribs, had not the priest offered to satisfy his demand for the wine. Yet this did not awake him from his dream, till he was swilled all over, with a pail of cold water; when he perceived the princess Micomicona, and fell upon his knees before her, assuring her that he had cut off the giant's head, and therefore she might return in safety to her own kingdom. They, however, again put him to bed, where he soon fell asleep, and remained till the next afternoon.

The company in the inn being much increased, the landlord knew not how to lodge them. But it was proposed, the lady should sleep in the bed where the knight had lain. Toward the morning the innkeeper's daughter, with the maid arose to divert themselves with the knight, and for that purpose listened at the hole of the hay-loft, to the dreadful sighings and complainings he was making to his absent Dulcinea; lamenting in a pitiful touc, her cruelty. Here the girl interrupted him, whispering him to come softly to her; he turned about, and fancied he beheld a captive lady asking his aid, through the golden bars of an enchanted castle, and he instantly resolved to release her "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress wants no from her captivity. thing but one of your beautiful hands, for which she has ventured from her chamber to satisfy her longing desire." Don Quixote, standing upon the saddle, held up one of his hands to the hole, which the girls fastened with a halter, and then tied it to the manger within, and re-retired highly pleased with their sport. Rozinante, not liking to re-main long in one position began to move about; so that the unfortu-nate knight lost his standing, and remained till day-light suspended by his wrist, and roaring like a bull, till at length the halter broke, and he fell to the ground.

A scuffle was next heard at the gate of the inn, which arose from an engagement between Sancho and the barber, from whom Don Quixote had stolen Mambrino's helmet. Sancho being insulted by the barber, thought proper to give the fellow a good drubbing. The cries of the barber had alarmed the whole inn, and Don Quixote being among the others who had assembled to see what was the matter, was so highly pleased to observe his squire fight so courageously, that he resolved to make him a knight the first opportunity.

The barber seemed resolved to have the basin, though he had the worst of the battle; and therefore submitted it to the decision of the company, whether that which Don Quixote wore then upon his head, was in reality Mambrino's helmet, or a barber's basin? "There is no doubt of its being a helmet," said Sancho, "for had it not been for that, my master would have had his skull split by a dreadful shower of

stones, that flew about him in his combat with the thieves." To assist the jest, all present confirmed what Sancho had said, that it certainly was Mambrino's helmet. Thus the poor fellow was almost mad for the loss of his basin; but to end the dispute, the priest paid the barber for it in secret, and gave him pardon for all fraud, from that time forth and for evermore.

This matter being settled, by the liberality of the priest and his companion, they began to think it time to depart; whilst Don Quixote was put to bed, where he soon fell asleep, through the last night's fatigne. After a long consultation, it was resolved to procure a kind of cage, large enough for a man to lie in, with an iron grating to prevent his escape; and agreed with a wagoner to carry Don Quixote, in this strange manner to La Mancha. The priest and his friends, having masked themselves, rushed into the room where he lay asleep, and bound him hand and foot. When he awoke he began to stare about him, surprised to find himself in that hopeless condition, surrounded by such strange figures; but it came into his mind that they were hobgoblins, and he was enchanted. This thought made him submit to be laid in the cage, which was locked fast down. As they were taking him out of the room, a voice was heard to say. "O valorous knight! be not cast down; for it is expedient that you should now undergo this disgrace; but in some future day your glory shall be unrivalled, and shine with lustre like the sun; at that time thou shalt submit thyself to the soft bands of matrimony." This was a comforting prophecy to Don Quixote, for he really believed he should be joined in wedlock to his beloved Dulcinea.

The priest had engaged with some persons at the inn, to attend Don Quixote to his village. Sancho mounted his ass, and led Rozinante by the side of the wagon. The priest took leave of his friends at the inn and this wonderful procession moved stately along.

When they came into the village of La Mancha, some lads ran to take the doleful tidings to Don Qnixote's housekeeper and niece, of his being conveyed, pale, and almost lifeless, in a wagon drawn by oxem. They however, received him with great lamentation, and vented a thousand curses on those books of chivalry, which had turned his brain, and brought him to this wretched condition. Sancho's wife hearing of his return, came out to meet him whom she eagerly embraced; and in a violent rage abused the poor knight with having led her husband astray.

Don Quixote being put to bed, looked round with a stupified gaze, and seemed to wonder where he was. When he was asleep, the priest and the barber, who attended the knight till now, took their leave of the housekeeper and niece, advising them to keep a strict watch over him, lest he should escape.

The priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing Don Quixote, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. They now made him a visit, and inquired after his health; to which Don Quixote answered with so much good sense, that they undoubtedly believed he was entirely well, and in his perfect senses. During the conversation an outcry was raised by the house-keeper, who was defending the door against Sancho Pancha, who was striving to get to see Don Quixote. He, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unreasonable follies, called him in, and ordered the housekeeper to hold her tongue. Sancho entered and the priest and

the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, who shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said, "tell me friend Sancho what do folks say of me about this town?"

"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less than a feoi As to what concerns your valour and understanding, they run diversions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a where bone in our skins."

They were interrupted by the arrival of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a neighbour of Don Quixote's, and an arch wag. At seeing Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him "Signior, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's hand, for your worship is one of the most famous knights errant that have been or shall be."

Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper guessing that he would break loose again, endeavoured to divert him from so foolish a design, but to no purpose; and in three days Don Quixote and Sancho, having furnished themselves with what they thought convenient, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body, took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple

They passed that night and the following day without any accident worth relating, whereat Don Quixote was not a little grieved. Next day they descried the great city of Toboso, at sight whereof Don Quix ote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had; and he knew not what to do when his master should send him to Toboso. Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall, and till that hour came, they strayed among some oak trees near the town. Half the night was spent when they left the mountain and entered Toboso. The town was all hushed in silence, for its inhabitants were sound asleep. "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "lead on before to Dulcinea's palace, for it may be we shall find her awake." "To what palace? Body of the sun," answered Sancho, "that which I saw her highness in, was but a very little house." "She must have been retired at that time," answered Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels." "Since your worship," said Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? And is it fit we should stand thundering at the door till they let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar?" "First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote. "With what patience," said Sancho, "can I bear to think that your worship will need have me know your mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove thereabout, and I will return by day-light and leave no corner in the town unsearched for this palace of my lady's; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and tell her where your worship is waiting for her orders, for you to see her without prejudice to her reputation.' Don Quixote approved of his advice, and took shelter in a grove, about two miles distant, while Sancho returned back to the city, to speak to Dulcinea.

Saucho left Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, full of confused imaginations. He was scarce-

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out of the grove, when turning about his head, he espied three country wenches coming toward the place where he was, upon three asses: he immediately hastened back in search of his master, whom he found breathing a thousand amorous sighs. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, do you bring good news?" "So good, (answered Sancho,) that your worship has no more to do but to get out upon the plain, to see the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit." "Lec us go son Sancho," answered the knight.

Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road, but seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho whether they were come out of the city when he left them? "Out of the city," answered Sancho, "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon day?" "I see only three wenches," said Don Quixote "on three asses." "Now God help me," answered Sancho, "is it possible that three palfreys, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? Snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts." So saying, he advanced to meet the wenches, and alighting, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the ground, he said, "Queen, Princess, and Duchess of Beauty, be pleased to receive into your grace, your capital knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Pancha, his squire, and he is the forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with disturbed eyes, looked vishfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a comely country girl, he was confounded and amazed. The wenches too were astonish ed to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees; but she who was stopped broke silence, and in an angry tone said—"Get out of the road, and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste." To which Sancho made answer, "O princess of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent, to see kneeling before your sublime presence, the pillar and prop of knight errantry?" which one of the other two hearing, said, "Look ye how these small contractions are to make a jest of us near country girls as if these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country girls, as.if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring; begone your way, and let us go ours, so speed you well." "Rise, Sancho," Quixote, "for I now perceive that fortune has barred all the avenues whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me it the flesh." "Marry come up," cried the wench, "with your idle gibberish-get you gone, and let us go." Sancho moved off and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contri-The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field, and her companions after her, and set a running, without looking behind them, for about half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said, "How am I persecuted by enchanters! surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy! And these traitors were not contented with barely transforming my Dulcinea into the mean resemblance of that country wench, but at the same time topped her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent wasioned by being always among bowers and perfumes; for I must

tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as you call it, she gave me such a whiff of indigested garlic as almost poisoned my very sonl." "O sconndrels!" cried Sancho, "O evil-minded enchanters! O that I might see you all hung up by the gills, like herrings a smoking." "But tell me, Sancho, (said Don Quixote,) that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side saddle or a pillion?" "It was a side saddle,' answered Sancho, "with a field covering, worth half a kingdom, for the richness of it." They now mounted their beasts, and followed the road to Sarragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at the solemn festival in honour of St. George.

Don Quixote and his squire passed the night under some lofty trees; and after refreshing themselves, Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak; but it was not long before he was awakened by a noise behind him.—Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, and laying himself along on the ground, his armour made a rattling noise; a manifest token, from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight errant.

"O thou most beautiful and most ungrateful woman in the world!" said the knight, "Is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer your captive knight to pine away in continual travels? Is it not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the nights of Navarre, aye, and all the knights of La Mancha, even the renowned Don Quixote himself?" "Not so," cried Don Quixote, "for I am he, and never have acknowledged any such thing. He that you have subdued cannot be the same, unless it be, that having many enchanters his enemies, some one of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth." The Knight of the Wood calmly answered, "He who could once vanquish you, Signor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person; let us wait for day-light, that the sun may be witness of our exploits; and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the disposal of the conqueror provided that he command nothing, but what a knight may with honour submit to.

Scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes, was the Squire of the Knight of the Wood's nose, which was so large, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. At this sight Sancho trembled like a child in a fit. Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face; over his armour he wore a kind of surtout, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with little crescents of resplendent looking-glass, which made a most splendid show.

The combatants being mounted, Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering, and he of the looking-glasses did the like. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, attacked him with such force, that he bore him to the ground; and such was his fall that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he ran to his master, who was got upon him of the looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead or alive, when

he saw the very face, figure, and picture of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, cried out, "Come hither, Sancha and observe what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do!" Sancho approached, and seeing the Bachelor's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. The other squire now drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful. Sancho seeing him without his former ugliness, said,—"Where is the nose?" to which he answered, "I have it here in my pocket," and putting in his hand, he pulled out a paste-board nose, painted and varnished; and Sancho eveing him more and more, with a voice of admiration, said, "Blessed Virgin defend me! Is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour." "Indeed I am," answered the unnosed squire; "entreat your master therefore, not to wound or kill the knight of the looking glasses; for he is the daring and ill-advised Bachelor, Sampson Carrasco."

By this time, he of the looking-glasses was come to himself, which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his sword to his throat and said, "you are a dead man, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia;" "I confess it," answered the disjointed knight; "suffer me to rise, it the hurt of my fall will permit, for I am sorely bruised." Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did Sancho: and he of the looking-glasses, with his squire, in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place where he might splinter his ribs, while Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa.

As they were conversing on this adventure, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, and the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part. Don Quixote planted himself before them, and said—"Whither go you, brethren? What car is this? And what have you in it?" The carter answered, "The car is mine, and in it are two fierce hons, sending to court as a present to his majesty; at present they are hungry, and therefore, sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are feed them," At which Don Quixote smiling, said, "To me your lions are whelps, and those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, open the cages and turn out those beasts; for, in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me." The carter said, "Good Sir, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose."—"Alight and unyoke," answered Don Quixote, "for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble."

"Consider, Sir," cried Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, for I have seen, through the grates of the cage, the claw of a true lion, and I guess by it, that the lion is bigger than a mountain." "However it be," answered Don Quixote, "retire Sancho, and leave me, and if I die repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." Sancho whipped on Dapple, and the carter his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could. The keeper seeing the fugitives were a good way off, repeated his entreaties to Don Quixote who answered that all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste. He then drew his sword, and planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, set open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an

extraordinary size, and of a hideous aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw and stretch nimself at full length; he then yawned very leisurely, licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face with about half a yard of tongue This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and looked round with eyes of fire-coals; a sight enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out of the car, that he might tear him in pieces; but the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, after having stared about him, turned his back, and showed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and with great calmness laid himself down again in the cage; which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. " and I will not do," answered the keeper, "for should I provoke him., I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces; the greatness of your worship's courage is sufficiently shown; no brave combatant is obliged to do more than challenge his foe, and if the antagonist do not meet him, the infamy lies at his door." "That is true," answered Don Quixote, "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance a handkerchief, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, but Sancho, chancing to spy the signal, said, "May I be hanged, if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls us."—They came back to the car, and Don Quixote said to the carter,—"Put to your mules and continue your journey, and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them." "That I will, with all my heart," answered Sancho. "But what is become of the lions? are they dead?" Then the keeper related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the valour of Don Quixote. "If his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should enquire who performed it, tell him the Knight of the Lions, for from henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Sorrowful Figure shall be altered to this.

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote and Sancho pursued their journey, till they arrived at an inn a little before night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle, as usual. They were scarcely entered, when there came in a man, clad in chamois leather, and said with a loud voice, "Master host, have you any lodging? for here comes the divining ape, and the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance." "Welcome master, cried, the innkeeper; "Peter I would turn out the Duke de Alva himself, to make room for master Peter. Let the ape and the puppets come." "So be it," answered the man, "I will go back and hasten the cart with the ape and the puppets."

Then Don Quixote asked the landlord, what master Peter this was and what puppets, and what ape, he had with him? To which the landlord answered, "he is a famous puppet-player. He has also an ape, whose talents exceed even those of men; for if any thing be asked, he listens to it attentively, and then leaping upon his master's shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer which master Peter repeats aloud."

By this time master Peter returned, and in the cart came the puppets and a large ape without a tail. Don Quixote no sooner espied him, but he began to question him, saying, "Master diviner, pray tell

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me what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune?" Master Peter, giving with his right hand two or three flaps on his left shoulder at once the ape jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth and chattered apace; and at another skip down he jumped on the ground, and presently master Peter ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and embraced his legs, said—"O never sufficiently extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha; thou spirit of the faintnearted, stay to those that are falling, staff and comfort to all that are unfortunate! and thou, O good Sancho Pancha, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice that thy good wife Teresa is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax: by the same token that she has by her left side a broken mouthed pitcher, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work. And now because it is my duty," added master Peter, "and to Don Quixote a pleasure, I intend to put in order my puppet show, and entertain all the folks at the inn gratis." The inn-keeper pointed out a place for setting up the show, which was done in an instant. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show, and before stood his boy, to serve as interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece.

From within the scene was heard the sound of drums and trumpets, which being over, the boy said—"This history, gentlemen, tells how Don Gayferos freed his wife Melisendra, who was a prisoner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors. Now turn your eyes toward the tower, and the lady in a Moorish habit is the peerless Melisendra. The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse shows herself from the battlements and talks to her husband; now you see, she has let herself down to get on horseback behind him. Don Gayferos lays hold of her, and then sets her behind him on his horse, and see how they turn their backs, and how joyfully they take the way to Paris. See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city, in pursuit of the two lovers."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, thought proper to succour those that fled, accordingly he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring, he planted himself close to the show, and began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others; in short, he demolished the whole machine.

Then Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, "Now am I convinced of what I have often believed before, and those enchanters who persecute me are perpetually setting shapes before me, as they really are, and presently transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that whatever has passed, at this time, seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so, And notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See Master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in lawful money."

Master Peter made him a low bow, saying, "Let master inn-keeper, and the great Sancho be umpires between your worship and me." The inn-keeper and Sancho said they would; and master Peter set a price upon the several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterward moddled to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals, which Sancho immediately disbursed. In conclusion, they alsupped together, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was, liberal to

the last degree. Master Peter had no mind to enter into altercations with Don Quixote whom he knew perfectly well, and therefore, he got up before the sun, and taking his ape, away he went. Sancho, by order of his master paid the inn-keeper, and about light in the morning they left the inn, and went their way.

About sun-set, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and perceived some persons taking the diversion of hawking: he observed among them a gallant lady, upon a milk white palfrey, carrying a hawk on her left hand. Don Quixote conjectured she was a lady of quality, so he said to Sancho, "Run and tell that lady, that I, the Knight of the Lions, if her highness gives me leave, will wait upon her to kiss her hands." Sancho went off at a round rate, and came where the fair huntress was, and kneeling before her, he said, "Beauteous lady! that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called Sancho Pancha. He sends by me to desire that your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which are no other than to serve your high towring falcoury and beauty." Rise up, "answered the lady "for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight, as he of the Sorrowful Figure should remain upon his knees: tell your master he is heartily welcome to my estate." Sancho, delighted with this agreeable answer, returned to his master, who putting on his hest airs advanced to kiss the duchess' hand; who having caused the duke, her husband to he called, told him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message. They waited for him with the greatest pleasure, and on purpose to carry on the humour, agreed to treat him like a knight-errant all the while he should stay with them.

By this time, Don Quixote arrived, and with his beaver up, said, I shall always be at your highness's service, and my lady duchess', your worthy consort and mistress of all beauty." "come on, sir knight,' said the duke, "to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, for the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights errant who come to it.

Before they came to the castle, the duke rode before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote, who arriving with the duchess at the castle gate, in an instant al the galleries were crowded with men and women servants, crying aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights errant!" at which Don Quixote wondered: and this was the first day he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight errant.

They conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue, and six damsels unarmed him; they desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt, but he would by no means consent; however, he bade them give Sancho the shirt, and shutting himself up with him in a room, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt; he then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw a mantle over his shoulders, and thus equipped, marched into the great saloon; then came twelve pages to conduct him to dinner, where by this time, the lord and lady were waiting for him. Sancho was present all the while surprised and astonished to see the honour done his master.

The duke and duchess, having instructed their servants how to be have carried Don Quixote a hunting six days after. They gave him a hunting suit, and Sancho another, of the finest green cloth. The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho pu

on his new suit. They presently came to a wood, which seemed on fire, and soon after they heard a great noise, as if a body of horse was passing through it. In a few minutes a post boy, habited like a fiery demon passed before them, winding a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a horrible sound. "Soho, courier," cried the duke, "who are you?" to which the courier answered in a dreadful voice, "I am a devil, and going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso in a triumphal chariot. She comes enchanted, with the Sage Merlin, to inform Don Quixote how she may be disenchanted." Then the demon, directing his eyes to Don Quixote said, "To you, Knight of the Lions, the Sage Merlin sends me, commanding me to tell you, to wait for him in the very place I meet you in: for he brings with him her whom he calls Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her."

They now perceived advancing towards them, a triumphal car drawn by six grey mules. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph, clad in silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold timsel; her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany, so that you might discover through it the face of a very beautiful damsel. Close by her sat a figure, clothed in robes of state down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil. The moment the car came up the musick ceased, and the figure in the gown standing up, and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from his face, discovered plainly the figure and skeleton of death, so ugly that Don Quixote was startled, and Sancho affrighted at it, and the duke and duchess made a show of some timorous concern. This living death, standing up, with a voice somewhat-drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner:—

Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight, Wouldst thou to beauty's pristine state restore The enchanted dame, Sancho thy faithful squire Must to his brawnev buttocks, bare expos'd Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply; Such as may sting, and give him smarting pain. The authors of her change have thus decreed, And this is Merlin's errand from the shades.

"I say not three hundred, (cried Sancho,) but will as soon give myself three stabs as three lashes: I can't see what my buttocks have to do with enchantments." "I shall take you, Don Peasant stuffed with garlic, (said Don Quixote,) and tie you to a tree, and I say not three thousand three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give you; so answer me not a word, for I will tear out your very soul; which Merlin hearing, he said, "it must not be so, for the lashes that honest Sancho is to receive, must be with his good will, and not by force, and what time he pleases, for there is no term set!" "Did I bring forth the lady Dulcinea, (cried Sancho,) that my posteriors must pay for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since he is ever calling her his 'ife and his soul, he can and ought to lash himself for her; but for me to whip myself, I renounce it.

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the nymph, standing up, and throwing aside her veil, discovered a face more than excessively beautiful, and addressing herself to Sancho, she said—"O unlucky squire, heart of a cork tree, and bowels full of gravel and flints! relent, ill-intentioned monster at my blooming youth, pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench, and if at this time I appear

therwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor Merlin, merely tha my charms may soften you; and if, for my sake, you will not be molified, be so for the sake of that poor knight there by your side your master."

"My lord (answered Sancho,) may I not be allowed two days time to consider what is best for me to do?" "No, in no wise, (quoth Merlin;) at this instant, and upon this spot, the business must be set tled; or Dulcinea must return to her former condition of a country wench, or else in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields where she must wait till the number of lashes be fulfilled."

"Well, (said Sancho,) since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say I am contented to give myself the lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty f the lady Dulcinea, since she is in reality beautiful." Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when the music struck up, and Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses. The car began to move on, and in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low curtsey to Sancho By this time, the cheerful dawn came on apace, and the duke and duchess, having executed their design so happily, returned to their castle.

Don Quixote now thought it time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle; therefore, asking the duke's permission, which was granted with much reluctance, he set off, accompanied by Sancho, for Barcelona, to attend a tournament there, those at Saragossa being passed; after three days journey, they arrived within sight of the former city. Two days after his arrival, as Don Quixote was on horseback, taking the air, he perceived advancing toward him, a knight, armed also at all points; on his shield was painted a resplendent moen; and when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and directing it to Don Quixote, he said-" Illustrious, and never enough renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the knight of the White Moon, I come to enter into combat with you, in order to make you confess, that my mistress, be she who she will, is more beautiful than vour Dalcinea del Toboso; which if you do immediately confess, you will save your own life; and if you fight and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is, that you lay aside your arms, and retire to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live in profound peace; and if you vanquish me, my head shall lie a your mercy; and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you.'

Don Quixote answered, "Knight of the White Moon, I accept your challenge, with these conditions, and that upon the spot: take then what part of the field you please, and I will do the like." Don Quixote then recommending himself to heaven and his Dulcinea, wheeled about again, and his adversary did the like; and without the sound of trampets, they both turned their horses about at the same instant and he of the White Moon, being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two thirds of the career, and encountered him with such impetuous force, that he gave Rozinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground.

Presently he was opon him, and chapping his lance to his vizor, he said, "Knight, you are a dead man, it you do not confess the condition

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of our challenge." Don Quixote replied, "that he would perform the conditions like a punctual and true knight." This confessoin being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and rode out of sight. Sancho, on seeing his master's fall, strove to comfort him, and among other things said, "Dear Sir, hold up your head and be cheerful if you can, and give heaven thanks, that though you have got a swinging fail, you did not come off with a rib broken; tet us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures" "Peace Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote,) since you see my confinement is not to last above a year: and then will I resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow on you."

Upon this, Don Quixote and Sancho determined to turn shepherds, on their return to La Mancha, on which the priest and Carrasco presently greeted them: to which Don Quixote related, in a woful mannal member was vanquished, and the obligations he lay under, not to stir from his village for a year. Don Quixote was shortly after seized with a fever which the physicians declared was occasioned by melancholy and disappointment. During his illness, which lasted ten days, his trusty squire, Sancho, never stirred from his bedside. When he found that his last hour was near at hand, he expressed his abhorence of all books of chivalry, and exclaimed, "I am no longer, Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixada; and am now sensible of my folly." He then desired the presence of a confessor and an attorney, that he might ease his conscience, and make his will, in which he left his niece all his real estates, and gave his squire a thousand ducats; and after so many hazardous enterprises died a natural death.

LIFE, TRAVELS, VOYAGES, &c.

OF

PAUL JONES.



AT a time like the present, when so many distinguished characters of all nations offer themselves to our notice, and have successively risen from the lowest conditions to the most exalted stations in life, it will not, we presume, be unacceptable to the generality of our readers if we present them with the faithful history of a man, (chiefly written by himself,) whose origin was particularly obscure, but whose exploits struck terror into the minds of his numerous enemies; and whose services procured him the respect and confidence of the most illustrious personages then in existence.

Of the war with America, so much has been already said, that we feel no inclination whatever to renew the controver sy: and although our hero was not the least enemy this country had to encounter, we shall carefully avoid all political remark; and in no instance deviate from that strict impartiality so essentially requisite in recording the valour of the most enterprising and resolute mariner that America had, at that

spoch, to boast of

Paul Jones, the father of our hero, was a native of Dunbar in Scotland; by profession a gardener, and it appears had lived in that capacity with several families of distinction, in various parts of Scotland, and among the rest with the Earl of Selkirk. Our hero was born about the month of June, 1748, at Dumfries; and although it was generally given out that the gardener was only employed by a nobleman to bring up the younger Paul, and adopt him his son; yet we are inclined to think this story was set afloat by some persons who cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of so much magnanimity running through the veins of "Base Born Plebians."

At the age of fourteen, Paul was apprenticed to Captain Johnson, of Whitehaven, who was then in the coal trade

and, from his father's faithful services to the Earl of Selkirk, there cannot be a doubt of the Earl's goodness being extended to his son, had his behaviour corresponded with the hopes and wishes of his relatives. But, alas! thus early in life, Paul evinced the most determined resolution; and, during his apprenticeship, gave no inconsiderable share of trouble and anxiety to his master, by his obstinacy and perverseness to all around him. Having (some how or other) completed his servitude, he immediately signed articles with Captain Baines, who was then in the Guinea trade: and here his cruel disposition blazed forth in its proper colours, by his attempting to sink and destroy the ship and cargo, in consequence of a slight reprimand from the Captain, who was a man that bore an excellent character for justice and humanity to his inferiors. For this offence he was brought home in irons; but, owing to some defect in the evidence produced on his trial, he was acquitted of the charge. This voyage seemed to have altered his opinion in favour of the sea-faring life; for he now resolved to try his fortune on land; and therefore returned immediately to Scotland. We are sorry to observe, that in this part of the history, we have no favourable record to make of the pursuits of our wandering and turbulent hero.

From the respect the Earl of Selkirk had for his father, young Paul was admitted into the house as a domestic, but not without some excellent admonitions from his father, who earnestly entreated him to leave the dissolute part of his companious, and betake himself seriously to amend his life. In this, as in many other cases, it proved only loss of time to reason with so depraved a character; for he had no sooner got into this situation, than he paid his addresses to one of the females in the house; and who very prudently refused to accept them. But Paul had made sure of this prize also, determined to run all hazards rather than forego the object of his pursuit. He accordingly watched an opportunity when he saw her enter the dairy, and immediately rushed in, and fastened the door after him: he then in the most deliberate manner, proceeded to insult the terrified woman, and had nearly accomplished her ruin, when her repeated shrieks brought the Earl (who was at that time near the spot) to her assistance. So flagrant an act of injustice could not easily be forgotten; and, shortly after, the Earl dismissed him, with a positive order that he should never again enter his habitation--And the reader will perceive in the following pages, that Paul's hatred to the Earl, from this occurrence, was continually rankling in his bosom; and that he embraced

the first opportunity of retaliating.

Once more thrown on the world, the active mind of Paul soon discovered a means for his future subsistence. He wandered about the country, till he fell in with a large party of smugglers, who first engaged him in the capacity of a servant; but, finding in him so much of all that is requisite to form in the cant phrase, "a good smug," they proposed a partnership to Paul, and he immediately acquiesced. But his wish for absolute sway grew disgusting to his comrades,

and they shortly after scouted him.

Shortly after this, Paul entered on board a Sunderland brig, as a man before the mast; and in this employ became not only an expert and able seaman, but particularly well acquainted with the whole Northern coast. From this brig he was pressed to serve on board a man of war, but this also was of very short duration, as he seized the first opportunity to make his escape, and again commenced smuggler. Paul's better fortune, it seems, at this time smiled upon him; for, after a short and unsuccessful cruize, he left his companions, and took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Brighton. Here he soon formed an intimacy with the daughter of a respectable farmer; and after a courtship of three weeks, obtained the father's consent and led his fair prize to the hymenial altar, with a fortune of three hundred pounds! Although he had thus easily acquired some property, and an amiable woman for his wife, he could not reconcile himself to the cares and comforts of a domestic life; but falling in with several of his old companions, it was agreed to purchase a vessel, which Paul commanded; and placed such officers on board that he had the most dependence upon. In the course of their cruizings along the coast they were of the utmost injury to the commerce of this country; there were numerous instances of their falling in with and capturing our merchantmen, both foreign and coastwise, till at length taking a valuable prize, they steered for a port in France; and, after most tempestuous weather, (during which Paul actually threw a man overboard for some trifling disobedience of orders,) arrived at Boulogne, where the cargo was disposed of to a great disadvantage, from the damage it sustained in the

Our hero now turned his thoughts towards a smirking widow, the mistress of a hotel where he took lodgings during

his stay at Boulogne. After using every kind of stratagem for three months successively, without being able to prevail upon the fair hostess to accompany him to the altar of Hymen, he deposited two hundred guineas in her hands, as a proof of the sincerity of his intentions to return and render her completely happy, and then took an affectionate leave. Paul once more pursued the calling of a smuggler; and, righting judging that Dover was an eligible situation, he hired a capi tal house there, and figured as a first rate merchant. Hav ing a confidential superintendant, he had many opportuni ties of visiting the whole coast; and, in one of his excur sions, falling in with a number of his associates, they formed the resolution of boarding an armed vessel in the Downs, which had been fitted out by our merchants to act against the Barbary cruizers. Enterprising and audacious as this undertaking was, from the numerous revenue-cutters usually stationed in the Downs, they completely succeeded: two men and a boy were the only persons on board, and, from their never being heard of, the owners supposed the vesse. had been driven out to sea and that all on board perished.

Paul's crew, flushed with repeated successes, soon increased in numbers, and various were the stratagems they had recourse to for enriching themselves. Their first expedition was to the coast of Ireland, on different parts of which they landed, and plundered several gentlemen's houses of cash,

plate, jewels, and other valuable effects.

They now steered towards the Sussex coast; and, while they were attempting to effect a landing, they observed two of the king's armed cutters within a league and a half of shore. By taking advantage of a thick fog that arose about the close of the day, they proceeded farther along the coast, and disembarked with some of their most valuable effects; soon after which, they were surprised by a party of Custom-house officers, and a desperate contest ensued, which lasted nearly two hours, when the victory declared in favour of the smugglers, although one of Paul's men was desperately wounded in the conflict. They now put to sea with all possible expedition, and shaped their course for the Isle of Man, where they procured a supply of ammunition and provisions, and then sailed again with a view of plundering some merchantships bound for England, on board of which, they had receiv ed intelligence, was gold and silver to a considerable amount They met with only one of these ships, and that not one of the richest: but Paul, finding himself entitled to a share amount

ing to upwards of five hundred pounds, determined to pursue

his amour at Boulogne.

When on the point of disembarking at Port 1' Orient he resigned all claim to the vessel and her appurtenances to his companions; binding them, however, in a solemn oath. that they should deal with him only in such articles as were proper for sale at Boulogne and the Isle of Man. Paul slept that night on shore; and, in the morning, after sending his com rades a present of twelve dozen of wine, and a liberal supply of fresh provisions, set out for Boulogne. On his arrival he was heartily welcomed by the widow, with whom he had held a correspondence by letter during the several months of his absence. In about five days they were married; and, having assumed the character of Landlord, he gave the principal customers of the house an elegant entertainment. For several weeks his behaviour was so affable and condescending, and the articles in which he dealt so good of their respective kinds, and so moderate in price, that the custom of the house surprisingly increased. But nature had not formed him to keep within the bounds of moderation. The idea of being possessed of property sufficient to render him independent of business, and the prospect of greater riches, swelled his pride to that pitch, that he was no longer able to act under the mask of humility that had for some time disguised his natural turbulence. Disgusted at his shameful conduct, his customers sought other places of entertainment, where they could be treated with civility and respect. decay of business inflamed him to a degree of the utmost extravagance; and, in all probability, his wife would have fallen a sacrifice to the impetuosity of his temper, had not the amiable tenderness of her disposition been capable of giving some degree of moderation to his violent, restless and impatient spirit. About this period he received information that the Earl of Derby was about to sell the Isle of Man, to be annexed to the crown of Great Britain: and judging it necessary to put his affairs on a good footing, before the proposed regulation could take place, he repaired thither, leaving his wife to conduct the business of the hotel. A few hours after he had embarked, the vessel was accosted by the gang of smugglers, with whom he had parted at Port l' Orient; but upon his appearing on deck and waving his hand, they immediately altered their course. As soon as he arrived, he made the first entry of licensed goods transported from England into the Isle of Man, and his name

stands first in the custom house books at Douglas. He then returned to Boulogne, and for some time carried on an extensive trade with different parties of smugglers. Upon the decease of his wife, he again went to the Isle of Man, and transacted some business in the legal way, the better to elude the suspicion of his being engaged in contraband dealings.

Paul, by this time having amassed upwards of three thousand pounds by the most iniquitous practices, considered that his situation was very precarious, as his avaricious turn of mind had led him to take great advantages of several of the smugglers with whom he dealt, some of whom he apprehended might, at length, be provoked to lodge an information against him, on account of the illegal traffic he had so long pursued. He therefore determined to sell off what effects he had in the Isle of Man, and repair to London; but, before he put this scheme in execution, he borrowed several sums of money, and obtained goods from different people to a considerable amount, after which he secretly decamped. Fearing that, if he came immediately to England, his place of residence would be discovered, and measures pursued to punish him for his fraudulent practices; he went to Dunkirk, and there opened a coffee-house for the entertainment of English travellers. Here he renewed his practise of dealing in contraband goods; but in a few months, he, in several instances, experienced a reverse of fortune. Several capital seizures being made of goods that he sent to England for sale, he was driven nearly to a state of distraction, and vowed destruction to the party with whom he had entrusted so considerable a part of his property; as, through his want of precaution, the goods had fallen into the hands of the king's officers. Paul now shut up his house at Dunkirk, and prepared to embark for England, having previously remitted a small sum to each of the persons he had defrauded in the Isle of Man; and, as they accepted of payment in part, they destroyed every idea of felony, and constituted their respective claims into mere matters of debt; he was therefore no longer under apprehension of prosecutions from the crimi-

About this time he made a conspicuous appearance in the city of London, where he lodged in Paternoster-row. He then conceived a violent attachment to gambling, but, being by no means a proficient in this science, he, in about six months, found that his whole stock of wealth amounted to no more than 108l. Still he continued to requen billiard ables and other

places of gaming; but his unfair practices involved him in frequent contentions and incessant quarrels. His money being nearly exhausted, he then found means to procure the command of a small smuggling vessel: and, after some heavy depredations committed on the trading ships of these kingdoms, he went to the coast of Spain, and made a capture of a rich vessel bound to the port of Cadiz. Paul intended to carry this prize to Genoa, but two or three days after her capture, she struck on a rock, and sunk with all her cargo. Five of the men were drowned, but the rest were picked up

by a Swedish vessel.

Soon after this disaster, he took up his old trade of annoying the coasting vessels, in our northern parts: in a short time he engaged the John and Amy, near Berwick, which, after a stout resistance, he drove upon a rock just off the harbour, where the ship bilged, and he again lost his prize. The crew were saved, except the wounded, who went down with the vessel. On leaving the wreck, he fell in with his old master, in his own ship the Anne. After firing a salute, Paul gave chase, and had nearly got along-side, when two of the king's sloops appearing, he tacked about and made clear off. By this time however, the merchants were more on their guard, and the vessels kept in shore. Upon his return to Whitehaven, he seized a young woman, while she was standing on the wharf, and placed her in the hold; and the following day he enticed a publican on board, and immediately got under weigh. The man returned several years after, but the woman has never been heard of since.

About this time, America began to shake off her allegiance to the mother-country; and Paul, finding his character would be an insurmountable objection to his procuring an honest livelihood at least in this country, he refitted and victualled for a foreign voyage at Havre, and then set sail for America. This was in the year 1774; when he perceived what was likely to ensue, wrote to Silas Deane, and several others who were afterwards leaders of Congress; to these he made several important communications respecting this country, and in return received several sums of money. It was then agreed that our hero should go to Europe for particular information, and he again set sail, and arrived in this country as Captain Jones, of New-York. Government not being aware of the character that had arrived, he was at liberty to go about the capital, and dwelt for a short time in Wapping, dairy buying maps, charts, soundings, and other

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articles relating to the home navigation. At his return he was strictly examined by several scientific persons, respecting the coasts and harbours of England, Ireland, and Scotland; the result of which was a very flattering distinction paid to him by the leaders of the American opposition, and he was soon after appointed to the command of one of the privateers fitted out against this country. His successes greatly contributed to raise him in the opinion of the great men in America; who in a short time were so thoroughly satisfied with his spirited conduct, that they imposed no sort of command on him, but left him to act consistent with his own ideas, on all occasions. He proved a far greater annoyance to our numerous trades in those parts than any other commander in the service of America.

Paul was now employed to fit out the small squadron which Congress had placed under Commodore Hopkins, who had the command of all the armed vessels then belonging to America; and it is a well known fact, that our hero hoisted with his own hands the first American flag ever displayed on board the Alfred. The conduct then pursued by Lord Donmore, in Virginia, determined Congress to detach the squadron against him; but the Commodore, who never entered into the spirit of the cause, displayed neither talents nor inclination for the enterprise, and thus hesitating and making various excuses, till the squadron was froze up in the Delaware and the expedition entirely frustrated.

The frost continued two months; and after this delay the vessels disengaged, and set sail for New-Providence, the principal of the Bahama Islands, where they found a very large quantity of artillery and military stores, of which the American army then stood greatly in need. Here he had the good fortune to recommend himself to the particular notice of the Commodore, by his tactical knowledge and diligence on all occasions, and in particular for his services in mooring the squadron off New-Providence in a seaman-like

manner.

Returning from this expedition, they captured two merchantmen; and soon after the squadron entered the port of New-London, in Connecticut. Here the Commodore receiving intelligence that the English frigates had been driven from Newport, and were out at sea, took advantages of the darkness of the night to repair to Rhode-Island. A council of war having dismissed the Captain of the Providence, one of the slaps of the squadron, the Commodore gave Paul or-

ders, in writing, to take the command of her and to escort some troops that were proceeding from Rhode-Island to New-York, and who were destined to join General Washington's camp. He then received instructions to escort a convoy of artillery and ammunition from Rhode-Island to New-York, for the defence of which it was destined. During the passage, he nad two different engagements with the Cerberus frigate; the first for the protection of the vessels under his command; and the second for the preservation of a vessel from St Domingo, ladened with naval stores for the Congress. In the course of this service, he had many actions with ships of war under the command of Lord Howe; but on these, as on former occasions he was enabled to preserve his convoy; and at length arrived safe in the Delaware, August 1, 1776. On the eighth of August, the President of the Congress presented Paul Jones in person with the commission of Captain in the Marine of the United States: this was the first granted by the Congress after the declaration of independence, which took place on the fourth of July, 1776. The orders of Congress had been given for the construction of thirteen frigates; but as none of them were yet ready, he proceeded to sea alone, on board the Providence, a vessel of small force, as she carried no more than seventy men, and twelve small cannon. When in the neighbourhood of Bermudas they fell in with the Solebay, and her convoy, from Charlestown; she was a thirty-two gun frigate; and formed part of the squadron under Admiral Parker. Captain Jones was of course desirous of avoiding an engagement with such superior force; but as his officers and men insisted that it was the Jamaica fleet, and as it was necessary to command by means of persuasion at this epoch of the war, the result was a serious engagement during six hours, which towards the close, was carried on within pistol shot. A desperate manœuvre was the sole resource left him; he attempted, succeeded, and disengaged himself.

A short time after this, he took several prizes, and sailed towards the coast of Nova Scotia, to destroy the whale and cod fisheries in that neighbourhood. Near Sable Island, they fell in with the Milford frigate, carrying thirty-two guns, with which it was impossible to avoid an engagement. A cannonade accordingly took place, from ten o'clock in the morning until sun-set; but the engagement was neither so close nor so hot as that with the Solebay, and Paul at length escaped by passing through the flats, and entered a little har-

bour next day, where he destroyed the fishery and vessels. After this he set sail for Ile Madame, where he made two descents, at the same time destroying the fisheries, and burning the vessels he could not carry with him. Having accomplished this service, he returned to Rhode-Island, after an absence of seven weeks from the Delaware; during which interval he had taken sixteen prizes, without including those destroyed. The Americans had agreed on destroying the enemy's fisheries at Ile Royale, and restoring to liberty more than 300 American prisoners detained there in the coal mines. Three vessels were destined for this purpose, the Alfred, the Hampden, and the Providence: but the Hampden, command ed by Arnold, having received considerable damage in con sequence of running on a rock, could not accompany him. He, however, embarked on board the Alfred, and taking the Providence by way of consort, he set sail, on the 2d of November, 1776. The first he made prize of was a vessel from Liverpool, and soon after the Mellish, a large armed vessel, having two British naval officers on board, and a captain belonging to the land service, with a company of The ship was carrying ten thousand complete suits of uniform to Canada, for the army posted there under the order of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne. Nothing could be more seasonable or welcome to the American service than this capture; and they were so sensible of it, that the Congress ordered their secretary to transmit the public thanks of the country to him, his officers, and the men serving under his command. The Providence having left the Alfred during the night, without the least pretext whatever, he remained alone, and that too during the stormy season, on the enemy's coast; but notwithstanding this, and that he was also greatly embarrassed with numerous prisoners, he resolved not to renounce his project. He accordingly effected a descent, destroyed a transport of great value, and also burned the magazines and buildings destined for the whale and cod fishery. In addition to this, he took three transports, and a vessel laden with ling and furs, near Ile Royale; these prizes were escorted by the Flora frigate, which happened to be at a small distance, but was concealed from him by a fog. Hav ing taken a privateer from Liverpool, mounting sixteen guns, in the course of next day, he instantly returned with his prizes towards the United States; but, when in the latitude of Boston, fell in with the Milford frigate, which he unwillingly engaged. Towards night, however, he placed the

Alfred between the enemy and his prizes, and having given the necessary instructions to the latter to make for the nearest port, he changed his course, set up lights, and by this stratagem saved the vessels he had captured, as the frigate continued in chase of him. Next day he was fortunate enough to escape, after a serious action, which was not terminated until dark, and even then in consequence of a hard gale of wind. Having returned to Boston, December 1, 1776, the intelligence of the uniforms he had taken on board the Mellish, reanimated the courage of the army under General Washington, which at that period happenened to be almost destitute of clothing. Besides, this unexpected succour contributed not a little to the success of the affair at Trenton against the Hessians, which took place immediately after his arrival. He now paid out of his own purse the wages due to the crews of the Alfred and the Providence, and lent the rest of his money to the Congress. That assembly transmitted him orders from Philadelphia, on the 5th of February, to undertake a secret expedition of great importance, the design of which was, to lay the Island of St. Christopher, and the north side of Jamaica, under contribution; after which, they were to attack Pensacola. This project was at first conceived by our hero, and then communicated to Mr. Morris, afterwards minister of finance; but such was the jealousy of Hopkins, the commander-in-chief, that it was never carried into execution. Hopkins was suspended for this, and dismissed from the service shortly after.

The season being too far advanced for the execution of the scheme in the West Indies, Paul Jones received orders to take the command of the Amphytrite, a French vessel destined to sail from Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire, to France; whence they were to pass into Holland, and take possession of the Idienne, a large frigate constructing there for the Congress. Some difficulties however ensued, and he was ordered to prepare the Ranger, a vessel mounting eighteen guns. When General Burgoyne and his army were obliged to surrender at Saratoga, it was Paul Jones who was the first to carry this interesting intelligence to Nantz, whither he arrived on the 2d of December, 1777. In the course of his voyage he took two prizes, forming part of a convoy from the Mediterranean, under the protection of the Invincible, a seventy-four gun ship, under the guns of which one of them was taken. In the month of January, 1779, he repaired to Paris, to make the necessary arrangements with the Ameri-

can ministers, relative to the equipment of the Idienne: but. as the recent intelligence relative to the capture of Burgoyne had determined the court of France to recognize the independence of America by means of a treaty of alliance, and as the English ambassador at the Hague, in consequence of obtaining possession of the papers of an American agent, found that the *Idienne* was the property of Congress, he acquiesced in the opinion of the American ministers; and it was determined to cede the property to His Most Christian Majesty, this being the most likely method of preserving the ship and her stores. He then returned on board the Ranger; and, as he had received information from America, relative to the force and stations of the English fleet in that quarter, he immediately transmitted a letter to Mr. Deane, one of the American ministers at Paris, communicating a plan of an expedition with a squadron of ten sail of the line, a few frigates, and a body of land forces, with a view of completely destroying the enemy's naval power acting against the United States. This scheme was not adopted until it was toc late, and then of course became impracticable. In the mean time, he took several American vessels under his convoy. from Nantz to the Bay of Quiberon, where Mons. La Motte Piquet was lying at anchor with six sail of the line, a few frigates, and several merchantmen, which he took under his protection to the westward of Cape Finistere. Mons. De la Fayette was on board this fleet, which was provided with clothing, ammunition and military stores, for America.

Our hero reached the Bay February 13, 1778, and sent to demand of the Admiral, if he would return his salute; and this compliment was immediately agreed to by that brave officer, although neither he nor Jones knew at that period, that a treaty of alliance had been signed between France and America seven days before. This was the first salute received by the American flag from any power, and occasioned much debate in the English parliament. See the Parliamentary Reports for 1778. He now set sail from the Bay of Quiberon to Brest, but did not enter the road; on the entrary he anchored at Cammerset, where he was detained y contrary winds, until the French ambassador at the Court of St. James' had announced the treaty lately concluded between His Most Christian Majesty and the United States. On this, he immediately sailed into Brest water and saluted the Count D' Orvilliers, who returned the salute, and receivhim with all the honours due to an Admiral, on board his

flag ship, La Bretagne. In the month of February, 1776, the parliament of England had authorised the king to treat all Americans taken at sea with arms in their hands, as traitors, pirates, and felons: this, more than any other circumstance, rendered Paul the declared enemy of Great Britain. From the very commencement of the war, an exchange of prisoners had taken place between General Washington and the commanders of the enemy's army; and Great Britain was obliged to submit to this arrangement, and consider the American soldiers as prisoners of war. Indignant at the treatment experienced by the Americans, Paul determined to make a grand effort in their behalf, with a view of stopping the proceedings of the English in Europe, as well as on the Western Continent. He accordingly determined by way of retaliation, to effect a descent on some part of England, with a view of destroying the slipping. It was also his intention to make some person of distinction prisoner, whom he resolved to detain as an hostage for the security of, and in order to exchange with the American prisoners in England. Admiral D' Orvilliers, to whom he communicated this project, offered to procure for him a captain's commission in the French marine, and in case he met with any disaster, he might claim the protection of His Most Christian Majesty; but, however advantageous this was, he determined to decline the acceptance; because in the first place, he was not authorised by Congress to change his flag; and in the second, such a conduct might have rendered his attachment to America suspected.

He accordingly sailed from Brest, and advanced towards Ireland, neglecting the capture of a number of vessels with n his reach, as he did not wish to diminish the strength of his crew. Near to the entrance into Carrickfergus, he however seized on a fishing-boat, manned with six persons, who proved to be pilots. The Drake, a twenty-gun ship, happened to be then in the road, and even within sight, and he imagined it possible to obtain possession of her by surprise during the night. With this view, he immediately gave orders for making the necessary preparations; but the mate, who had drank too much brandy, did not let go the anchor according to orders, which prevented the Ranger from running foul of the Drake, according to his intentions. As he had reason to believe that his appearance had not hitherto given any alarm, he deemed it prudent to cut his cable, and return into St. George's channel. Here he remained, buffetted about by

the winds during three days: until the weather having become more favourable, he determined a second time to attempt a de scent; this project, however, greatly alarmed his lieutenants; they were poor, they observed, and of course wished to un dertake some scheme that held out better prospects of en riching themselves, whether honourably or not was only a secondary consideration; and this accordingly excited a dis obedience of orders among the whole ship's company, by in sinuating that they had a right to determine, whether the measures adopted by the commodore were well concerted or not! How far this doctrine may be tolerated, we leave our readers to determine: without good discipline and subordination, it is impossible for a commander to retain his rank.

He was at that period a few leagues off Whitehaven, Cum berland, at the entrance of the Frith of Solway. This har bour was at that time a very considerable one, (and has since greatly increased,) containing nearly 400 sail, many of them large burthen; and Paul had determined to take advantage of the ebb tide when the vessels were high and dry, to destroy them. To effect this, it was necessary to land about midnight with a party of determined men, and to seize on a fort and strong battery which commanded the port. two lieutenants being averse to the enterprise altogether, but ashamed of avowing their real motives, feigned illness, and kept their beds. On this he determined to take the command in person, and with great difficulty prevailed on thirty volunteers to accompany him. With this handful of men and two small boats, he quitted the Ranger at midnight, and rowed towards the harbour; being much farther than they imagined, and the tide against them, day broke before a landing could be effected. He sent the smallest of the boats towards the nothern side of the harbour to set fire to the ves sels, while himself advanced to the south, to take possession of the fort and battery. Arrived at which, our hero was the first to mount the walls, and carry the fort by assault; when they nailed up thirty-eight cannon mounted on the batteries, they advanced northerly, thinking to assist the other boat's crew in the destroying the vessels, when to his great surprise, the boat was returning without having accomplished any thing. Chagrined at this miscarriage, he thought it advisable to unite his forces, with a view of effecting some further mischief; and rowing together till they got near the vessels, they separated and each party commenced their plan. In a few minutes, the ships were burning in several places;

and being broad daylight, the port and neighbourhood were soon alarmed. Paul now deemed it prudent to secure his re-

treat, which he effected in very good order.

On his returning on board the Ranger, the wind blowing fresh, he set sail for the place of his birth, then his father's residence, the coast of Scotland. It was his intention to take the Earl of Selkirk prisoner, (the same nobleman who had been so great a friend to his family,) and detain his lordship as a hostage, in conformity to the project before mentioned. With this view, he landed with two officers and a few picked men. In the course of their progress they fell in with several of his lordship's tenants, who not suspecting they were enemies, informed them that lord Selkirk was in London, but that her ladyship and several female friends were then at the castle. Paul immediately proposed returning, but such mild conduct was not conformable to the wishes of his shipmates, who were inclined to burn, pillage, and destroy every thing before them. Thus circumstanced, he perceived it necessary to conciliate his people at all events; and it immediately appeared to him to be the best mode, to give orders to the officers to repair to the castle, station the men under arms without, and enter by themselves; they were accordingly instructed to demand the family plate in the politest manner, accept what was given without asking any questions, and then to return. In this order he was punctually obeyed; the plate was delivered, and lady Selkirk observed to the officers, that she was extremely sensible of their mo-

Next day, April 23, 1778, he prepared to return to Carrickfergus, to attack the Drake in open day; but the lieutenants were averse to this enterprise also; and by their example most of the crew became so mutinous, that it was their intention to have stood out to sea and and left him ashore at Whitehaven. In the mean while the captain of the Drake receiving information of their descent at Whitehaven, prepared to attack him; while every thing was getting ready he sent a lieutenant and boat's crew to reconnoiter the Ranger; Paul immediately masked all his guns, kept his men out of sight; and disguised the vesselso as to resemble a merchantman; in consequence of which the boat's crew were deceived and taken prisoners; and the Ranger's people were so elated at this success, that they unanimously agreed to give her battle at all events.

The Drake, having fired a gun to recall her boat, weighed

anchor and came out. The Ranger lay too till she came within pistol-shot, when the action commenced with much gallantry on both sides. After a hard fought battle of 68 minutes, during which the captain and first lieutenant of the Drake nobly fell, fighting bravely for their country, the English flag was lowered, and Paul then took possession of his prize The Drake was greatly damaged in her masts, hull, and rigging, and lost about 42 men, either killed or wounded during the action. He had before also taken several other prizes; but, as his complement of men had only amounted to 123, he retained no more than two of them, which arrived in safty at Brest, where he himself anchored with the Ranger and Drake on the 7th of May, after an absence of twenty-eight days, during which he had taken upwards of two hundred prisoners. This expedition was of great detriment to Great Britain, as she was not only obliged to fortify her ports, but also to permit the arming of the Irish volunteers, as Lord Mountmorris demonstrated in a speech in parliament that session. At the time he had been obliged to permit his people to take lady Selkirk's plate, he determined to redeem it out of his own funds the moment it should be sold, and restore it to the family. Accordingly on his arrival at Brest, he instantly despatched a pathetic letter to her ladyship, in which he detailed the motives of his expedition, and the cruel necessity he was under, in consequence of the conduct of the English in America, to inflict the punishment of retaliation. This was sent open to the postmastergeneral, that it might be shown to the government of England and its ministers; and the court of St. James' was at length obliged to exchange those very Americans, whom they called traitors, pirates, and felons, against the prisoners of war. whom Paul had taken and carried to France.

During the course of the war, he found it impossible to restore the plate belonging to the Selkirk family: he, however, purchased it at a great price, and at length found means to send it by land from l'Orient to Calais, by means of M. de Callonne, who transmitted him a very flattering letter on the occasion: in short he at length received a very flattering letter from the Earl of Selkirk, acknowledging the receipt of the piate. He had no sooner arrived at Brest, than Admiral the Count D' Orvilliers transmitted an account of his expedition to the minister of the marine, in consequence of which it was intimated to Dr. Franklin, that his Majesty was desirous he should repair to Versailles, as he was resolved to employ

him on a secret expedition, for which purpose he would give him the Idienne, with some other frigates, with troops, &c. for the purpose of effecting a descent. He was instantly informed of this by the ambassador, who observed to him that this must be considered as a profound secret, it being of so important a nature, that it had been deemed proper to withhold a communication of it even to his colleagues. Paul immediately cepaired to Paris, where M. de Sartine received him with the most distinguished politeness, making him at the same time, the most flattering promises; and the Prince de Nassau was sent into Holland to give instructions for the necessary arrangements for arming and equipping the frigate intended for him. But, in a short time after this, hostilities took place between France and England, in consequence of the action with La Belle Poule. This not a little embarrassed the minister of the marine, and the difficulty was not diminished by the intelligence brought by the prince, who asserted, that the Dutch would not permit the Idienne to be equip-

ped.

M. de Sartine had written to the three American ministers, and obtained their consent for the commodore remaining in Europe, he offered to serve on board the grand fleet; he also communicated several plans for crippling the power of England; such as destroying her trade and settlements on the coast of Africa and in Hudson's Bay; of annihilating their fisheries in Newfoundland; intercepting their East and West India, Lisbon, and above all, their Baltic fleet, which was escorted by a single frigate, as he had learned by certain information from England. The minister adopted the last of these plans, and he accordingly repaired to Brest, to take the command of one of the frigates in that port, with two others, and a cutter, &c. then at St. Maloe's; but found on his arrival, that the admiral had appointed a French officer to the vessel in question; and as there was not a single moment to be lost, the senior officer of the frigates at St. Maloe's was despatched against the Baltic fleet, which he missed by not steering sufficiently near to the coast of England to intercept it. Being greatly disgusted with a series of delays, that ensued during nine months, he at length repaired to Versailles, with an intention of returning to America, if he should not immediately obtain a command. But he recollecting the saying of Old Richard, "If you wish that your affairs should be prosperous, superintend them in person;" this induced him to promise, that if the minister should at

length comply with his request, he should call his own ship, "Old Richard." Accordingly, on obtaining Le Du ras, until a better vessel could be procured, he called her Le Bon Homme Richard. She was a very small, old. and infirm vessel, that had made four voyages to the East Indies. As proper guns and stores could not be procured at l' Orient, he repaired first to Bordeaux, and then to Angouleme, where he made a contract for such articles as he wanted. On his return, he found that the marquis de la Fayette, who had returned from America, was desirous to join him in the expedition, it being intended that he should command a body of land forces, he having obtained the king's commission for that purpose. While the necessary arrangements were making at court, a naval commissionary purchased at Nantz a merchantman called Le Pallas, of thirty-two eightpounders, and a brig mamed Le Vengeance, of twelve threepounders; but neither of them were calculated for war, being very crank, and their timbers in many places decayed; to these was added Le Cerf, a very fine cutter belonging to the royal navy, carrying eighteen nine-pounders; with the Alliance, a new frigate belonging to the United States; but, as the guns had not as yet arrived from Angouleme, the Good Man Richard was armed from an old battery of twelvepounders; and, as the expedition was intended against the enemy's ports, Paul mounted six old eighteen-pounders in the gun room; so that she might in some measure be called a forty-gun ship. As it was found impossible to procure a sufficient number of American sailors, he determined to supply the deficiency by enrolling English ones, who happened to be prisoners of war in France; and in addition to these, a certain number of peasants were levied, so that he might be said to have had as bad a crew as was ever shipped on board any vessel. Paul was given to understand, however, that the chosen body of troops under the command of the marquis de la Fayette, would serve as a guarantee for their good conduct; but no sooner was the squadron ready, than he received a letter from the marquis intimating that the object of the expedition had I een divulged at Paris, the king had issued orders to prevent the embarkation of the troops, in consequence of which he had joined his regiment Thus the project, which was no less than that of putting Liverpool, the second town in England, under contribution, failed in consequence of having been indiscreetly communicated to a tattling character It ought to be remembered, that, according to the first arrangement, his squadron was to have been joined by fire-ships, and 500 men of Walsh's Irish regiment; but the minister did not keep his word; for he neither procured for him the fire-ships, nor the soldiers, so that it became impossible for him to fulfil the plan he had concerted, although it was still more important than that of seizing on Liverpool.

The little squadron, at length, set sail from the road o-Groays, on the 14th of Angust, 1779; but they had no soon er proceeded to the north of the mouth of the Channel, than Le Monsieur and Le Granville abandoned him during the night, and Le Cerf soon after imitated their conduct. He was then extremely anxious to cruize for a fortnight in the latitude of Limerick; but the captain of the Alliance also left him during the night, and as he had now with him only the Pallas and the Vengeance, he was obliged to renounce his original intention. He then took two prizes on the coast of ireland; and, within sight of Scotland, came up with and seized two privateers, of twenty-two guns each, which, with a brigantine, he sent to Bergen in Norway, according to the orders he had received from Dr. Franklin. These prizes, however, were restored to the English by the king of Denmark. When he entered the North Sea, he captured several vessels; and learned by his prisoners, as well as by the newspapers, that the capital of Scotland and the port of Leith were left totally defenceless. As there was only a twenty-gun ship and two cutters in Leith Roads, Paul deemed it practicable to lay these two places under contribution. He had indeed no other force to execute this project than the Richard, the Pallas, and the Vengeance; but he well knew, that, in order to perform a brilliant action, it is not always necessary to possess great means; and he therefore held out the prospect of a great booty to the captains under his command, which had the desired effect. He now distributed red clothes to his men, and put some of them on board the prizes, so as to give them the appearance of transports full of troops. All the necessary arrangements were also taken to carry the enterprise into execution; but, about a quarter of an hour before the descent was to have been made, a sudden tempest arose, and drove them out of the Forth, or Edinburgh Frith; and so violent was the storm, that one of his prizes was lost.

On the morning of the 23d of September, while he was cruising in the latitude of Flamborough Head, where he hoped to be rejoined by the Alliance and Le Cerf, and also to

fall in with the Baltic fleet, this convoy accordingly appeared, at a time when he had been abandoned by several of his consorts; had lost two boats with their crews, who had run away on the coast of Ireland; and when a third, with eighteen men on board, was in chase of a merchantman, to the windward, leaving him with only a scanty crew and a single lieutenant with some inferior officers on board. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that the Baltic fleet appeared in view; he then happened to have the wind of it, and was about two leagues distant from the coast of England. He learned from his prisoners, that the convoy was escorted by the Serapis, a new vessel, then carrying forty-four guns, the lower battery carrying eighteen pounders; and the Countess of Scarborough, a new twenty-two gun ship. On the Friday, six sail was discovered about two leagues from shore, in a most shattered condition. They were no sooner descried, than the armed vessels stood out to sea, while the trade ships took refuge under the cannon of Scarborough castle. As there was but little wind, he could not come up with the enemy before night. The moon did not rise until eight, and at the close of day the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough tacked and stood in for the fortress. Paul was lucky enough to discover this manœuvre by means of his night glass, and immediately altered his course six points with a view of cutting off the enemy; which was no sooner perceived by the Pallas, than it was supposed his crew had mutinied, which induced her captain to hawl his wind, and stand out to sea; while the Alliance lay-too, to windward, at a very considerable distance; and, thus deserted, he was obliged to run all risks, and enter into action with the Richard only, to prevent the enemy's escape. He accordingly began the engagement at seven o'clock at night, within pistol-shot of the Serapis, and sustained the brunt of it for nearly a whole hour at that distance, exposed, not only to her fire, but also to that of the Countess of Scarborough.

In this unfortunate extremity, the Richard being in imminent danger of going to the bottom, and her guns being no longer in a condition to return the enemy's fire, he had recourse to a dangerous expedient,—to grapple with the Serapis. This manœuvre succeeded admirably; he fastened the Serapis, with his own hands, to the Richard; and the Captain of the Countess of Scarborough, from that moment, ceased to fire upon him. That vessel being to windward at that moment Paul had grappled, instantly dropped her an

chor, hoping by this to disengage himself from him; but this did not answer her expectation. The enemy, however possessed the advantage of their two batteries, besides the guns on their forecastle and quarter deck; while Paul's callon were either burst or abandoned, excepting four pieces on the forecastle, which were also relinquished during some minutes. At that period, having no greater object to occupy his attention, Paul himself took his post; a few sailors came to his assistance, and served the two guns next to the enemy with surprising courage and address. A short time after this, he received sufficient help to be able to remove one of the forecastle guns from the opposite side; so that they could only bring three to bear upon the enemy during the remainder of the action. It so happened at this period, that the mainmast of the Serapis, which was painted yellow, appeared extremely distinct, so as to form an excellent mark; on this, he pointed one of his guns at it, taking care to ram home the shot. In the mean time, the two other pieces were admirably served against the Serapis, and swept its forecastle, by means of an oblique fire. The tops also seconded them bravely, by means of musquetry and swivels, and threw a multitude of grenades, so as greatly to annoy the enemy. By these means they were driven from their quarters, notwithstanding their superiority in point of men and artillery. The Captain of the Serapis resolved to strike; but an unlucky accident, which occurred on board the Richard, prevented this. A bullet having destroyed one of the pumps, the carpenter was seized with a panic, and told the gunner, and another petty officer, that the Richard was sinking. Some one observed at the same time, that both the Commodore, and the lieutenant were killed; in consequence of which the gunner, considering himself as commanding-officer ran instantly to the quarter-deck, in order to haul down the American colours, but he soon found his mistake, on seeing Paul commanding at the guns.

The Captain of the Serapis, on hearing the gunner express his wishes to surrender, instantly addressed himself to Jones, and exclaimed, "Do you ask for quarter?" Do you ask for quarter?" Paul was so occupied at this period, that he remained totally ignorant of what had occurred on deck. He replied, however, "I do not dream of surrendering, but am determined to make you strike!" On turning round, Paul perceived Lieutenant Grubb in the act of striking the colours, and seizing a pistol instantly shot him dead! This is a fact

well known, although Paul has passed it over in silence in his writings. It has been observed, that, when Jones com menced the action, the Pallas was a great distance to windward, while the Alliance lay-too in the same position. When the Captain of the former perceived that the engagement took place, he spoke to his consort, but lost a great deal of time; and it was not until now that they came within gun-shot of the Countess of Scarborough, and a kind of running fight took place between the latter and the Pallas. The Alliance followed them, and, on passing the Commodore, fired a broadside, which did more harm to them than to the Commodore. The battle still continued with uncommon ardour between the Richard and the Serapis, whose rigging was burned, and her main-mast cut away; while the heavier metal of the English drove in one of the sides of the Richard, and met with little resistance. In short, their helm was rendered useless; and the poop was only supported by an old and shattered piece of timber, which alone prevented it from giving way. ter a short engagement, the Countess of Scarborough surrendered to the Pallus. It was then that the Captain of the latter asked the Commander of the Alliance, "Whether he would take charge of the prize, or sail and give succour to the Commodore?" On this, the Alliance began to stand backwards and forwards under her topsails, until, having got to the windward, she came down, and discharged a second broadside against the fore part of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard. On this, the Commodore begged for God's sake that they would cease firing; and send a few men on board of them; but he disobeyed, and fired another broadside as he passed along; after which he kept at a respectful distance, and took great care not to expose himself during the remainder of the action, without receiving a single shot, or having a man wounded during the whole engagement.

The idea that the Richard was sinking had taken such possesion of the gunner and carpenter's minds, that they actually opened the scuttles, and made all the prisoners, to the number of a hundred, sally forth, in opposition to the commander's reiterated orders. This event might have proved atal, had he not taking advantage of their affright to station them at the pumps, where they displayed surprising zeal, appearing actually to forget their captivity; for there was nothing to prevent their going on board the Serapis: or it was in their power to put an end to the engagement in an instant, by either killing Jones, or throwing him into the sea

As the Richara's three quarter-deck guns continued to play on the Serapis, raked her stern, and damaged her mast in such manner, that it was only supported from falling by the yards of their own ship, while the tops poured in a continual discharge; the fire of the English began to deaden in such a manner as to bereave them of all hope of ultimate success. A circumstance however, occurred, that contributed not a little to the victory of the Richard: this was the extraordinary intrepidity and presence of mind of a Scotch sailor, posted in the main top; this brave fellow, of his own accord, seized a lighted match and a basket of hand grenades, with which he advanced along the main-yard, until he had arrived exactly above the Serapis's deck. As the flames of their parapets and shrouds, added to the light of the moon, enabled him to distinguished objects, the moment he perceived two or three persons assembled together, he instantly discharged a hand-grenade among them. At length, the Captain of the Serapis came upon the quarter-deek, lowered his flag, and asked for quarter, at the very moment his main-mast had fallen into the sea. He then came on board with his officers and presented the Commodore with his sword. While this was transacting, eight or ten men belonging to the Richard seized on the Serapis's shallop, which had been at anchor during the engagement, and made off. It was eleven o'clock when the battle ended; it had consequently lasted more than four hours. During the last three hours of the engagement both the vessels were on fire; by throwing water on the flames, it was some time supposed that they were quenched; but they always broke forth anew, and at the close of the action were not wholly extinguished.

Next morning the weather was hazy, and not a single sail to be seen. They examined the Richard, to see if it were possible to carry her into any port; and this proving wholly impracticable, all the boats were employed in carrying the wounded on board the other vessel. This occupied much of their time; and on the succeeding day the vessel sunk. On this eccasion, the Commodore could only save the signal-flags; and he lost all his property, amounting to more than 25,000 livres. The Commodore now assumed the command of the Serapis, on which he erected jury-masts: but the sea was so tempestuous that it was ten days before they reached the Texel. No sooner was his arrival known, than forty-two vessels forming different squadrons of frigates, were fitted out from the various ports of Great Britain against him,

and two of these were stationed during three months at the mouth of the Texel and the Fly. At length, the wind becoming favourable, on the 27th of February, 1779, the Alliance, (to which ship Paul had shifted his flag,) set sail, after naving lost all her anchors, one only excepted. He how ever had the good fortune to escape, although shepassed the Straits of Dover within sight of the English squadron in the Downs. After getting clear of the Channel, he soon reached the latitude of Cape Finisterre, and entered the port of Corunna, January 16, 1780. On his return to France, he found that the French commissary had made a private sale of his prize to the King, without consulting him. On this, he repaired to Versailles, along with Dr. Franklin, but was received with great coolness by the Minister of the Marine. On this account, he declined asking him to present him to His Majesty. This honour was conferred on him however next day by the Prince de Beanveau, captain of the guards. The public received him at the opera, and all public places where he appeared with the most lively enthusiasm; this, added to the very favourable reception he received from His Majesty. afforded him singular satisfaction: and the Minister of the Marine from that moment paid him the most marked atten-The Minister of the Marine, a short time after this, lent him the Ariel, a King's sloop, carrying twenty guns, with which he sailed, October the 8th, 1780, for America. The wind was at first favourable; but he was soon after in danger of foundering on the Pen-Marks, and escaped only by cutting away his main and mizen masts. As soon as the storm abated they erected jury masts, and returned to refit. In short, it was the 19th of December before he could proceed to Philadelphia. During the voyage, he fell in with an English twenty gun ship, called the Triumph; and, partly by stratagem, and partly by hard fighting, forced her to strike her flag; but, while they were about to take possession of her, the captain taking advantage of her superior sailing, made off, and thus escaped.

On his arrival in America the Congress, on the representation of the Chevalier de la Luzern passed a law to enable him to accept the Military Order of France. The French Minister, on this occasion, gave an entertainment, to which all the Members of Congress, and the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia, were invited; after which, he was invested, in their presence, with the decorations of the Order. The Congress now passed an Act, dated April 14, 1781, in which

he was thanked in the most flattering manner, "for the zeal, the prudence, and the intrepidity with which he had sustained the honour of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprizes, with a view to redeem from captivity the citizens of America, who had fallen into the power of the English; and for the eminent services by which he had added lustre to his own character and the arms of America." A committee of Congress was also of opinion, "that he deserved a gold medal in remembrance of his services." On the 21st of June, 1781, Paul was appointed, by a unanimous vote of Congress to the command of the American a seventy four gun ship, then building: and, on the birth of the Dauphin, Paul at his own expence celebrated that happy event by royal salutes during the day, and a brilliant illumination in the evening, accompanied by fire-works. An unfortunate accident soon after this, deprived him of the command of that fine vessel; for the Magnifique of seventy-four guns, belonging to the Marquis de Vandreuil's fleet, happening to be lost at Boston, the Congress seized on this occasion to testify its gratitude to His Most Christian Majesty, by presenting him with the American to replace her. In the mean time, it was resolved to place a French frigate called l'Idienne, with two or three armed vessels, under his orders, in order to seize on Bermudas; but as this was never put into execution, he applied, to the Congress for leave to serve on board the fleet of the Count d'Estaign, then destined for an expedition against Jamaica.

The Marquis de Vandreuil received him with great distinction on board his own ship, the Triumphant, where he occupied the same cabin as the Baron de Viomenil, who commanded the land forces. When they were within sight of Porto Rico, intelligence was received, that Admirals Pigot and Hood were preparing to intercept them; and as Don Solano, with the Spanish fleet, did not meet them at Porto Cabello, according to his promise, many of the officers becoming disgusted with the enterprise, fell sick, and Paul himself was in a dangerous state; but they were relieved from their disagreeable situation, by intelligence from Europe that a gen eral peace had taken place. This circumstance afforded him great pleasure, as he now learned that Great Britain, after a long and bloody contest, had recognized the sovereignty and independence of the United States of America. On this they repaired to St. Domingo; where he received every possible mark of esteem from M. de Bellecombe the Governor; after

a short stay, he embarked for Philadelphia, penetrated with gratitude for the various marks of esteem he had received from all the French officers, during the five months he had been on board His Majesty's squadron. Paul then demanded permission to return to Europe on purpose to recover the prize-money due to himself, officers, and sailors, which was granted him by an act of Congress, dated at Princeton, November 1, 1783. On this, he embarked at Philadelphia on board a packet-boat destined for Havre de Grace; but being forced into Plymouth by contrary winds, he took post-horses for London, and then set out for Paris, and was received > ith great cordiality by the minister. Having at length received from the court of France the amount of the prizes, he returned to America, and remained there until 1791, when he again returned to France, and from thence to Rejoia, where he obtained an Admiral's commission, and served seventeen months; having many enemies who were jealous of his popularity, he was by such means dismissed from the Empress's service, and is supposed to have been poisoned. He was aged 52 years. Thus ended the life of a man, who stood true to the cause he had espoused, and thereby rendered as important services to America, as the most illustrious of her commanders, although his birth and education was much inferior to theirs in every point of view; and whose exploits have only been equalled by the Naval Heroes of the present day

LIFE

OF

MISS DAVIS.

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Mr. S. Davis, my father, was descended from an ancient, respectable family, in the county of Essex, distinguished for many centuries, both in the military and the literary world. Their zeal in parliament for the liberty of the subject had been conspicuous; and it might be truly said, that all the mane issue was wise and valiant, and all the females fair and We lived in the greatest harmony and love: every one happy, till the fatal day, when I, with my brothers and sisters, as usual, went to a neighbouring wake. Here we met with Mr. S.; who in passing through the village, alighted from his horse, and joined with us in the rural pastime of singing and dancing. He fixed his eyes on me, and courted my esteem by endeavouring to please, and presenting me with several trinkets. His civility was received with proper acknowledgments; and I was far from suspecting any base design, where only innocent freedoms were taken. He talked much, and privately, with my eldest brother, to learn from him, as I afterwards understood, who I was, my station, family, name, and place of abode.

Some few days after the wake was over, my father re-

ccived the following letter-

"Sir,
"In passing through the village of M. at the time of their wake, I was agreeably surprised at the sight of your eldest daughter, whose person and conversation charmed and captivated me. She is, sir, a fortune in herself; she wants no their portion than nature has bestowed, and you have improved. If you should deem me respectable enough to be

allied to so worthy a family, by permitting my addresses to the young lady, you will promote the happiness of him who hopes to subscribe himself, your affectionate son,

May 14th.

"T. S."

This letter was received by my father, and read to me with surprise and astonishment. It was then I felt something like love, some soft emotions rising in my breast. My father looked at me, expecting an answer, being an entire stranger to the affair of the wake. I, at that instant, recolecting some tender expressions he had dropped, and his po-I te behaviour, replied with a blush, which seemed to ask the permission of a visit. My father observing my confusion, (which, though I laboured, I was unable to conceal,) instead of a severe rebuke, which I apprehended, said, "I hope, child, you have not been guilty of an indiscretion, in counties nancing a stranger, who may, upon inquiry, prove unwozthy of your affections. If he hath virtue enough, whatever his wealth and power are, which are two considerations with me, my consent, if you are desirous of having it, will follow, since your happiness will be an addition to my own." I answered, taking courage upon so mild and generous an address, "Your pleasure, sir, is mine, and I submit myself entirely to your will; since I am fully persuaded, that as you are always ready to indulge me in all things lawful, so you will not oppose my desire in any thing, but what you imagine may prove hurtful and injurious to me."

My father, after consulting my mother, and understanding who the gentleman was, returned the following answer

to my lover-

"Sir,

"I am obliged to you for the kind sentiments expressed in your letter of the 14th instant. The alliance proposed is not, I think, consistent with your honour and interest. How would her obscurity and your eminence, her poverty and your wealth, her simplicity and your grandeur, agree? She has no other portion than her virtue—of small account in an age of licentiousness. You will find it difficult to withstand the raillery of your acquaintance, and the censure of your friends, for marrying a plain country girl; when, by reason of your birth and station in life, you might have easily procured a lady of beauty, understanding, and fortune. Permit

me to request you, to think no more of her, and place your affections where they will be more agreeable to your friends, and, in the end, most advantageous to yourself. Your humble servant,

May, 17th.

"S. DAVIS."

Some few days having passed, Mr. S. sent his servant with the following letter to my father—

"Sir,

"I received the favour of your's. The goods of fortune have been ever held in my judgment of the lowest estimation. The excellence of mind, rare to be met with in any condition of life, made me the lover. If so happy to engage the young lady's affections, and to procure the parent's consent, my behaviour will convince you how little I shall regard the censure of my relations, and with what indifference I shall treat the raillery of my acquaintance. I wait your answer at the end of the lane.

"Your most obedient servant,
"T. S."

After some private discourse had with my mother, my father went out, and conducted him in. The usual compliments being over, the conversation turned upon me, and dinner being ready, Mr. S. would have retired, but my father insisted upon his staying. Nothing relative to our affair passed at table, excepting a few tender looks, and modest blushes. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the degeneracy of the times, the luxury of the great, and the extreme distress of the poor.

My father was highly pleased and entertained with the sensible reflections of Mr. S. who took his leave of the family with a promise of soon returning. When he was gone, the whole family spoke greatly in favour of him; not one was silent in his praise; and they generously concurred with me, in pressing my father to set out for London, to make inqui-

ries into his character.

If my father was pleased before at the understanding of Mr. S., he was now charmed at the amiableness of his character. So far from being a bad man, he found, that he was free from even the suspicion of guilt; and the tradesmen in the neighbourhood bestowed on him the eatest encomiums

for his punctuality and regularity of his payments. But, alas! all this was hypocrisy; a mere show of goodness. In places the most distant from his dwelling-house he gave a loose to his desires; and no one so debauched and intemperate, as my father, too late for me, discovered.

Rejoicing at the agreeable intelligence, my father hastened into the country. No sooner did he arrive, but he wrote the

following letter to Mr. S .-

"Sir,

"I am just returned from town, where I have received the satisfaction required. If you continue in the same mind, as, from your character, I am convinced of your intentions being honourable, you are permitted to renew, and continue your visits; and if you can engage the affections of my daughter, you may rest assured of the father's consent.

"Your humble servant,

June 1st. "S. DAVIS."

Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. S. came early the next morning, continued his visits daily, and was considered as one of the family. We were frequently alone, and he always seemed to speak the language of his heart. His behaviour was modest, he never uttered an indecent expression, nor offered any rudeness, notwithstanding our freedom and familiarity. He exclaimed with great warmth and indignation against those villians, who, taking advantage of the weakness of our sex, by promises of never-ceasing love, steal their affections, deceive them, and having deprived them of their virtue, leave them to infamy and disease. Such conversation was extremely agreeable, and confirmed me in my opinion of his virtue, and his love for me. After a few weeks visiting in this manner, his sister came into the country to see him; in appearance a modest, sensible, and discreet young lady, very agreeable and entertaining in her conversation. Her temper was so free and easy, that she soon gained my confidence; and I communicated to her. without the least reserve, the secrets of my soul, and the excessive passion I had for her brother, little imagining that I cherished a viper in my bosom, and that under the mask of friendship, my ruin was to be accomplished.

About a fortnight after her coming, the day of marriage was fixed, and great preparations were making for the so-

lemnization. Mr. S. in the mean time, was setting out on a journey into Somersetshire, to pay a visit to his friends and relations, and to communicate his intended nuptials. The day before he set out, he rode over to my father, and entreated him to permit me to be with his sister till his return, which would be with the utmost expedition. The request

being reasonable, was granted.

The next morning, Mr. S. seemingly with the greatest reluctance, the most sincere expressions of his affection, and the most tender embraces, (which lovers who are used to deceive, abound with,) took his leave, and proceeded on his journey. His departure gave me no small concern; for though his love was base and designing, mine was chaste and honest. His sister was not wanting in words of consolation, saying, "How unfortunate it is, that so loving a pair should suffer the uneasiness of a moment's separation, and-" Here she was stopped by the sudden and unexpected return of Mr. S. in a post chaise, who had been thrown from his horse, and was much bruised and wounded. The sight of his blood terribly frightened me; and like one frantic, not knowing what I did, I ran into his arms, and clasping him round, cried in the most affectionate manner, "How is my dear? Say, how happened this misfortune? What is your hurt? Where is your pain?" He replied, "Enfolded in these arms, I feel, my love, no pain; this precious balm (saluting me) will soon recover me, and heal my wounds." He was immediately put to bed, and an express was despatched to my father, to acquaint him of this melancholy accident, which, when related, affected the whole family with the deepest concern. In the interim, the surgeon who had been sent for, (a servant of Mr. S.'s, a pander to his infamous lust, dressed like a gentleman,) came; and after having examined him, pronounced him (a most joyful hearing) out of danger, but ordered him to be kept still for fear of a fever.

When my father came, after some words of condolence had passed, I requested that I might stay to assist Mr. S.'s sister in the recovery of her brother's health, and of a person so dear and valuable to me, and our family. The request was readily granted by my father, who added, "Well, sir, if love and esteem can do any thing towards a cure, your recovery will be soon effected by two such nurses." Mr. S. smiled, and my father left him, sending every day to know how he did, and oftentimes coming himself. His sister and

I generally sat up every other night. Notwithstanding his indisposition, the hours seemed to pass pleasantly away, love being the principle subject of our conversation. One night when he had entered deeply into these matters, and reason was absorbed in love, he who had been long watching the favourable opportunity of gratifying his base design upon my honour, said, "My dear, why should we protract the bliss which we so ardently wish to enjoy?" I stood amazed and confounded at his saying. He drew me towards him, and declared, with the most solemn vows, his sincerity. I endeavoured to release myself, and called cut for help, but in vain, for he clasped me in his arms, and prevented me. He solicited, I denied; he promised, I trembled; he vowed, I believed.

Ere the guilty scene was closed, my conscience smote me; and, when closed, something from within told me I had done wrong. Oh! what trouble and sorrow did I feel at heart! The mind, before calm and serene, was now restless and disturbed. My innocence never to be restored, was no more, and happiness exchanged for misery. I would have given the world to be myself again, and to recover my lost virtue. I stood motionless with shame and grief; when his sister coming in, and learning the cause of my confusion, instead of pitying and commiserating, smiled at my misfortune, and complimented me on the pleasing surrender, as she termed it; "for, my dear," said she, "it is only anticipating the ceremony, and you need not be under the least apprehension, after so many solemn assurances given of the sincerity of Mr. S.'s passion." With that saying, he came forward, and with a seeming tremor on his spirits, censured and reproached himself for the rashness of the action, wholly ascribing it to the violence of his passion; which, notwithstanding what had happened, he assured me was not lessened but heightened; and to convince me of it, he would marry me by a special licence, previous to the public solemnization. This promise afforded some relief to my troubled mind, as it would conceal my shame, though it could not excuse the crime I had committed. I went to bed supperless, but no rest could I take; conscious guilt kept me awake; and reflection upon my past folly, and the fear of its discovery, made me

His sister came in the morning to my chamber, and invited me down to breakfast in her brother's apartments,

which I entered with a dejected and sad countenance, and sat down in silent sorrow. "My love," said Mr. S., be not so sorrowful and cast down. I expect the license and clergyman about noon, when I hope you will be satisfied, that though my passion was violent, the design was not base. May I be the most accursed hereafter, if I ever purpose to deceive you! Look not then with such coldness on me." I, unpractised in love's false arts, was easy of belief; but my heart was too full of sorrow to make any reply.

I had neither inclination nor appetite to eat, I was so troubled in mind. Breakfast being over, I took a walk in the garden, where every thing I fancied reminded me of my lost innocence. The flowers seemed to have no fragrancy, and the blooming rose faded at my touch. As I was entering into an arbour, to meditate on my wretched condition, a servant came to acquaint me that Mr. S. requested my presence in the parlour; adding, "the clergyman is come." I followed with hasty steps; and in a few minutes, to all appearance, we were married. This ceremony removed every suspicion, and released me from many fears. We now agreed to live together, like married people, with this restriction, that we would avoid familiarity before any of the family, lest we might be suspected.

About ten days passed away in this manner, when one evening, after supper, he told me, that if agreeable to me, he would fix a day in the following week for our public marriage; which being approved of, he sent immediate notice thereof to my father, whom he desired to accompany him the next day, to take out the licence, as I was under age. My father accordingly came, expressed great joy at the approaching nuptials, and went home, fully satisfied of my happiness, from the polite and courteous behaviour of Mr. S. towards him, and the tenderness and affection he showed to me. The wedding was to be kept at my father's, and great preparations were made, the neighbouring gentry being in-

vited.

Two days before the wedding day, Mr. S., after breakfast, proposed an airing, the first after his feigned indisposition, having the night before sent off all his valuables and luggage in a wagon. This proposal was cheerfully consented to by me, thinking it would contribute to the recovery of his health; and by his sister, the scheme having succeeded, lest the secret should be discovered. We went into the coach, the

window-blinds having been drawn up for fear of his taking cold. When we were seated, four more horses were clap ped to the pair, and the coachman received orders not to stop at any place. After travelling three or four hours, I said, "When, my dear, shall we stop? Where are we a going, for we seem to be driven at a great rate?"—"We are not far from home," said Mr. S. "we are taking a circuit and the hills make it seem long and tedious; a little patience, my love, and we shall be at our journey's end."

In less than two hours, the coach shook and jolted so much that I was afraid of being overturned; and hearing strange voices on each side of the coach, I was terrified with the apprehension of theives. Mr. S. to dissipate my fears, let down the blind, when, to my surprise and astonishment, I found myself in an inn; and, upon alighting, inquired the name of the place: I was answered, "It is called London.

madam."

We were shown a room, into which I had scarce entered, when I fainted away. Upon recovering from the fit, Mr. S. assured me, the design of coming up to town was, that I might please myself with patterns of silk for a suit of clothes, and to buy some laces and jewels, suitable to my station in life, the appearance I was to make on my wedding-day, and the visits to be returned after it. This dissipated my fears; and after a little refreshment, he handed me into a superb chariot in waiting; which, after having purchased a variety of the things mentioned, carried us to a large and elegant

nouse in Broad-street, prepared for my reception.

The next day I arose early, expecting the coach and six to carry us into the country. But how confounded was I, when Mr. S.'s sister acquainted me, that her brother had put off his journey, and had written to my father concerning our marriage in the country! adding, that this being his resolution, she should take her leave, as we were now happily and comfortably settled, and set out to-morrow, on her return for Somersetshire. I could make no answer for some time; at last, bursting into a flood of tears, I said, "O! madam, do not leave a stranger in a strange place; without your company, I shall be comfortless, having no one to whom I can communicate my thoughts, or converse with, but yourself, stay at least till I have contracted some acquaintance, till I can send for a sister to town, to be my companion"—"I really pity your condition," replied she,

"but his orders for my leaving you are absolute; and I must comply, however disagreeable, my whole subsistence depending on him, which you will hereafter fully know. Then embracing me with great warmth, she said, "If I have ever done any thing to displease or offend you, forgive me." I hastily answered, not dreaming that she had been the instrument employed to effect my ruin, "You want no forgiveness, for it is not in so good a nature to do any one the least injury." This said, we embraced again; and she departed, as I thought, to prepare for the journey.

She was a young woman of reputable family, as I found, in the city, who had been seduced from her relations by Mr. S. who had made a handsome settlement on her, upon this vile and infamous condition, that she should, cccasionally, represent his sister, and be assisting him in his intrigues,

to debauch the innocent and unwary.

Upon Mr. S.'s return home to dinner, I mentioned the discourse of his sister. He, smiling, answered, "It is very true; and since we are married, it is of little consequence where we live, whether in town or country;" adding, "I have written to your father, requesting his leave for some of the family to come to town." I was well pleased at this declaration, hoping the best, yet suspecting the worst. What increased my suspicion was, after a month's residence in town, I heard nothing from the country, he continually amusing me with daily expectation of their arrival, or divert

ing inquiry by the public entertainments.

I was confirmed in my suspicions that things were not right, by the following incident. I took a resolution of visiting, since I could not be visited by my neighbours; I accordingly sent a card to Lady L. with my compliments, that if not engaged, I would wait upon her that afternoon. The servant returned with this verbal message, that Lady L. wondered at my assurance, for she kept no such company. This message greatly surprised me, knowing Mr. S. to be much her superior both in birth and fortune. When he came in, I showed him the card, and told him the answer returned; at which he appeared highly displeased and incensed, from the resentment, I judged, of the treatment shown to me, instead of a fear that his villany should be detected.

A few days after this affair, going to his cabinet, I found the license, which alarmed me, imagining that it had been lodged in the parish church to which we belonged, when we

were married; I carefully folded it up, and put it into my pocket; and ordering the chair to be got ready, I bade the servants carry me to a linen-draper's in the neighbourhood. And after purchasing sundry things, I entered into some conversation with him, and mentioned the ungenteel behaviour of Lady L. Having desired me to walk backward, the dra per replied, "Madam, that lady's behaviour was upon the presumption of your not being married, and in the same opinion is the whole neighbourhood, Mr. S.'s character being very well known in this part of the town."-" What, sir!" said I, somewhat in anger, "do you take me to be his mistress? Pray read this, and be convinced (giving the license into his hands) that I am the lawful wife of Mr. S." He took it; and reading, shook his head, saying, "Madam, this is an old license, obtained by fraud; the real names and dates are erased, and your's, as you may observe, forged, you will find yourself, what many of your sex have experienced through his wickedness, to have been imposed on, and deceived, if you look up to him as your husband." At this declaration I swooned away, and was with difficulty got into the chair.

When I got home, I waited with the utmost impatience Mr. S.'s return to dinner. Dinner being over, and the scrvants dismissed, I entreated the favour of his resolving me a single question, which was, whether I was his wife or his mistress. He answered with some indignation, "Can you doubt of being the former, when you know in what particular manner our marriage was solemnized?" To which I replied, "I am informed by Mr. T. the draper, that the license which I found in your cabinet, and showed him, and by which we were married, was a forgery, and the clergyman who married us was certainly no better than an impostor." This unexpected reply confused him; when, after a little hesitation, and taking a turn round the room, he answered, "Pray, madam, do I treat you like a mistress? Are you not in full possession of every thing that I have? Do you want for any thing that can contribute to your pleasure and your ease? Have you not the sole command and disposal of this house? It would become you better, madam, to be grateful for what you have; and I would advise you, as you value my happiness and your own, not to be too prying and inquisitive." He said no more, waited for no reply, and went out of the room in a most violent passion. This coolness confirmed the sentiments of the draper; and my

wretched condition stared me in the face.

I was narrowly watched by order of Mr. S., lest I should abscond. I should certainly have attempted an escape, but I knew not where, or to whom to go; and I dreaded a return to my father. He behaved with his usual civility for about two years after this affair, endeavouring to keep me in ignorance, and protesting his innocence. After that time, he began to decline, and was less at home, and seemed not so fond of my company. He frequently came home disordered in liquor, which he knew was my detestation; when he would insult me by the most opprobrious language, as if it were not sufficient to have despoiled me of my innocence. He would excuse himself indeed the next day when sober; but his intoxication was so often repeated, that he was lost to all sense of decency, and began to treat me with the greatest indifference. Nevertheless, I was studious to please and humour his perverse temper, being careful not to commit a fault, or offer the least pretence for his brutality.

One evening he brought home with him a gentleman, whom he called Sir John; it was late, and I had waited in expectation of his coming to tea. He seemed to have been drinking very freely, for he could scarcely support himself. After they were seated, I asked him if he chose tea or coffee? He with an unusual air, broke the china with his cane, ordered the servant to fetch a bottle of claret, and threatening to strike me, in an imperious tone, bade me begone immediately. I trembled, paid not respect, and retired; but had the curiosity, knowing that I as secure from a discove-

ry, to listen to the conversation.

In this manner we lived a considerable time; when coming home one evening very early, and unexpectedly to supper, being in great good humour, talking of this and that, he said, "Will you oblige me, my dear, with your company to-morrow at the opera?" I was much pleased at the opportunity of going abroad, having been at no place of entertainment for some time, and much confined. We spent the evening agreeably. The following day I went richly dressed to the opera, and afterwards to a friend's house, where we finished the evening, and after breakfast, pretending some urgent outsiness, he left me, with a promise of seeing me at dinner. I wondered that the chariot returned not, for I usually took an airing every morning. Dinner and supper being over, and

no Mr. S., I became very uneasy. While I was considering with myself what could be the cause of his absence, a porter brought me the following billet :-

"My dearest,

"Be not troubled at my absence, occasioned by debates in parliament of the most interesting concern to the public. The time is not less tedious to me than to you, till my return. I am obliged to keep the chariot, not knowing when the house will break up. Your orders will be cheerfully obeyed where you are, as if at home among your own servants.

Your's most affectionately, "T. S."

I had no suspicion of the honesty of this billet, knowing the house did not sometimes break up till two or three in the morning. But how great was my surprise, when, instead of seeing him in the morning, which I expected, I received this short, but melancholy note, by the same porter—

"Madam,

"I am obliged to leave town immediately, my affairs be ing in some confusion. You must not expect to see me again, nor can you return to your former habitation, my house and furniture being in the possession of my creditors. You need not doubt of civil treatment where you are, if you will comply with their request, and I think you need not be delicate and nice in the affair, having been kept by

Your's &c.

Upon reading the note, I broke into the following excla mation—"Oh! cursed villain! was it not baseness enough to deceive me, but thou must add to thy treachery, cruelty, by deserting me in so shameful a manner, and leaving me in so vile and infamous a place, with the most abandoned and profligate of our sex? Unable to calm that hurry of spirits, which his cruel desertion, and the reflection upon my present distressed situation occasioned, I fainted, and was with difficulty recovered. Upon my recovery, I found myself with only one of the old lady's supposed daughters, the rest of the family having withdrawn, and company coming in. "Pray, miss," said I, "what sort of a house is this? What is the business carried on in it? What is the profession of me lady your mother?" She answered me with a deep sigh;

"Alas! madam, I have no mother. I was, at the age of fifteen, seduced by a pretended lover; and my beauty, which repeated acts of intemperance and debauchery have almost effaced, the joy and pride of my parents, proved my ruin, and occasioned their premature death. They entertained expectations superior to my merit; and on that account, my dress and appearance were above their condition and circumstances in life. I frequented every place of public resort, by which I acquired a gay turn of mind, and an extravagant turn for pleasure, which terminated in the loss of my honour in this infamous house, the mart of lewdness and debauchery, where innocence and beauty are doomed to infamy and disease. I will not offend your chaste ear, by mentioning the scenes of iniquity and lust exhibited in this place. I hope you will have virtue enough to refuse the terms that will be proposed to you. May heaven preserve you from my wretchedness!" This said she left the room.

I refused for some time to take any neurishment, abandoning myself to grief and sorrow. I was roused from this situation by the mistress of the house, who told me, that I must cease my lamentations, and think of doing something to provide for myself, for she could not afford to maintain and keep me for nothing. Had I been at a loss to know the meaning of these words, her husband, who came up, explained them to me, saying, with an impudent face, "Madam, you must either join company with your sisters below stairs, or immediately turn out." I did not hesitate on determining what to do, though shocked at the proposal. I still had so much virtue left to give preference to the latter, judging that my jewels, &c. which were valuable, would by the saie of them, enable me to put myself into the haberdashery, or millinery way. Upon hearing my resolution, a coach was sent for. I got into it, and ordered the man to drive to Broadstreet. When I came there, I found the servants all gone, and the furniture of the house selling by auction. Net less at the unexpected sight than the sudden reverse of fortune, I fainted. By the assistance of some persons present and some hartshorn, my spirits were recovered. I then ordered the soachman to drive to a jeweller's in the Strand, who had some knowledge of my person, and of whom the trinkers in my possession were purchased. I was set down at the house; and finding him at home, mentioned my distress, and my design, by the help of the jewels, to put myself in

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way of business. He readily recollected me, and invited me into his back parlour; when, looking upon the jewels, he shook his head. This surprised me, thinking it arose from a concern for my unhappy condition; but how great was my astorishment, when he said, "Madam, I sold you diamonds, but these are no better than French paste. The gold repeating watch, &c. you had of me, was worth about a hundred guineas; this being pinchbeck, is in value about seven. For your ear-rings, necklace, stomacher, &c. I received about five hundred pounds; for these I cannot allow

you more than thirty."

After recovering from the confusion this declaration occasioned, I took my leave for the present, and bade the coachman drive to Mr. ---, before whom I laid open the whole affair, and my suspicion of the robbery. He heard me with attention, and then told me he would grant a warrant, but it would be very difficult to prove a robbery, or even an exchange, because I had never been out of the room; adding further, that he suspected, notwithstanding the modest, but artful simplicity of my looks, that I was a cheat, for he was sure of my being a ---, because the place mentioned was the most infamous --- house in town. This enraged me and with some warmth, I replied, that his worship ought to afford protection, not add affliction to the innocent and distressed. Further, I told him that I was Mr. S.'s wife, who was gone into the country about business. "Now," said he, "you have convinced me, that you really are what I suspected you to be. Mr. S. is married, to the great joy of that ancient and worthy family, and left that woman whom you acknowledge yourself to be, whose prodigality, pride and extravagance, would have terminated in the ruin of his family. It is on this account I dismiss you, and not send you, which I ought to do, to Bridewell. This lenity, madam, you owe to your connexion."

From the justice I went back to the jeweller's, and sold my trinkets, which, with the money in my purse, made up the sum of forty guineas. I requested the gentleman to recommend me to a lodging. He excused himself, by saying very coolly, that he knew of none in that neighbourhood, being housekeepers of reputation. I took my leave, and ordered the coachman to drive me to a taveru. Upon being set down, I was shown into a room; and sending for the master, I told him my distressed case, desiring him either to

lodge me, or to procure me a lodging. "I pity your condition, madam," said the vintner, "and am sorry that I can afford no assistance. This is a sober house. I live in good credit with my neighbours, and would not be known to harbour, or give any encouragement, to persons of your profession; therefore must request you to leave the house im-

mediately."

I sent for the coachman; when, giving him a glass of wine, I mentioned my distress, and asked his assistance in procuring me a lodging. "I have, madam," said the man, "a small house hard by, and a spare room in it, at your service; but there is one thing I must beg leave to mention, that may not be agreeable to so fine a lady, which is, that you must change your apparel, and appear in the character of a servant; for though I am a poor man, I would not have my reputation hurt for the world." I gladly accepted the coachman's offer, paid for the wine, and whispered the landlord to show me the most private way out of the house, lest, being seen, I should injure his reputation. I got into the coach, and was driven to Monmouth-street, where the gay lady of the manor was quickly changed into the decent chambermaid. Having purchased things useful and necessary to my present station in life, I put them into a box, and was carried to my lodging, which was clean and neat, though poor.

I took in plain work for my present support, proposing to get into a genteel service. For this purpose I entered my name in a register-office. It was not long before I was strongly recommended, by persons who had never seen me, to a merchant, to wait upon his lady, with the character of a sober and good servant. The simplicity of my looks, and modest behaviour, strengthened the recommendation. I was accordingly taken into the family. I soon discovered my master to be a libertine. I had scarce been two months at my place, before he attempted to bribe me, by offering me several presents, which I refused with the utmost disdain to accept, to induce me to a compliance with his base

designs.

My mistress was amiable and lovely in person, of an obliging and forgiving temper, and possessed of every qualification requisite for the happiness of the marriage state. She was no stranger to my master's intriguing spirit, having severely suffered; and therefore kept a watchful eye over

corrupting me, he was resolved upon forcing me to his lewd purposes. One day being in my mistress's chamber, and making the bed, my master, supposing her to be gone out, came in, and after a few words, seized me by the waist, and endeavoured to throw me on the bed. I struggled for some time, but at last finding myself nearly overpowered, I shrieked aloud; in a few moments the door was burst open, and my mistress made her appearance. After having severely, though justly, reproached him for his low and vile behaviour, which he little regarded, she bade me, whose resistance deserved a different treatment, to pack up my things, and quit the house directly; to reply was useless, to obey necessary, lest jealousy should have suggested something worse.

I procured a lodging at a chandler's shop; where, having occasion to lay out a little more money than I had received for wages, I had recourse to my purse, which seem ed to be very light. Upon opening it, I found, to my inexpressible concern, no more than ten guineas left in it; the rest having been borrowed by my friend the coachman, who, though a poor man, had valued himself much more upon his reputation than his honesty. I resolved to put up with the loss, since I believed it would be in vain to make an inquiry, and I was not willing to venture again in the presence of a magistrate. Having entered my name at the accustomed cflice, in less than ten days I was recommended to the family of a reputable tradesman, for an upper servant. I went with the former good character, was approved of, and hired. My master was a very pious, godly man, never missed the meeting on the Lord's day, had a cold dinner always on that day, that his servants might attend divine service; and constantly every night, the whole family was called together for half an hour, to prayer and psalm-singing.

I had not been long in this house, before I found myself in the situation of Susannah of old, and my master, and his brother, who lived with him, to have all the seeming piety and viciousness of the two elders. Each of them had cast a wishful eye upon me; I resisted their importunities, and upbraided them for their vile hypocrisy; for their pleadings of nature against the feelings of divine grace. My master's brother, to convince me that he meant not to desert and expose me, and to assure me of the reality and sincerity of his affection, produced a deed signed, wherein he had settled a

hundred a year upon me for life, and proposed to keep me at a country house near town, with a servant. I answered the proposal by saying, "Sir, you are mistaken in the person. I dare be lionest, though poor and friendless; and, believe me, I shall never purchase my subsistence at the price of my shame." My master would frequently feign an indisposition, that he might have better opportunities of disclosing his passion, and attempting my virtue. He also vowed the utniost secresy and constancy; and to induce me to a compliance with his base purpose, promised after the decease of his wife, who was old and infirm, to marry me; and in the mean tirie, he would provide a genteel and retired lodging for me near the neighbourhood. I answered him by saying, that he had seen nothing in my behaviour since I had been in the family which could persuade him to believe my principles were so loose and dishonest; that it would betray the confidence placed in me, and be the basest in gratitude for the many singular marks of her esteem and regard for me to think of, much more to act so dishonourable a part by her. As I found it would be in vain to combat with these holy men, who were resolved on their lustful gratification, I quitted the service, to the disappointment of their lust, and the preservation of my internal peace, at a minute's warning.

I returned back to my former lodging, where, soon after my return, I was confined some months with a violent fever which drained me of all my money, and obliged me to pawn the principal and best part of my clothes. When I had recovered a little strength, I went into service; but was so weak through my late disorder, that in a fortnight's time I was obliged to leave it. When I came back, my landlady, firding that little was to be had from me, put me into a back garret, without any fire-place, and windows broken, and stopped up with old rags and dishclouts; and no curtains to my bed, except what the cobwebs (which were plenty) afforded. In a few weeks, I pawned every thing, excepting what was on my back; when, being incapable of working, my landlady insisted on her rent weekly, or else I must seek out a new lodging. Through her cruel treatment and urgent necessity, I was compelled to go abroad, and commence the beggar. Being a novice in the art, my begging was not very profitable. When I entreated charity, the answer was, "Wench get to service, you are lazy and idle;" or, "Have

you no parish?" or, "You ought to be sent to Bridewell; such creatures ruin half the apprentices and young fellows in town." Any relief would have been seasonable to me, for my landlady grew peevish and cross, because I was deficient in my rent; my begging produced no more than the bare supply of the wants of nature. One night, in a fit of drunkenness, after having abused and beat me, she turned me into the streets; when, having no money, I took up my lodgings

in an empty house.

One day, walking in the public streets, and soliciting charity, Mr. S. passed me. I entreated relief for one almost perished through want. The villain knew my voice, and remembered my person, though obscured with rags and nastiness. He looked upon me with the greatest scorn and contempt, (though conscious of being the cause, through his desertion, of this wretched appearance,) and walked on. I followed, still begging with prayers and tears, that he would relieve me, and afford some small matter to cover my nakedness, and to satisfy my present hunger. He replied, "Begone, wench!" To which I answered. "Do you not remember the agreeable Miss Davis? Have you nothing to spare for one whom your cruel desertion has reduced to this distressed and miserable condition?" He turned round, and threw me a shilling, saying, "If you are tired of life, that will purchase you a dose, and put an end to your distress and misery." He beckoned a coachman, drove off, and was soon out of sight. I once took up my stand at a tavern door, expecting some broken victuals. When the waiter came out, I held my apron, hoping to receive a few crumbs which had fallen plentifully from the tables of the rich. I was greatly disappointed; for, instead of receiving a single scrap or crumb, he, with a terrible oath, bade me begone, and with a whistle, called together half a dozen of his dogs, among whom he shook the cloth in his hand.

Such was my distress, that I knew not what to do, nor where to go; no friend to apply to, and in want of every necessary of life; driven from parish to parish, without obtaining relief from any; the streets my lodging, and the portion of dogs, picked up in the streets, my subsistence; too weak (I must not say, lest I should offend the incredulous, too honest) to steal; and so despicable and worthless my appearance, that even charity withheld her hand, and thought it a sin to relieve me. In this wretched condition, being driver

to despair, I resolved to make away with myself at the close of the evening. The night came on, when I made the attempt; but the instrument of death, by Divine Providence, failed; the wicked intention was frustrated, and an infa-

mous end prevented.

After I had recovered from the fright, and the horror of the act which I had attempted to commit, my guardian angel suggested a return to my disconsolate parents. Thrice I attempted to set out upon the journey; but the terrors of guilt made me afraid to pursue my resolution. At length the evening drew on, and I proceeded on my journey. I had scarce got four miles from town, before I became excessively faint and weak, and having-nothing more for my support than water, crab-apples, and sloes, and my bed, a barn or outhouse. When I asked alms, the relief was generally a large mastiff dog let loose to worry me, or threatened with the

cage, or round-house, if I came that way again.

In passing through a village, I met with a footman, who, when in prosperity, as the deluded part of our sex calls it, was my servant. As I entreated in the most supplicating manner at the door of a publican, for a hard crust or a morsel of bread, he looked earnestly upon me, and sighing, said, "It is she, O! how fallen from what she was!" Turning aside, he shed some tears. After a little interval, he said, "Mistress, for to call you madam would be to insult you in your distress; yet when I recollect the former distance between us, and the many singular favours shown me, a poor ignorant country fellow, that title, however ill suiting to your present condition, is ever due from me-accept, accept, my good mistress, " A flood of tears prevented him from saying what. "May God reward your gratitude!" said I. The sum given was, I suppose, all that the poor fellow had about him, consisting of half a guinea, four shillings, and a

The relief raised my drooping spirits. My shoes being rotten, I went to a stall in the next village, to purchase an old pair. In paying for them, I dropt half-a-crown, which the cobbler immediately took up, and obstinately refused to return me. When I insisted on having it, he called me some abusive names, and a mob having gathered about us, charged me with stealing his shoes. It was in vain to plead my innocence; he had some reputation, and I had none; he was well known, and I was a stranger. They searched my

peckets; and finding half-a-guinea, concluded from my tattered and loathsome rags, that the charge of being a thief was just; for who would give half-a-guinea to a beggar; I was immediately put into the cage, and the day following carried before a justice, and circumstances were against me. After a sharp rebuke, his worship dismissed me, adding, that I should be whipped through the village, if I was ever seen in it again. I did not choose to give any account of myself; and therefore the pleas used in justification of my innocence, availed nothing. I was deemed a stroller, and treated ac-

cordingly.

Glad of such a fortunate escape, I hastened from the barbarous villagers. After travelling about two miles, I sat down in a narrow lane, and while reflecting on the evil of money, I was roused by the noise of a coach and six, which, on a sudden, was stopped near the place where I was, by two persons, whom I suspected, by being out of livery and armed, (and my conjecture proved true) to be highwaymen. I was greatly terrified, contemptible as I appeared, not with any apprehension of being robbed (for I had nothing to lose,) but lest they should be induced through secrecy, to prevent discovery, to despatch me. How solicitous was I to preserve a life, which, a few days before, it would have been a pleasure to be released from, and which I had rashly attempted to destroy! My fears were false, for having done their business at the coach, instead of receiving a bullet, they threw me, as they rode by, half-a-crown; thinking, as many of these unhappy wretches do, that charity to the poor will be allowed some counterpoise for plundering the rich, and by relieving the distressed, to wash away the foulness of the theft. I viewed the half-crown, but my troubles lately undergone, being fresh in my memory, I did what an East India or Bank Director would scarcely have done, I passed on, and left it untouched. It was as I afterwards heard. picked up by a wagoner, in company with a passenger, who insisted upon dividing it, and the wagoner choosing to keep the whole, from words they went to blows; and after having severely handled each other, to the no small diversion of the spectators, they compromised the matter by spending it.

I was now within six miles of my father's; and being late in the evening, made up to a farm-house, humbly requesting a lodging for that night in the out-house or barn. The people humanely granted my request, giving me also a mess of

broth, and some broken victuals. This I rather devoured, than ate; it proved, however, a comfortable refreshment; for having been so much fatigued and worried for three days past, I had taken little nourishment. I was more anxious to secure my person from danger, than to satisfy my hunger, and I went sweetly to bed in the barn, covered over with clean straw. The weary know no difference between that and a bed of down. A cup of water is full as palatable as the richest wines; and to the hungry, the coarsest food is as acceptable as the stalled ox. My misery, I thought was drawing towards its final period, proposing to be at my father's village the next evening. But, alas! wretched as I was, greater wretchedness remained; my sufferings were not at an end. When I thought my sorrow near its crisis, fresh afflictions befel me. Not more than two hours had sleep closed my eyes, before I was awaked by the alarming cry of "Fire! fire!" At first I thought it proceeded from a restless and troubled mind, and that I dreamed; but the flames approaching me, too fatally convinced me that I was awake. I had only time to save a petticoat and a cloak, which, like Joseph's coat, was of many colours, by being patched with various pieces picked up on the road, or from dunghills. The flames raged violently, owing to a brisk wind, the want of water, the darkness of the night, and the backwardness in the country people in lending assistance to extinguish it. I no sooner appeared out of the ruins, than they all cried out with one voice, "That is she! that is she!"—"Lay hold on her!" says one. "Throw her into the flames!" says another. "Knock her brains out!" said a third. The fire itself was dreadful; but these cries conveyed a terrible sound to my ears. The fire behind, the savages before, thirsting after my blood for no fault of mine, nothing less, from their violent rage and most continual clamour, was to be expected, than immediate death. In the midst of these terrors, I received a blow on my head with a piece of brick, which quickly levelled me to the ground. I remained senseless for some time, and did not thoroughly recover, before I found myself in the presence of his worship. The charge against me was, the setting the barn on fire; which crime was aggravated by the sin of ingratitude, when the farmer mentioned the kind relief he had afforded me over night. I was going to reply, but his worship ordered the commitment

to be made out, and bound over the farmer and his family to prosecute at the next assize. I was immediately carried off in triumph; my hands and legs tied with a strong cord, and my body fastened to a dung cart, which was surrounded with oaken clubs, scythes, and pick-axes, lest a poor creature, who could scarcely crawl, and almost dead with fright should have attempted an escape. I verily believe, that had I had strength and resolution to attempt it, I could have intimidated these Quixotes and prevailed.

They led me through the village with loud huzzas, the boys at a distance pelting me, the curs barking, and the boors encouraging them. In my way to Chelmsford goal, they showed me the gallows, at the sight of which I fainted; which they interpreted as a sign of my guilt, and set up such a loud halloo as roused me from my fit. When they had safely lodged me in prison, they gave three general huzzas, in which they were joined by the townsmen, and returned home sufficiently pleased, though they had travelled hungry and thirsty near twelve miles to satisfy their brutality.

I experienced not less inhumanity within than I had without the prison walls. My fellow prisoners shunned me, or made me the subject of their sport and derision. Incendiaries are reputed, in the country, the worst of villains; thieves and murderers being deemed innocent, in comparison with them. Here I continued about three months in the greatest distress, feeding on the scraps and crumbs which fell from the other prisoners' tables; which, it is easily conceived, were not very plentiful. I had no fire to warm me, no bed but the floor, and not always that, being at times turned into the yard, and exposed all night to the inclemency of the weather. The money sent from charitable and well-disposed people, for the support of friendless and destitute prisoners, I received no benefit from, the nature of my crime excluding me.

The assize at last came on, and my trial was one of the first on the list of prisoners. When I was brought into court, and placed at the bar, I appeared such a deplorable object, that humanity was shocked at the sight, being oppressed with fifth and rags; and indignation at the supposed crime, was quickly turned into pity for the wretched criminal. When ordered to hold up my hand, I fainted, not from a consciousness of guilt (would to God that I had been as innocent

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In every other respect, as I was in this!) but the sight of Mr. S. who sat on the bench, and who, as I afterwards learn-

ed was high sheriff of the county for that year.

When they had recovered me, they proceeded in the examination of the evidence; which being cross-examined by a worthy counseller, who, from commiserating my wretched condition, generously undertook the management of my cause, proved vague and contradictory, and I was, to the satisfaction and pleasure of every one present, honourably acquitted. My worthy friend the counsellor put a crown into my hand, whose example was followed by the judge on the beach, and the rest of the gentry. Amongst the rest, Mr. S. the high sheriff, drew near, and offered me a guinea; I withdrew my hand, and fainted away. In the fit, I was carried out of court, and ordered to be properly taken care of. When I recovered, I found mysclf at a little ale-house, and all the money lost, or carried off by my humane attendants. The house I was obliged to quit immediately; guests who have no money to spend finding no welcome in such places, especially so forlorn and deplorable a wretch as I was; their

custom is to take from all, but to give to none.

I was reduced to the utmost distress, and was some distance from my fathers, whom I now began to despair of ever seeing; my confinement, and the hardships I had suffered in it, having so much impaired my health, that I expected death every hour, nay even prayed for it. In this melancholy mood, I was alarmed by a loud huzzaing; and turning about, I saw a coach and six, with a grand equipage, in which were the sheriff and his lady returning from the assizes. As soon as it came near, I fell into a fit; the coachman immediately stopped; and Mr. S. at the request of his lady, whom he had acquainted with my distress, as it appeared before the court, assisted his servants in recovering me. When recovered, seeing him by my side, I fastened my eyes apon him; and, forgetful of his rank, where I was, and who stood around me, said, "O sir! behold before you the once lovely and amiable Miss ——" I could utter no more, my speech failed, and I instantly swooned away. But how great was my surprise, when my senses returned, to find the coach gone, and myself alone!

The cause, as I afterwards understood, was that Mr. S. recollecting my person, and fearing a discovery by his lady, who was coming to my assistance, hurried back to the coach,

and ordered the servants to drive briskly on. It was impossible to conceal his confusion from his lady, who warmly pressed him to know the cause of his uneasiness. This he artfully evaded, by saying it was the shock he had received from seeing so young a creature in such a destitute situation. This did not satisfy the lady; she went out, and sent for one of the servants, who was present at the interview, and asked him what conversation (if any) had passed between his master and the beggar. He modestly declined to answer, she persisted in knowing, and threatened him with the loss of his place, if he did not immediately comply. He then told what I had said, and in consequence of it, my falling into a fit. This stimulated her to a further inquiry; which, when Mr. S. refused to gratify, and carried it off with a laugh, she sent a servant, on whom she could confide, in quest of me, with peremptory orders, if he found me, to bring me to her without any change of apparel.

Mr. S. suspected the design, and prevented its effect, by ordering the servant to keep out of the way a few days, and then to return, and acquaint his lady that he could not find me. This was done, but not to the satisfaction of his lady. In the interim, Mr. S., fearful that his villany should be discovered, and his reputation injured, sent three of his servants by different ways, to search me out; who, for a considerable reward, were to carry me out of the country, and to dispose of me in such a manner, that he should never

more hear of me, nor fear a return.

After much difficulty, and great hazard, I arrived at my father's village, but not secretly. I was discovered by some men who were ploughing, and immediately taken into custody, and confined in a barn, with half a dozen of the stoutest fellows in the village to watch over, and guard me. This was done in conformity to an order sent to every parish throughout the county, from Mr. S., to secure me, for the most notorious cheat, impostor, and thief. Immediately the report was spread abroad, and a messenger despatched to Mr. S., with the glad news of my being secured.

I could not close my eyes, had I been so inclined, for my keepers were continually insulting me with the most opprobious language, and talking of stocks, whipping, pillory, transportation, and hanging. What added to my grief, was, I found upon enquiry, my father had been absent some weeks from home, and was not expected for a fortnight.

This also, Mr. S. knew. At last the day appeared, and about nine o'clock came Mr. S. with his three servants to the barn, riding full speed. Then alighting, he said, "Take this abandoned and wicked wretch, bind her hand and foot, and carry her to Chelmsford jail." To whom I said, "Increase not, but commiserate, sir, my unhappy condition; it was your desertion that made me thus miserable." He made no reply; but speaking to the servants-" Bind her," said he, "and carry her off." "Be not thus cruel, sir," I replied; "inhumanity becomes not a gentleman. Thou canst liave nothing to fear from so deplorable a creature. My troubles and afflictions have been so great, that my time here is but short; deprive me not of the sight of my parents, to procure their pardon, and obtain their blessing before I die." " "Gag her," said he to the servants, "and stop her prating." "Do not, gentlemen," said I, addressing them, "treat me so ill. I have done him no wrong, as he well knoweth. Poor and destitute as I appear, I am innocent, except in having loved him with a sincere and inviolable affection; of that, indeed, if it be a crime, I confess myself to have been guilty." What mollified the hearts of his servants, threw Mr. S. into a most violent passion, having overheard the relation of my affection for him. "Why do you trifle thus?" said he. "Do as you have been ordered." Immediately obeying the dreadful orders, they seized me, to execute the cruel and inhuman design of their bloody master. In dragging me out of the barn, my father, to the surprise and astonishment of Mr. S. and myself, entered. At the sight of him, so sudden and unexpected, Mr. S.'s countenance smote him; he turned pale, trembled, and called for his horse.

"Villain," said my father, stopping him, "that wretch who lies at your feet, is less guilty than yourself. Repair, if thou canst, the loss of a good and virtuous daughter, till thy villany made her otherwise. How canst thou punish that creature for a cheat, impostor, and thief, when thou thyself art guilty of the same crimes? Thou didst steal away my daughter, and imposed upon her virtue. Boast not of thy honours, nor thy ancestors' greatness; thou hast stained the one, and disgraced the other. Hang thyself by the side of that miserable creature, then you will do your country justice. Think not villain, great as thou art, that thou shalt are in peace: vengeance will bursue thee; Heaven will

pity an injured parent's wrongs, and blast thee for the deed,

Restore to me my daughter."

Mr. S. recovering himself a little from the confusion and fright which this rencounter had occasioned, without making the least reply, but with a smile of contempt at my father, most audaciously commanded his servants to take me up, and toss me into the cart. "Damned villain!" said my father, "dest thou make a sport of my misfortunes? Oh! ye powers above! (lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven) can you behold this, and suffer such a wretch to live, who insults thy being, and thy vengeance, by glorying in his wickedness?" "Take up the wench," said Mr. S. "Regard not the old fool." To whom my father answered: "Whatever that wench's crimes are I know not; but be they ever so vile and infamous, she is a babe to thee in wickedness. Why have I lived to see this day, to have my sorrows sported with by the insolent and bitter reproaches the author of my daughter's ruin?"

I mustered up all my strength, and breaking loose from them, threw myself at my father's feet, and cried out in the most piteous manner, "O! my father! my father! Behold, prostrate at your feet, your lost child, and protect her from that villain's cruelty, who hath robbed me of my innocence, and now seeks to deprive me of my life." The spectators stood amazed; when, taking courage, I proceeded mistake me not for an impostor. I am really and truly that unfortunate daughter of your's, whose shame and loss you have so long bewailed and lamented. Say that you forgive her, and she will bear with pleasure the severest punishment that inhuman wretch can devise, or the law can inflict. To convince you, dear sir, that I am no impostor, behold (uncovering my arm) this mark, which distinguished me at my

birth, and know me to be yours."

My father, whose heart before was meditating a most dreadful revenge against Mr. S. for his perfidy and baseness, was now melted into softness: a flood of tears burst forth, and with that paternal affection and tenderness, as if I had never offended, he embraced me; and fainting in my arms, cried, "O! my child! my child! my long lost child!"

Mr. S. seized the opportunity; and taking horse, rode off, but not without the most bitter curses and execrations of the spectators of this most affecting scene of distress. In this posture we continued, when my mother and brethren, who had been apprized of the discovery, came running to see me.

O! what a scene of joy ensued! Dirty and loathsome as I was, I thought there would be no end to their tears and conbraces. When the first transports of joy were over, and they saw my ragged and wretched condition, immediately one of my sisters pulled off her petticoat, another her gown, my brother brought me a pair of shoes and stockings, and

my father covered me with his great coat.

I was conducted home from the barn amid the embraces of my relations, and the acclamations of the villagers. No sooner had I entered my father's house but a little favourite dog heard my voice, and seemed to partake of the general happiness, by running towards me, wagging his tail, and licking my feet. After we were all seated, my father broke silence with this acclamation; "I thank thee, O God! for thou hast heard my prayer. I have seen my daughter which was lost. I shall now die in peace."

The joy of the family was damped by a violent ague and fever, which seized me the fifth day after my arrival, occasioned, as was supposed, by my former hard living, and an unwholesome diet, to which I had been long accustomed. This reduced me to the point of death, and overwhelmed the whole family with the deepest concern; however, at the end of two months, to the great comfort of my parents, I was pronounced to be out of danger; and in a few weeks after, I

was restored to my former state of health.

I requested my father, one evening, to relate what passed upon missing me. "I called," said he, "that very morning you took the fatal airing, to inquire after Mr. S.'s health, who had left a note, signifying his intention of being with us early on the appointed day. Leaving my compliments, I returned, not doubting of the sincerity of his profession. But how great was our surprise when the wished-for day came, but no Mr. S. nor servant, nor any intelligence, came. After the ecclesiastical hour had clapsed, I took horse, and with your eldest brother, rode away directly to Mr. S.'s, under the apprehension of a relapse, or some new accident, having not the least suspicion of a flight or desertion. When we came to the house, all the information we could obtain from the servants was, that the horses were returned without the coach or company. This raised in me suspicions of his dishonesty; and without hesitating we rode off to London, and put up at an inn in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. We immediately went out in search of Mr. S. who, we were given to understand was in Essex, and expected that week

to be married to a farmer's daughter. I endeavoured to convince them that he was not there, and hinted some things which did not speak much in recommendation of his honour and character, It was received with a loud laugh; so well established was Mr. S.'s reputation in the opinion of his neighbours, whose leaving town, and disposition of his house, they lamented as a great loss, both to the poor and to the trading people. After spending two or three days in town, to no purpose, we returned back, full of grief and vexation of heart. When we arrived, great was the joy of your mother and brethren, at seeing those return safe whom they feared had been murdered. This joy was quickly succeeded by sorrow, when they observed that you was not with us; but greater their affliction, when we declared that we could not, after the most diligent inquiry and search, procure the least intelligence concerning you, and the ill-treatment we had received. When I reflected on the designed villany, your lost virtue, and the dreadful consequences of it, infamy and discase, what curses and execrations did I pour on the author's head! "Protect, O! Heaven!" was my constant prayer, "a virtuous daughter from a villain's lust! or, if dishonoured, avenge her wrongs!"

A few years had passed, when, one day, while relating some of my adventures to my sisters, which they frequently desired me to do, being in the little parlour, we were alarmed by a violent rap at the door; soon after, a lady and gentleman in deep mourning, were introduced to my mother, who, from the equipage attending them, and their polite behaviour, had the appearance of fortune and distinction.

We immediately rose up, paid our respects, and offered to retire, but the lady insisted on our staying; we accordingly sat down again, and the lady began the conversation. "Madam, (addressing my mother,) if my information is right, you had an unfortunate daughter. I am sorry (seeing my mother endeavouring to conceal her tears) to revive your grief. Is she yet alive? Where can I meet her?" to which I replied, (observing my mother's confusion,) "I am, madam, that unfortunate daughter you seek." Hearing this the lady hastily rose from her seat; and embracing me, said, "I congratulate you, miss, upon a legacy bequeathed you, justly merited by the singular hardships you have endured; and I hope, will be received as some kind of compensation for the injuries done you by my husband."

This surprised us all. But the lady proceeded, saying,

"Mr. S. whom you are all too well acquainted with, was my husband. He was suddenly taken ill of a fever; when, struck with deep remorse for his baseness towards you, he hath, with my consent and approbation, left you in his will ten thousand pounds, and entreated that you will accept it, as it w() meant by him, for a token of his sincere repentance for the wrongs done you."

Without waiting for a reply, Mrs. S. put into my lap, a parcel of bank notes, amounting to the above-mentioned sum.

At this interval of silence, my father came into the room, when the lady, ther having informed me who she was, was so obliging as to repeat what had passed, adding, that Mr. S. never enjoyed any peace of mind after the interview at the barn; he took no pleasure in his favourite diversion of hunting, and avoided the company and conversation of his most intimate friends.

"The day preceding his fever, which put an end to his life, he had scarce laid down an hour, before he cried out, 'I know thee! Begone! Thy injuries are ——.' Here I awaked him, when he appeared in the greatest terror of mind, saying to him, 'What means this confusion? Why these broken sentenges?' He answered me fainting and trembling. 'Leave me to myself; yet I dare not trust myself alone: sorrow lies heavy here (putting his hand to his treast.)—Lead me to my chamber; death I find to be approaching; and I will disclose such villany, if thy pious and chaste ear can bear to hear it, as will convince you that there hath been too much reason for my sadness.' When in the agonies of death, he cried 'Oh! that I could but see her before I die, and obtain her pardon! then would my troubled soul be at rest!' He said no more, fetched a deep sigh, and died."

This affecting account of his death, drew tears in all our eyes, and a solemn silence ensued. At last my father spoke; "May the Almighty accept his repentance, and the horrors of his guilty conscience be admitted as a sufficient punishment of his crimes!" This scene of sorrow being over, Mrs. S. took her leave, with an assurance of a lasting friend-

ship between the families.

About a week after this accident, Mrs. S. paid us a visit with the same gentleman, Sir Robert B. who was her only brother, in possession of a large estate, a modest, discreet, young gentleman; brought up liberally, and untainted with the fashionable vices, pride, luxury, gaming, keeping, &c.

X 30*

which in these times distinguish the gentleman from the clown. After visiting and re-visiting each other for a twelvemonth in this friendly manner, Sir Robert and Mrs. S. walking with me one morning in the garden, Mrs. S. left me at the turn of a walk.

Sir Robert embracing the opportunity which his sister's absence afforded him, of disclosing his passion, addressed me in these words: "Since I have had the pleasure, Miss, of your acquaintance, I have contracted something more than a mere respect for your person. I am convinced that your merit may entitle you to one of higher rank; but I will be confident to say, that no one shall endeavour more to deserve your affection than myself. The connexion I have proposed to you, is entirely agreeable to my sister, who desires it." Here he stopped, expecting an answer, with some uneasiness and anxiety, fearful, as I had somewhat reddened,

that the address was disapproved of.

After a little pause, I replied, "that though I doubted not the sincerity of his passion, and that his design was honourable, he must excuse a positive answer in this affair; for I should submit my will to be directed and governed by that of my parents; whose consent obtained, there would be no objection on my part, to the honour he intended to do our family." This answer was received by him with great politeness. The dinner-bell ringing, we walked towards the house, and in the way meeting with my father, he left me, and turned-aside with him, and discovered the secret of his love, also what he had said to me, and the answer returned by me. "Son," said my father, "for by that name, from this time I shall call thee, thou hast my consent. I have observed with pleasure your affection for my daughter, and resolved within myself, it was sincere, that nothing should be wanting in me to contribute to your happiness. Come, Sir, give me your hand." This said, he presented Sir Robert to me; who saluted me with great warmth.

Scarce was the salutation over, when my father received

the following note:

"Mrs. S.'s compliments to Mr. Davis, and desires the favour of a few minutes' private conversation in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden."

My father wondering at the singularity of the invitation, left us in the hall, and went to meet Mrs. S. at the place ap-

appointed. Sir Robert perceiving me to be somewhat uneasy, said: "I do assure you, my sister's designs are honourable. Her intention in this conversation, is to increase the family connection, by a proposal to your father, of marrying your eldest brother, they have for a long time, unknown to any of the family, entertained an esteem for each other. We were soon joined by my father and Mrs. S. whose looks showed that matters were settled to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

After dinner we retired to the back parlour, where we fixed on Thursday for the solemnization of the marriages, which was to be at the same church. Mrs. S. and her brother remained at my father's, sending to town by an express for what things were necessary. The affair was now no secret in the village, and every one joined in the happy union. A grand entertainment was prepared, to which the neighbouring gentry were invited; and two hundred pounds were ordered to be distributed among the villagers, with some sheep, oxen, strong beer, and punch.

We went to church, amidst the prayers, praises, and acclamations of a thousand people, who were assembled on this joyful occasion. We continued about six months at my father's, and took our leave, each retiring to his respective manor, with the promise of meeting together annually every Christmas, so long as our parents lived at the farm-house.

A few months after our settlement, Sir Robert was called upon the grand jury for the county; and during the follow ing assizes he discovered the worthy counsellor, who so humanely saved my life, by pleading my cause at Chelmsford jail: Sir Robert invited him home, and there made him a present of a thousand pounds, for his extraordinary kindness to me in my distress; nor must I forget to mention that the pretended sister of my undoer, the woman who was the cause of my unparalleled sufferings, solicited charity at my gate; I made myself known to her, and though she deserved the most severe punishment, yet, in pity to her extreme wretchedness, I relieved her, and settled a small sum on her yearly; but she shortly died of a broken heart.—Thus we find in all instances, that virtue, however severe its distresses are at first, will at the last meet with its reward: and that vice, though prosperous and successful for a time, will suffer in the end.



MEMOIRS

OF

PHEBE PHILLIPS.

My father was a very reputable tradesman in the city of London. He married a clergyman's daughter, who was remarkably handsome, and had an extremely good education, but not one shilling of fortune. As she had not only been brought up a dance, sing, and play, but visit, and be one of the first in every fashion or diversion, my father, who was one of the mest indul gent husbands living, gave her the same liberty she had enjoy ed before marriage; and as soon as I was old enough, I was a lowed to take her for my pattern.

I was kept at boarding-school until fourteen years of age and learnt there, from the conversation of my companions, is two or three months, things which would astonish my readers if I were to relate them. Persons who never were within those seminaries, but on occasional visits, cannot conceive that girls just entering into their teens, could be such minute natural phi

losophers, in ideas at least, as we were.

I grew very womanish I was told, and was proud of hear ing it, as all girls are; and when I was but just fourteen, took the woman very much upon me, in behaving as I saw grown up ladies behave. My mother used to say, that nothing was so proper to bring any young person forward, as letting them see the world, and come early into company. I paid and received visits, and made parties among young persons of both sexes about my own age; and was frequently fattered by my parent, that a young person of my accomplishments and appearance might be certain, if possessing a common state of prudence and patience, of marrying a nobleman. Through these encountums, a thousand and a thousand dreams of grandeur rose on my mine; a coronet on my post-chariot, a flambeau blazing before my chair, and a title, with other vain ideas, made me fancy myself to be certainly formed for a woman of fashion, and I believed I should be so.

I went to York with my mother on a visit to a relation; and during the races, I appeared there the reigning toast. Among

others, Lord L—n behaved to me in so particular a manner, and addressed me so tenderly, so respectfully, that I had no doubt but he was the nobleman who was to fulfil my parent's

prediction.

That very person, however, that man of mighty honours, has since confessed to me, that the method of address which he then made use of, was with an intent to bring me to his lure the sooner, as he found I was ingenious, and consequently unsuspecting; and that he knew women of sense, spirit, and goodnature, were sooner to be deceived under the mask of open friendship, than by any other artifice. Is not this now the very

magnanimity of manhood?

While I was thus pleasing myself with my golden dream, word was sent us into the country, that my father had failed; that there was an execution in the house; that he himself was carried to jail; and that we had not a bed left to lie on. I cannot describe what I felt on this news. My mother went immediately to London, leaving me with our relation, confined to my bed delirious, occasioned by this sudden change of circumstances. However, by the advantage of youth, and an excellent constitution, I recovered in about a week; and confess, to my shame, that the distresses which my parents must suffer, were not so grievious to me as the reflection of what I must suffer, in not being able to show my face among those of my acquaintance again, of whom I used to take the lead in all parties.

I was inconsolable, especially when I perceived an alteration in the behaviour of every person in the house where I then was. Before I knew the misfortune of my family, I was treated like a queen; my look was a law; and every one seemed by their eagerly watching what I wanted, to anticipate even my wishes by their ready attendance; but now the face and behaviour of every one was altered; they passed by me without courtseying; if I asked any of them to walk out, they were engaged; their heads ached; they were afraid it would rain; they did not choose to go, and began to contradict me in every

thing I proposed.

In about a week after I had left my room, just as we had set down to dinner, I was mentioning some partridges that I saw, when my relation with all that matronly consequence which proud gravity can put on, told me it was not proper for me now to think of such high living; that I should suit my ideas to my circumstances; and think, as I had nothing now left, that it was time for me to look out for something; and that truly I ought to see for some service, which would be better for me, than to remain a continual incumbrance on my friends.

I threw down my knife and fork, and rising almost choaked from table, went out of the house into a long elm-walk at the

back gate, and there, walking backwards and forwards, strove

.o give vent to my uneasiness.

Let whatever would be the consequence, I was resolved never to go into that house again. 'Service! Service! —Yes, 'I said, as I talked to myself) perhaps I may find some people hough at my service.'—Then my fancy was again in an uproar; I ran over the catalogue of my admirers, and was certain I could not want friends—I was determined; but I wish that both sexes would remember this plain piece of advice, and remember it practically, that, 'they who resent injuries only equal their adversaries; while they who forgive them, always became suppositor.'

ways become superior.'

While I was walking in the grove backwards and forwards, ruminating on my forlorn condition, a shepherd's boy come to me, and in his awkward manner, told me that a very fine man wanted to speak to me at father's. I did not understand the lad; but after bringing me, by taking hold of my gown, to the end of the walk, and pointing over the stile to the cottage, in the door-way of which I saw a very well-dressed man standing, the boy cried, 'Yon, yon, felle, all with fine clothes on, wants you madam, and please you.' I sent the lad back, and bid him tell the person, I did not understand any such message, and that I would not go. 'Then,' says the rustic, 'I'll uphold, madam,

that he'll come tull you.' Before I had taken three turns more, the boy returned, and with him the person whom I had seen at a distance. When he came near enough for me to see his face, I knew him to have been an intimate friend of my father's for some years, and one who had always expressed a particular esteem for me. I cannot describe the surprise, nor the effect of that surprise, which I felt; but soon recovering, I considered, that perhaps, like my guardian angel, he was come to deliver me from my distress. I fancied his face told me so; and prospects of grandeur and pleasure began once more to fill my mind. But, fearful to discover myself by my looks, with downcast eyes, I begged to know what part of my behaviour had ever given him encouragement to treat me in so rough a manner as to send for me; and by this time having recovered spirits enough, looking at him full in the face, I asked him, if he thought that my father's misfortunes had broken my spirit; or that, because I could not command as I used to do, I would be at any one's service who

Bending one knee to the ground, he begged my pardon; vowed he would do any thing he could for my happiness; and began to stammer like a school-boy who is detected in a fib. He hoped I would excuse him; said, he had some reasons, which I should know hereafter, that prevented him from calling

on me at my relation's house; that he came down on purpose, after he had heard where I was, and was acquainted with the affairs of my family, to make me an offer of any part of his fortune I chose to accept; and concluded with conjuring me to believe, that the proposal proceeded merely from disinterestedness.

Then it was, that for some moments, I experienced the so seldom to be felt pleasure, the love which has gratitude and esteem for its parents. But in this I did not long indulge myself: although, from what he proffered, and the abjectness of my state, a thousand things all in his favour rose to my mind. My heart was at once his; and could he have forborne but for some minutes speaking over and over again his disinterestedness, 1 should have conffessed my affection, and gloried in the acknowledgment; for as yet I did not know his sex. But he cooled my first "dour by his own folly; for he endeavoured so much to ma ne believe that his offers to me originated purely from disinterestedness, that I could not help suspecting them. However, having acquainted him with the ill usage which I had received from the people at whose house I had been, and of my determination never to set foot in it again, I consented to let him send a post-chaise from Tadcaster for me. We parted with, as I supposed, equal happy hopes; I to be reinstated in my former splendour; and he, as I imagined, pleased with the prospect of my being his without the fatigue of matrimony.

I went to the shepherd's cottage, and sent for my clothes; soon after which, the chaise went to the door; when, without even the common ceremony of a farewell to my former acquaintance (for I could not bear to speak to any of the family,) I set forward. As soon as the boy whipped his horses on, my heart bounded with joy. I was now freed from the ill looks, dependence, and reproaches of the sordid wretches I had been with I felt a sudden satisfaction at my alteration of place at least.

I knew my deliverer (as I called him) had a great estate; I therefore indulged myself in several golden dreams; and also in some thoughts which, I must own, were not the most innocent; because I resolved not (nay I scorned) to be ungrateful; and as this gentleman had set out upon so disinterested a plan, I determined to be as generous, and not even wear a look of reproach or resentment, nor be ungratefully coy. Gratitude took up all my thoughts; and I felt such an agitation of mind, that I was afraid I should hardly forbear throwing my arm about his neck, as he stood to receive me when I should alight from the post-chaise.

But extreme delicacy saved me; and what is very surprising, extreme delicasy on his side; for, when I came to Tadcaster from whence he had sent the chaise. I found a note left for me

the purport of which was, 'That, to treat a person of my breeding with that delieacy I deserved, the people where I had lived should not say I went from their house with any gentleman, and he therefore hoped I would forgive him, if he waited for me at Doneaster; where he should be speak a supper, which he hoped I would honour with my company.' His letter concluded with several protestations of love, sincerity, esteem, delieacy, and disinterestedness.

Although it was upon a mistaken principal, yet, as I had reconeiled myself to the granting of this gentleman the last favour, I fed my vanity in considering the raptures he would be in, the homage he would pay me, and what an impression my alteration of dress would have on him; for, after we parted, I had taken some pains with myself; yet as I looked in the glass, a sigh escaped me, and for a moment I considered myself only as a decorated victim. But when I reflected that it was the sacrifice of virtue to generosity, I even plauded my conduct.

After I had read the above-mentioned letter, I out my lips, and supposed I looked silly enough. I could not but own, his behaviour was polite, and all that, yet I fancied he wanted

spirit.

Travelling to the next stage gave me still further time to reflect on (as I thought) his very singular behavour. I began to think very indifferently of his intellects. My spirits subsided into a state of insensibility, and I stepped out of the post-chaise at Doncaster as cool as a stage-eoach passenger; and gave him my hand with as little emotion as if we had been married

twenty years.

We supped together; the common chit-chat during supper, and the applause I received for almost every word I spoke, hurried me once more into spirits. My deliverer took an opportunity to salute me; I was alarmed, and begged he would desist; he bowed, resumed his seat, begged my pardon, and again mentioned disinterestedness. I blushed; but it was with vexation. I could not answer him; I looked down; and self-reproach made me for some time hate myself.

He took hold of my hand, and raised it to his lips; but I begged him, since he had declared himself my disinterested friend, he would be what he pretended, and leave the reward to be determined by his deserts, and that he might be sure of

my gratitude.

How much are our sex sometimes beholden to the diffidence, irresolution, or want of understanding, among mankind? He immediately let go my hand, and vowed most solemnly hence forth to treat me as if I were his sister.

'Believe me, madam, (he added,) my actions shall always to you be addressed with the most becoming delieacy.'—He then

begged to know my opinion of him, I was silent; but could not help hating him. Once more he told me his fortune was at my service, and poured a purse full of guineas into my lap. At that moment I could not think him so entirely shocking.— 'What must I do with this?' I asked him. 'Put it up, I beg you, Madam. Stay, I am sorry to give you that trouble; let me put them into the purse again.' He did so; and then, after many entreaties, I put the money into my pocket. After this he begged once more to salute me. But I looking graver than before, desired to know, if he imagined the present he had just made me had prevailed with me? No, madam; the world's wealth cannot purchase you. I once more beg pardon. I am answered.

The landlady's entering prevented our further parley. The conversation became more general. But, in spite of my gallant's disinterestedness, I could perceive that he was, by all the schemes he could practice, endeavouring to make me drink a few glasses of wine: nay, he once or twice endeavoured to rick me into drinking a bumper; and appealed to our hostess who sat down at our request, and who, good, kind, condescending soul, answered with an—'O yes, sir,—to be sure, sir;—my lady, I dare say, won't refuse your honour—And indeed—but I beg pardon—yet our wine, as my lady Duchess told me, is the best upon the road; and really, Mem, I hope no offence, but you have not drank a glass sense supper.

Neither will I, thought I; for now I saw through his wretched plot, and despised him heartily. He had not spirit nor understanding, to win me with my senses about me; but rather chose to be indebted to senseless intoxication for enjoyment, than generous inclination. O, Man! Man! I at this wondered at his stupidity: but experience has since instructed me, that he was not a jot less abandoned than the major part of his

brethren.

I ordered the maid to shew me to bed, but there I could not rest; and in the morning reflecting on my own situation, on the condition to which my parents were reduced, and on the manifest intention of my lover. I resolved to come to an explanation at once with him; and determined if he could be the means of reinstating my father, to yield myself entirely to his will. At the same time, resolving to let him know my determination immediately, I rung the bell, informed the chambermaid I would breakfast in bed, and told her to let the gentleman who supped with me last night know that I should be glad of his company to breakfast with me.

After the tea things were carried down, without much apology, I confessed my design to him, and he gave me his promise. Don't laugh at me, reader, or think that, young as I then was, and unhackneyed in the ways of life, I could be such

an ideot as to rely on a man's promise. No: I had his prom missory note for £500 before I would admit him to the least

liberty.

We immediately came to London, and he hired me very geneel apartments near St. James's. The day after my arrival in town, I paid a visit to my disconsolate father in the fleet, and made him an offer of all the money I had about me, which amounted to upwards of fifty guineas; but neither would he. nor my mother, receive a shilling of it, until they knew how I came by it. My blood was chilled at the refusal; I looked upon them with astonishment. I fell down on my knees, and confessed what I had committed; but to palliate my offence. told them, it was done with an intention of having my father enlarged, and to set him up again in the world; and shewed them the note for £500 which I offered them. Both, however, refused it; at the same time refused any longer to acknowledge me for their daughter. I fell at their feet. They turned me out of their miserable lodging room; and forbid me ever to see them again unless I returned all my ill-acquirec wealth.

O! how did their words pierce me, when they said 'That they could bear want and imprisonment, but they would neve! partake of the wages of prostitution!' I went home, determined to break off my criminal connection; to renounce dress equipage, and every other sinful accumulation, by way of expiation, for what I had committed; to live with my parents as their servant; and to endure all the hardships such a state of servitude, in such a place, could bring on me. But when I ar rived there, and looking round my apartment, saw every thing in such elegance—such furniture, and all my own too—good heavens! was it possible, young, inexperienced, and vain as I was, I could persuade myself to quit them? And then, as I stood by the glass, though my eyes were red with crying, yet I could not help thinking it a pity that such a figure as I was, should do the drudgery of a scullion in a prison; and instead of the dress I then wore, to change it for a ragged gown, a dirty apron, and every other mark with which extreme poverty clothes its labourers. I was shocked at the thought; I could not bear it. No; I considered I could do my family more good (though unknown to them) by getting money, than by being their servant. I determined to lay by one half of all I was or should be worth towards reinstating them; and resolved on a scheme by which it might be done, and they not know that any pecuniary assis tance came from my wages of prostitution. Thus I began to fortify myself in my conduct. I imagined I was behaving praise worthily, and thought I could not be accounted criminal, since it was to serve my farther and mother.

In like manner are we all self-fooled; we gloss over our guilt

With virtue's varnish; all find excuses for their vices and follies The man who, at a nation's expense, heaps up immense riches, and accumulates unweildy estates, by setting the interests of his country to sale, that very man reconciles these transactions to himself, by saying, 'I do these things for the good of my family.' He who betrays the secret of his friend to his patron, for which he gets some worthless sinecure, makes such behaviour easy to his mind, by telling himself, that 'such things should not be hid.' Yet even in this life, I know it, and so do we all, that there is a time when nature, or the alarm of nature, remorse, will be heard, and when the multitude of wax-lights cannot dispel the inward gloom.

At that time, I was shocked at the thought of becoming a sculion; of leaving all the gaities of life to become a poor drudge, but had I then known what I afterwards experienced, I should have been convinced, that the poor drudge does not labour half so much as a prostitute; and she, (the prostitute I mean,) is beneath the basest scullion; subjects to every man's depravites; ever in alarms; in her best station but like a gilded coffin, all outside glare, filled with corruption; and in a state of poverty,

the most abject and most despicable of all beings. I was maintained in the utmost splendour by my keeper; his vanity making him shew me off (as he called it) in all the extravagance of the mode. But my friend, like several other of his sex, was dissatisfied with what he enjoyed, unless he could tell the whole world how happy he was; he had therefore every week private parties to sup with him at my apartment. I was obliged to suffer him to treat me with all that fondling familiarity, that childish fooling, with which some new married people expose themselves before company. I was at first ashamed of behaving so; but he soon made me so frequently repeat it, that this precious foolery became at first indifferent to me, then fatiguing, and at last loathsome. I dared not refuse him; though such fulsome behaviour made me sick, I was obliged to practise it. What could I do? I could not bear the thoughts of living less elegant. Pride, cursed pride, the affectation to appear fine, is the ruin of both sexes. To induge ourselves in unwarrantable luxuries, to gratify that mean, false passion, we women submit to slaveries incredible; and like the worthless time-serving flatterer, we sacrifice our minds to the bribery of prostitu-

I dreaded every appointment which this man made. I knew what a night I had to go through. I have felt my heart sink when he has begun with 'Phebe, I shall have company to night at your home.' No truant-school-boy could be more dejected after conviction. I reflected that, spaniel-like, I must play over all the common tricks before company, of fondling and fooling

All the company which I kept of my own sex were ladies of the same profession, and in high keeping; and as the phrase is, where happy women But how strangely do we confound to gether two such contradictory terms happiness and prostitution! every one of these ladies had, as I found a gentleman or two whom they used to meet privately, and from whom they used to receive very handsome presents. This, I thought at first dangerous, and told them so. They stared at me when I informed them that I never had wronged my friend, either out of inclination or interest, and easily persuaded me to become one of their party.

The next morning, when my keeper, or friend, (which is the more fashionable word,) had left me I was told a lady desired to speak to me. On her entering the room, I never was before so much prejudiced in favour af any person at first sight. She seemed to be a woman of about fifty; tall, straight, and genteel; her complexion was clear; and her eyes glistened with sensibility. In her address I thought too I could perceive the woman of distinction; for her deportment

bore an ease and dignity that was truly amiable.

After some previous compliments and apologies, she informed me, that having been very genteely brought up but most unfortunately married, necessity had forced her to comply so far with the depravity of the times, as to keep a private assembly-room, where the politest gentlemen in England, and they only, were admitted; and where a select party of ladies met to play at cards, dance country-dances, or kill an hour in any other agreeable amusement.

I was not a little astonished, when I found that this lady was either more or less than a downright procuress; yet there was something in her manner so entertaining, that I begged she would let me know how I could be any ways serviceable to her,

as I had already conceived a friendship for her.

I dined with her that day in St. James's place. At dinner there was an elegant side-board of plate. She had also a servant waiting in livery; and after the cloth was taken away, and there was no other company, she thus opened herself to me—

"You see my dear the manner in which my house is furnished, and the neighbourhood in which e. You seem to have a mind susceptible of the most powerful sensations; I beg, therefore, you will allow me to give you my advice, which is, that, kn wing your present admirer to have another lady in keeping, I, on your part, would have no further intercourse with him, but accept the protection of a rich old count, who has long admired your charms; and who, I am sure, will spare no expense to render you happy."

This piece of intelligence increased my former dislike to my first paramour, I easily became a dupe to her interest, and agreed to be introduced to a second; previous to which, I had secured to myself what valuables I considered I had a right to, and left him a note, stating my dissatisfaction and resolution of not seeing him again, which was no unwelcome news to him.

My new and gouty gallant expressed himself to be uncommonly pleased with my company: thought no expense too much for me; made me refuse all our male visitors; and became so intolerably fond of me that I was almost distracted, I hated him, however, because he was fulsome. I despised him for the indelicacy of his manners; or, as he called it his taste,

and his jealousy was almost insupportable.

I lived in luxury, it is true, but did not enjoy one hour's satisfaction: for never was a man more liberal to his mistress than my elderly lover was to me; but never did woman do less to deserve his bounty than I did. But my indifference, perhaps, kept his affection alive; for men are odd creatures, even in their appetites. His jealousy, however, distracted me. I was obliged to be continually at home, as his coming, was uncertain; and was therefore no more than a fine dressed prisoner. Unless I went out with him or to meet him, I had not the liberty to stir, except to the milliner's; and then an old servant he had, used to attend me there and back again. I sighed for freedom; I wanted to be less glaring and more happy. I envied every woman even in a coarse apron. Comparing my cooped-up condition with her's, I considered myself to be no more than a slave; like a miser's gold, locked up from every body, but one man to feast himself with.

It is true, my wishes were prevented by the profuseness of his presents; yet those presents could never tempt me to make him any affectionate, any grateful return: because I used to recollect how dearly I earned every sum of money I received,

every trinket he gave me.

At last, however, the time was at hand, when I was to repent of my behaviour. For it happened, that going to the milliner's to order something fashonable, as I stepped out of my chariot, my foot slipped, and in spite of my footman's immediate assistance, I must have fallen, had not a gentleman at that instant passing by, caught me in his arms, and carried me into the shop. After I had sat down he addressed me very a greeably on my escape, made some whimsical remarks upon the accident, and congratulated himself on the lucky part he hore in my deliverance with so much humour and spirit, that his conversation charmed me. Unperceived by him, I now and then looked at his figure. It was amiable: his look sensible, and his address delicately tender. I loved him, really loved

him. He was, in short, the first man that ever possessed my inclinations, Many indeed, have been made to believe I loved them: and they believed it, because they used to ask me to tell hem so. 'Do you love me my dear girl?' What a question is that! like some guests when they enter a tavern, asking the master, if he has any good wine in the house. What answer can such a person expect, either from lady or vintner, but, 'To be sure, sir, you need not doubt it; upon honour, Sir.'

I staid at the milliner's as long as I conveniently could; and, in the course of conversation, I found my favourite was but that day arrived in London; that he only came to town from mo-

tives of curiosity; and that he put up in Holborn.

All that night, with my keeper by my side, I lay awake thinking on this young fellow. It was imposible for me to sleep; for as Macbeth says, 'He had murdered sleep.' I appeal to any woman who has been in the like situation, who has loved one man, and has had another whom she detested lollopping along side of her, what a comfortable time she must have before breakfast.

A letter told the stranger to expect me at his inn in the afternoon; and in less than ten days from that visit, we landed together at Calais; I having previously converted all my plate, furniture, &c. into cash, which in three years was all expended. But then I pleased myself, and that is all which the greatest can pretend to. I had long been a slave to others' pleasures: I now resolved to be free for my own. It is true, I paid dear for the resolution; I ruined myself by it. What then?—Throughout my whole life, I never once thought it worth my while to reflect on the consequences of what I intended to do; it was suficient for me that I liked the scheme, and that deter-

mined me to pursue it.

On returning with my lover from our tour, the last guinea we had in the world was changed on the day we landed in England; and yet both of us were as full of spirit, as if we had been going to take possession of £10,000 a year. While satisfaction stays at home, it always saves the heart from aching Thus it was with us; we possessed a great deal; we were rich in each others' arms; as to any thing else, it was not worth sighing for. As we were at dinner, however, the next day, my lover fell down speechless, and expired instantaneously. Then I became inconsolable. After his death, misfortunes hundred-fold stared me in the face. I fell violently ill the next day; kept my room above a month; and, on my recovery, found that the woman who had been hired for my nurse, had robbed me of every thing I possessed.

With much difficulty I arrived in London, without any other dependance than my person for my maintenance; and such were my circumstances, I could not set that off in any saleable ligh. And in a most forlorn condition, I took a back garret in

one of the streets near the Seven Dials.

Vice is not only callous to remorse, but also to shame; for notwithstanding the misery to which I was reduced, I never eally repented; that is, with true contrition. My sighs were like those of a strict gamster; I was mad at my misfortunes, but never intended to leave off my former practices. I grieved for my change of circumstances, but it was a grief which proceeded from pride; not an affliction from the horrors of a mispent life, but chagrin occasioned by my knowing that I was deprived of the means of making the same figure in town

as formerly.

I now commenced common street-walker; but, as if it were ordained that misery should be made more wretched, the first evening i took my stand in Fleet-street to look out for a fare, I was driven from street to street by women of my own profession, who swore I should not enter their beats until I had paid my footing. Not having a single farthing, I knew not what to do. One of them snatched the only handkerchief I had in the world off my neck: while another pulled off my hat, and kept it. I had been the whole day making these two pieces of finery up; and after washing them, and smoothing them myself, in hopes by such baits to tempt some-body to enable me to purchase a meal's meat for the next day, having not broke my fast that day, I turned out. What then must be my despair to find myself even deprived of the hope of being in a condition

to get six-pence to preserve myself from famishing!

At this instant, a woman's voice called out from some distance, 'Bess, Bess, the constables are coming!' My persecutors fled from me immediately, and left me tare-headed and barenecked. My hair was very long, of a very good colour, and the complexion both of my face and neck clear, and without any artifice to set it off. I could not, even if I had chosen it, have paid for a six-penny worth of rouge. In that figure, I stood disconsolate, like Jane Shore, as I supposed she appeared when she set out to do penance. Before I had time to consider what I should do, I was seized by two men, who laid hold of me by the arms and shoulders, saying 'So, Madam: what! you have a mind to be taken, it seems? What, you staid here to see what we were about, did you? Ah; what, you would not skulk off when the rest did, though you knew we were coming; ah! I suppose you had a mind to turn spy; but we will take care.' I replied, 'Indeed, gentlemen,'-They would not, however, suffer me to go on; and one of then interrupting me, very surlily made answer, 'Don't you know who

we are? you shall be sent to Bridewell, huzzy!'

I now fell down on my knees, and begged them, for God's sake, to have pity upon me. I confessed to them that I came from home, indeed with an intent to offer myself to any body who would give me any thing; but that I had not eaten all nat day; that that was my first night of going out; that I was quite a stranger; and that some other women had pulled my handkerchief and hat off, and run away with them for my footing, as they called it.

One of the men immediately said to the other, 'I fancy this is a green-horn; let us take her to the lamp, and look what sort of a face she has got.' On this, they hauled me to a light; and one of them stood staring in my face, while I, with dishevelled hair, naked neck, and tears dropping down my cheeks, stood

in dreadful expectation of my sentence.

One of my sisters in sin, as I supposed, came by, and told the other officer she wanted to speak with him. As soon as he went with the woman, the other, who had been looking at me all that time, told me I should not go to Bridewell; but he would see me safe to my lodgings, and give me something to eat and drink. I never went to any of my own elegant furnished apartments with a tithe of that transport with which I now went back to my miserable garret. It was to me an elysium to be saved from Bridewell, and to be told that I should have something to eat and drink.

I pity those of large possessions who never have been happy enough to be in distress; they can't enjoy—it is impossible—I dare insist on it—they can't enjoy half that satisfaction, nor half that true relish for any of life's conveniencies, which those have, who, after seeing miserý, have been reinstated in afflu-

ence

I supped with my new acquaintance, and grew in spirits. Next day he took me to a better lodging; and after the neighbourhood were all at rest, he used to visit me. But the account my paramour gave me of the actions in which he had been concerned, so shocked and disgusted me, that I could not bear to cohabit any longer with him; I was determined to starve first.

I now had some clothes; not fine, indeed, but whole, plain and clean, and in which next morning I went to a register-of-fice to enquire for a place. When I applied to the register-of-fice for a service, I was recommended to no less a person for a mistress than Mrs. J—, who had, as I afterwards found, most of the clerks or masters of these offices in fee to recommend her proper servants.

I guessed for what intent I was hired, although I was retained as a chamber-maid; but as I found my misters had all the becoming hypocricy necessary for a procuress, I resolved to play the same game, and shew I could dissemble as well in my place. She never suspected my having been upon the town, and took more than ordinary pains to persuade me to give my company to some of her best customers; promising me great things, and praising the life of a kept mistress, and how much it was preferable to that of a servant. But I knew too well that a Woman of the Town was the worst, the lowest, the basest of slaves, condemned to do the most ignominious drudgery. However I suffered myself at last to be overcome, and consented to admit a gentleman to sup with me.

And now, reader, behold me in that most miserable situation of a prostitute in a common brothel; and if any part of a strumpet's life is more wretched, more pitiable than another, sure it is that. But, that the reader may the better judge of our condition, it is proper to give him the following informa-

tion;

When an old hackneyed strumpet has been enabled to escape the fatalities incident to her profession, such as perishing infected in hospitals, dying in a prison, famishing in a cellar in the out-skirts of the town, or surviving transportation,—to haggard themselves to gain any business by their own persons, they immediately commence agents for others. From the experience of a series of years, being acquainted with all the vices incident to both sexes, and having minds prepared to perpetrate any enormity, they apply to some person who is called a Wine and Brandy Merchant, (one perhaps of equal principle with themselves,) who immediately put them into a ready furnished house in the environs of Covent-garden, and lays them in a stock of liquor. Being thus freighted, they are themselves to look out for the rest of their cargo, and enquire for three or four ladies to board and lodge with them.

Now there are three ways of gaining lodgers. The first is, that when some worthless fellow has, upon specious pretences, decoyed an inexperienced beauty from her friends, he hurries her to town, takes her to one of these brothels, revels with her there until he is sated, and then acquainting the mistress of the house with his intention, quits the ruined victim forever. This news is brought her by the procuress. The deluded girl most commonly falls into fits, and for three or four days is in a delirium. When she recovers, she is persuaded to see company, as it is called, being tempted with promises, or terrified with threats; and I have known several reputable tradesmen's daughters perish for want in a prison, thrown in by sham action by the bawds in whose house they have been left, because

they would not consent to be public prostitutes.

One day or other, perhaps, the hand of authority may think it worth while to stop the rapid progress of such barefronted vice. I, although too long an actress in such ignomimous scenes, detest the vile, the scandalous practices, even to this hour, that are carried on in these places, and which, to the disgrace of the police, are increasing annually within the precincts of Covent-garden.

The boarders in these houses are obliged to sit up every morning (unless particularly employed) until four or five o'clock, for the good of the house, to drink, with any strage bucks that may reel in at any of the early morning hours. With them they are obliged to sit down, drink, and bear whatever behaviour these drunken visitants are pleased to use; and at last, if they be in luck, put to bed to some fellow who has swallowed too many bumpers to suffer himself to be sensible of the wretchedness he must inevitably endure from a most im-

pure connection.

In this situation I staid for some time; but as I had been already too much among mankind to entertain the most generous opinion of them, I only suffered myself to be won where I thought there was the greatest appearance of profit, and the least of danger. I had several friends, to each of whom I pretended esteem; for fondness, I found with them, was too stale a bait to catch them. They were persons who, as they told me, had seen the world, knew both man and womankind, loved to please themselves; but were not to be taken in, they said, by a girl's flattery. These were a set of persons of good fortune; who had, according to the phrase, run through the town; and valued themselves upon their experience, their wit, their discernment, and fortitude of mind. They liked me, because they told me I had less cuuning about me than many others of my profession, and was above being mercenary; but I used to laugh at them egregiously when they left me. I found these men of wit and wisdom, as they called themselves, to be my choicest dupes; I always allowed them to be every thing they thought themselves, and then I made just what I pleased of them.

Were I to recapitulate every acquaintance's behaviour, the relation would be odious, nay detestable; but thus far I may be allowed to defend our sex, that we never should behave so passiouless, so inconstant, to those who pay us, did not their manner make us loath them. Only let us consider: half a doz en men come into one of the Covent-garden taverns, and after they think proper to sit down and be silent, a party of ladies are introduced, dressed as well as their circumstances can afford, like Indian idols, glittering with bugles about their necks and in their ears. The conversation that ensues between these male and female groups is noisy, obscene, foolish, or imperti-

aent. It generally terminates in a quarrel among the men, or else some of the women, who, perhaps have not broken their fast that day; and yet will drink bumpers to shew the strength of their heads, and soundness of their constitutions, and are soon intoxicated. They are then set together by the ears. This makes fine fun for the bucks, who nobly and man-like stand by, and see three or four poor prostitutes pull one another's clothes to pieces, and with diabollical uproar exult in

wretchedness being made more miserble.

When I left Mrs. J——'s, I set up for myself in a snug way. I hired a very convenient house in the city, with a back door that opened into a church-yard; and there I received company, but extremely private. Many and many a good grave customerable had to step in after he had been at evening-lecture. But it is an old saying, that if you can but once make the world believe you are good, you have no occasion to be so. This I used to see verified by my customers, who I took care should be very responsible people, masters of families, and who were looked upon to be some of the most religious and most virtuous men in the city.

As to their virtue, if the meaning of that term was to be confined to chastity, they were strictly virtuous through the impotency of age or bodily infirmities; but as libidinous in their minds as drunken satyrs. Faugh! I can hardly forbear spitting at their memories, when I reflect on the old goatish doatards their vanities—their lusts—their meanness; and, what seems a paradox, their prodigalities; for though they would spare no expense upon the woman who would gratify them in their loathsome desires, yet would they be pleased, if they could

pay half a guinea short in their reckoning.

In both these despicable tastes did I indulge them. I suffered my person to be at their service now and then, and would often cast up a reckoning of nine or ten shillings short. At this they would chuckel; and I have seen their spectacles totter upon their pinch'd-in noses, as they have giggled inwardly at my mistake, as they thought, which they never would tell me

of, but paid the bill immediately.

I had another gallant, who was in the commission of the peace, and a very severe man against strumpets and street-walkers. When he visited me (which was generally upon a Sunday evening, at his return from the evening lecture, which he used to go to at the church close to which my house stood, for the convenience of stealing in at my back-door—to so good a purpose did he dedicate his religion,) he would repeat the speeches that he had made at sessions, or vestry, or hall; and I was obliged to hear all his harangues against the licentious ness of the age, and the debaucheries, the vices and rebellious rinciples of the nation; that it was a shame the English should

have any liberty, since they only made use of it to fly in their superiors' faces; that nobody but rich folks could be great folks; and nobody but such great folks could be judges of any thing. Then he talked to me about economy, and how proper it was at this juncture to set about a reformation of manners; that passive obedience was what ought to be inculcated among all ranks of people.

God help me! I was indeed forced with him to shew passive obedience which I detested; but he made me liberal presen and therefore it was worth my while once a week, I thought,

endure, him for an hour.

I had a third, gallant, who gave me five guineas, besides bringing me some pretty presents, at every turn, who used to visit me twice a week, only to comb out my head of hair. It was very long, and of a very bright auburn colour; and thus would ne sit employing himself for an hour, and then take his leave. This man was one of richest in Change-alley; but of so unfeeling a temper, that he suffered his only son to perish in a prison, because the young man had married an unportioned young lady, of extraordinary merit, without the old fellow's consent. I could, if I dared, mention some names, who now hold their heads very high, and are greatly stared at, who owe all their advancement to their meanness; and if they had not been the most vile, would never have been what they now are.

Business began to increase so fast, that I was obliged to look out for a lady to assist me. I visited a particular and tried-friend, with whom I got acquanted at Mrs. J-'s, and told her my scheme of 'bringing her to be a partner with me; she was overjoyed at the proposal, and next day came to live with me. She was shorter than mys'lf, but exquisitely beautiful and we

used to walk out together regularly every afternoon.

During my residence in this house, I admitted no young fellows to visit me; no man under forty stepped over my threshold as a guest. I knew the danger of suffering youth to indulge themselves in any licentiousness; they were proud of making a parade of it; while, on the contrary, I had a staid, demure set of old impotent gallants, who, although they were as wicked as it was possible for vice to contrive, yet wore such a ceremonious sanctity, and were reputed such good, pious, and chaste men, that they were as much afraid of being discovered as I could be.

But what astonished me most was, that these old fellows 'who were looked upon as wise men among one another, and whose names I sometimes read in the news-papers, as being concerned in weeks of consequence, or as being elected to consider about affairs of importance,) I ever found to be men of weak intellects, person of uneven, very uneven minds, and that the sense which they had a hypotent passic

In this snug manner, and with good management, I continued a long time, insomuch that I increased my assistants to the number of three, and frequently on particular nights, was obliged to send for others. But no establishment, however prudent or otherwise, can always last. I was to be disturbed, and that without any fault of mine. The accident which occasioned it was quite unforeseen, therefore the surprise was the

greater.

An elderly, and when sober, a very discreet tradesman a grocer in the neighbourhood, who used occasionally to visit me, happened to come one evening just after leaving the precinct meeting, where he had made very free with the juice of the grape; and after remaining some time, retired to his home. In the middle of the night, he returned, and making a great noise at the door, with a possee of constables and officers, insisted upon entrance, which I did not dare refuse them, knowing, it I did, they would make me answer for the consequences. They came in, and after three hour's fruitless search, retired without the object, for which they came, which was the old grocer's watch, that it seems he missed soon after his arrival at home His state of intoxication was the cause of his taking this rash way of seeking redress; for, his wife was at the bottom of the buisness; and missing his watch, which was a family gold one, he confessed where he had been. This was the cause of the search. I heard no more of the matter, until the afternoon of the next day, when an old porter, who had had some jobs for my house, came, and informed me, the officers were just then coming to apprehend me. I had not received this information a minute before I perceived them coming; so huddling on my shawl, I made a precipitate retreat through the church-yard at the back of my house. I got through unperceived, as I thought, by any; but, by the time I had reached Islington-road, turning my head back, I plainly discovered two men following, and looking very sharp after me. I quickened my pace; and seeing an out-house open, I got in, as I thought, unperceived by them; but they soon discovered my retreat, and, without further ceremony, handed me out, saying, I must go with them. I obeyed their mandate; and they brought me to Hatton-garden, where after a short examination, I was sent to New-gate. My confinement was but of a short duration; for just as I was preparing for my third examination, a discharge came down to me, the watch being found in a necessary, and restored to the owner.

This affair made more noise than I wished it should in the neighbourhood, and induced me to retire into the country: for if I were before tired of London and London ways, I was now perfectly sick of them, through this prosecution; therefore I determined to break off all my connections and dependencies

I had acquired a large sum of money, and was resolved no longer to bear capriciousness. My house I let to my partner; and my jewels, plate, and other such superfluities, I sold by auction. I had found out a place in the country much to my satisfaction, and there I was determined honestly to spend the remainder of my days; and as hitherto I had been careful of my person, I thought it was time for me to consider of what was hereafter to happen.

Accordingly, as soon as I had settled my affairs, I set out for Devonshire attended only by a female servant, whose fidelity I had often experienced. All the way on the road, I reflected with rapture on the alteration of my condition, The fields looked so lovely, so sweet smelt the air, the birds sung

out so musically, that all seemed Paradise around me.

I was recommended to board in a clergyman's house in the Southams. I passed for the widow of an officer in the army; was treated with the utmost respect; and in a few weeks I percieved a remarkable alternation in myself for the better. My spirits and my appetite were mended; my colour came once more to my cheeks, I could hardly believe I was the same person, who but so lately had looked so pale, so relaxed, so void of appetite, without any spirits but what the fictitious help of liquor afforded me.

But the life I lived of ease and innocence began to be too easy for me. I began to talk of London to my servant, as we used to walk out together; was wont to say, that I wondered what our old friends were doing in town and used to wish I could see them, and not be seen, just for half an hour or so; though I declared I never intended to live in London again. As the assizes were to be held soon at Exeter, I desired my landlord would write, and secure lodgings for me there during

the week

I appeared at the assembly, and was complimented very much, not only upon my person, but my taste in dress. The vicar, with whom I lodged in the Southams, had recommended me to dance with a young gentleman of his acquaintance, whose estate lay near the Vicar's residence. This west country esquire had five hundred pounds per annum, was a passable man to figure, and seemed to have a great share of good nature, and some understanding, yet nothing either in mind or person striking. Notwithstanding this, I had been so long rusticated from any thing like address and gaiety, that I was peculiarly pleased at the assiduities of my partner: nay, the exercise, the music, the warmth of the room, the sipping of negus now and then, the pressing of palms and other like auxiliaries, which happen on a night's country-dancing, quite exhilirated my heart; and as soon as he saw me home, he took his leave of me: but in the afternoon, he called to enquire after my health

I was still in bed, reflecting on what was likely to happen; on hearing his name, I desired he would stay, and huddling on my clothes, went down to him. Before I entered the parlour, he made the vicar my landlord, his confident, and begged his recommendation to me, that I would accept him as a husband. When the vicar told me this, and at the same time gave me a good character of a person whom I already thought so favourable of, I replied, that, "I did not know-I should see-I could not tell-I was very happy in my single state-however, I could not say"—and such evasive, maiden-like answers. But as he that day obtained my consent to visit me, he soon after obtaind my consent to be married; though, before that ceremony passed between us, I honestly discovered to him my former situation and way of life. He was charmed with my sincerity; and the very next day succeeding the discovery of myself, we were married, when I once more gave up all thoughts of London. I had received him as my husband, because I thought him to be a man whom I could like; but I soon began to esteem him; and he was fond of me beyond description. I doated upon him; my whole delight was in him. I was the girl of his affection; he was the man of my heart. He married a prostitute, one whom he knew to be so; yet he tenderly loved me; my gratitude to him, therefore was unbound-

The following winter I was obliged to come to London on account of my money; all which I generally (some persons may say foolishly) gave to my husband. But the most knowing persons, they say, are one time or other the most simply taken in. When we came to London, and I had settled every thing to my satisfaction, I had not even a wish left for curiosity; my husband was every thing to me, I every thing to him. little did I know either of us; for this dear husband, my lord and master, to whom I had made a present of upwards of five thousand pounds, and of a person, he was often pleased to say, superior to all the fortunes in the world; whose look was enough to make me fly to serve him, and prevent his ever mentioning what he wanted; yet this very spouse, when he had been only a week in town, picked up a girl in the Strand; and the correspondance continued with such fondness on his side that he took her into keeping: and told me he liked London so well, he did not intend to leave it for the winter season.

I soon discovered his haunts; and one day, about three in the afternoon, surprised him and his lady together. Would not any one suppose I should rave, fall upon the woman, raise the neighbourhood, and do every other outragous action; I scorned to expose either my husband or myself, any more than what my first bursting into the room might occasion. The curtains were undrawn, and no window-shutters to the sashes.

They both started upright at my entrance; and the girl seemed startled as at the sight of a bailiff, while he could not stir, but sat like a person struck with a blast; and the use of his limbs, even the power of motion in his face, was taken from him. All in a rage as I was, I own, the ugliness of the girl's person, and her gallant's dastardly appearance, made part of my fury subside into contempt; so that I gained spirits sufficient to seat myself; and looking at the unhappy girl, desired her not to be frightened; told her that I knew it was not her fault; that I pitied her; that I knew too much of the miseries of her profession to blame her for accepting of a man who would maintain her.

What happened afterwards for some time, I cannot relate; I was insensible. Overcome by the different stifled passions of esentment, disappointment, pride, all at once striving to master me, it was too much for me; I sunk down in a swoon. I was taken home, put to bed, and a fever ensued which was attended with a miscarriage. I was for some time given over; out resolution, I think, more than medicine, recovered me.

My husband (with reverence let me mention so dignified a title) thought proper only to enquire after my healh, but never chose to appear in my sight; and when he found my health re-established, went over with his lady to Jamaica to a brother he had there, who had lived many years upon that Island.

Villain and fool as the fellow was on whom I had so rashly bestowed myself, yet I must do him the justce to say, that he did not take my fortune with him: he left above two thirds of it and having sold it all out of the stocks, and taking bank bills for the money, leaving only five hundred pounds for himself, he sent me the bank notes for the residue in a packet by my servant-maid; and also a deed, wherein he made over the Devonshire estate to me, as it was left to him in such a manner that he could dispose of it to whomsoever he pleased. He at the same time wrote a letter to the clergyman in the Southams, wherein he corroborated the powers he had given me, and at the same time laid the blame of his misconduct entirely upon himself; nay, like a malefactor, confessed he was infatuated, and did know what he did. In one part of the letter, he observed to the vicar, 'That his wife ought to remember what she had 'ormerly been herself.' Had he been near me when I read that line, I should have spit in his face. The first part of this letter had won me over almost to forgive him; but the meanness of betraying and reproaching me, re-kindled my resentment.

I returned into Devonshire, and lived upon my estate, without breaking in upon my ready money in the stocks, but left it there to accumulate. I saw no company for the first six

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months after I had returned home, except my acquaintance the vicar.

One day Mr. Dernly (which was the vicar's name with whom I had lived) calling to see me, the conversation happening to turn on the ill usage I had received from my husdand, he begged to know what my husband meant by his inuendo in the letter to him, of what I had been formerly. I was in one of those communicative moods, which, perhaps, reader you may have at times been seized wilth, (the pleasure of speaking about yourself.) I related to him the most material transactions of my life; as I had always from his deportment, from the manner in which he had brought up his family, and from the very particular and respectful manner in which he always behaved to me, thought no inquietude could happen to me, from his knowing what I had been formerly. No inquietude indeed, of consequence did happen from it, but I lost a friend, a sincere friend by it, and gained a lover-a fulsome admirer-a gal lant turned of fifty—a father of children. Clergymen are liable to be tempted as well as laymen; though I never suspected he would ever assume the man of gallantry with me: but finding him a real hypocrite, I was determind to break off the connection, which I immediately did, and set off for London the next day, in spite of all his entreaties to the contrary.

When I came to London, my first business was to enquire after my husdand, that most grateful of all men. Poor creature! the lady with whom he had eloped to Jamaica had left him for a richer lover. That, and, I believe, some reflections on the manner in which he had used me, preyed upon his mind, so that he pined away by degrees. The death of his elder brother, which happened in about seven months after he arrived there, made him worth upwards of ten thousand pound; but this could not make him easy. All his cry was, that he would come and die in England, bring me his fortune, and beg my forgiveness; all which happened as he desired. He found out where I lived. At first sight of him my resentment vanished; and for the remainder of his life, which was not above four months, I convinced him that I had entirely forgotten his for-

mer errors.

After his death, I once more retired to my Devonshire estate, where I now employ myself in works of charity; and have at last found, that, in spite of all our fautastic dreams of joys, whether from wit, splendour, intrigue, homage, or any other intellectual epicurean luxury, there is no permanent pleasure, no real happiness, that can be felt, except that which arises from the satisfaction of doing good

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SECRET OF FORTUNE TELLING.

The following very interesting story is related by an Austrian officer, in a journal, in which are correctly narrated many extraordinary accounts of the cruelties practised by the Turks, with Anecdotes of the superstitions of the people of the eastern country.

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclosvar, in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orsown. In a village near the army lived a gipsy, who carried on the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortunes. I laughed at them, and at the same time held my hand to the gipsy.

"The 20th of August," said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable. I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away, she called out to me in the same tone, "the 20th of August." It may easily be supposed that this date remain

ed impressed upon my memory.

We joined the army, and shared its fatigues and dangers. It is well known in this war, the Turks gave no quarters. Their chiefs offered a premium of a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, and neither Janissaries nor Spahies neglected any opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. There was scarcely anight but what the Turks came in superior numbers to seek tor heads, and at daybreak it was often found that part of the camp had been guarded only by decapitated trunks. The prince of Cobourg resolved to send every night grong piquets of cavalry beyond the chain of videts, for the purpose of protecting them; these piquets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals finding

their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our piquets, which procured them a still more considerable profit. The service of the piquets were consequently of such a nature, that those who were appointed to perform it, always put their affairs in order,

previous to their departure.

Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th my fortune teller, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requested me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day she had predicted, and offered in case I did not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay. This wine was a rarity in the army; the gipsy appeared to me not to have common sense; in the situation in which I then was, a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August. I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses and fifty ducats, against the old woman's Tokay; and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without laughing.

The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to turnish a piquet for the night, but two of my comrades were to go out before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commander, that the officer named for the piquet was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and who preceded me, received orders to take his place; he dressed himself in haste, and was proceeding to join his men; but his horse, a gentle, quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner, that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but

I must confess not in my ordinary humour.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds; we had no advanced sentinels; but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle; our orders were, to remain with drawn sabres and loaded carbines till daybreak. Every thing was quiet till a

quarter before two o'clock; when we heard a noise, which was succeeded by shouts of Allah! and in a minute all the horses were thrown to the ground, either by the fire, or by the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks! An equal number fell on their side from the impetuosity of their charge and the fire of our carbines. In the confusion that succeeded, I received eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies my horse was mortally wounded; he fell on my right leg, and pinned me to the ground. The flashes of pistols threw a light on the scene of carnage.

I raised my eyes, and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads, and put them into sacks which they had brought expressly for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the regiment of Szekler we in general understood the Turkish language. heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any succours should arrive, and not leave a single ducat behind, adding that there ought to be two hundred. Hence it appears that their information must have been very accurate. Whilst they were passing over me, while legs, arms and balls were flying over my head, my horse received one, which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged. and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if pos sible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men who had attempted it were taken; but the firing had slackened, and the darkness inspired me with hope I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocked down more than one of the Turks. who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and my agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sunk at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds and there stopped, exhausted with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, "an infidel has escaped; let us look for him!" . It is impossible he can be in the morass," replied the other I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I

heard nothing more; I fainted away with the loss of blood, at a in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to my.

self the sun was already high.

I had sunk into the morass up to the waist: my hair stood erect when I recollected the image of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds, which were eight in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres, on the arms, the breast and the back. As the nights are very cold in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which had deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak: I listened: the Turks had been long gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken care of them.

I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I was; and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on entering, guided me out again. Though a war with the Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear, lonely as I was, when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I advanced—my eyes were directed towards the scene of massacre; but words are inadequate to express my terror, on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head, and beheld an Arnaut six feet high, who had come back to see if he could pick up any thing else. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language: "Take my watch, my money, my uni form," said I, " All these belong to me," said he, and your head into the bargain." He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed, and incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms round his body, supplicating his compassion, whilst he endeavoured to uncover my neck. "Have compassion on me," said I; my family is rich, make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom." "It will be too long to wait for that," replied he, " only hold yourself still a moment that I may cut;" and he was already taking out my shirt pin. Meanwhile I still hung round him; he did not prevent me, because he relied on his strength and his weapons; and even perhaps from a motive of compassion, which was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disen

gaging my shirt pin, I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Hold yourself still."

These would have been the last words I should ever have heard, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the idea of seizing his hummer. He did not perceive what I was doing, and already held my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other; when disengaging myself by a sudden movement I gave him a blow on his face with the hammer with all my strength. The Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow, he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add, that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I can to our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glittering in the sun, and at length reached the camp. Our people shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered from my fever and my wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay; and I was informed, that during my absence different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and had procured many consultations and many legacies.

All this was very extraordinary.

Not long afterward two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw the gipsy, than they knew her, and declared that she fre quently went at night to the Turkish camp to give the enemy an account of our movements. This astonished us greatly; for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commission. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding, that they had several times been present when this woman described to them our projects, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cipher served for her passport. This convincing proof being found upon her, she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution I questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who se cretly consulted her on their future fortune, had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and she was likewise under some obligation to accident. As to what regarded me in particular, she had selected me to make of me a great example capable of confirming her credit, by fixing so long beforehand the fatal moment. At its approach, she instigated the enemy to make an attack on the night of the 20th on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the otlicers, she learned that there were two to go out before me; to one she sold adulterated wine, which made him very ill: as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him, as if to sell him something; and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.

She was executed, according to her sentence, in presence of the whole army, and the mystery of her fortune telling had no

longer any weight upon the minds of the soldiers.

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